

THE
P E R S I A N
AND THE
T U R K I S H
T A L E S,
COMPLEAT.

Translated formerly from those Languages
into *French*, by

M. Petis de la Croix,

Dean of the King's Interpreters, Reader and
Professor in the Royal College at *Paris*.

And now into *English* from that Translation,

By the late Learned Dr. KING,

And several other Hands.

To which are added,

Two LETTERS from a *French* Abbot
to his Friend at *Paris*; giving an Account
of the Island of *MADAGASCAR*;
and of the *French* Embassador's Reception
by the King of *SIAM*.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON: Printed for W. Mears at the
Lamb, and J. Browne at the *Black Swan*,
both without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXIV.

THE
PERSIAN
AND THE
TURKISH
ALPHABETS
COMPLETE

Translated formerly from the Persian
into French by
M. Fossé de la Croix,

Dean of the Lycée, Reader and
Professor of the Turkish Language at Paris.
And now revised by the Translation
By the late M. DE K. ING.
and several other Masters



Two LETTERS from a Persian Abbot
to his friend at Paris, giving an Account
of the Island of ALBANY, and of the
by the King of ALBANY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON: Printed for W. Morris at the
Yard, and at the Black Swan,
both without Temple-Bar, MDCCLXXV.



TO THE
HONOURABLE

THE
Lady *Barnardiston.*

Madam,



THE near Relation of Blood betwixt us, gives me the Assurance of presenting this to you with-

Z 4 out

DEDICATION.

out Leave, and the Virtues eminently distinguishable in Your Ladyship, will justify my Choice to the World; For as these Stories contain in them many shining Instances of Conjugal Love and Fidelity, I am confident they will not appear ill apply'd, in being dedicated to One who hath given such eminent Proofs of both.

I undertook this Performance, in Obedience to a Lady of the first Rank;

DEDICATION.

Rank; and I presume it will be far from being unacceptable to your Ladyship, that your Name appears in the same Work with one of her Illustrious Birth and excellent Qualities.

If in this I have made a full Excuse to obtain your Pardon, I rest satisfied the Publick will easily forgive me for this short Tre'pass upon their Patience: And I shall be thoroughly gratify'd in the Pleasure I take of
let-

DEDICATION.

letting your Ladyship
know, that I am, with the
the utmost Sincerity,

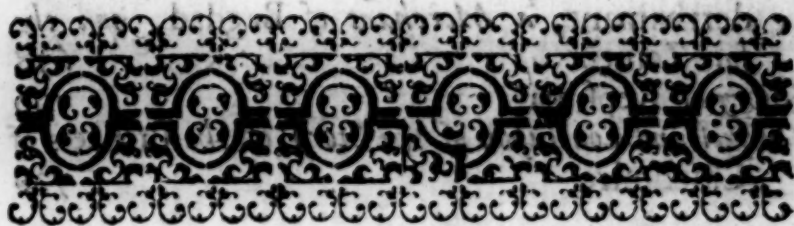
MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

most Obedient Servant,

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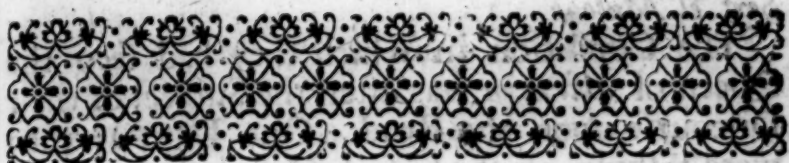
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THE
PERSIAN
AND THE
TURKISH
TALES.

V O L. II.

*A Continuation of the Story of Bedreddin
Lolo, his Vifier, and his Favourite.*



THE King of *Astracan* here ended his Story, and *Bedreddin* returned him Thanks for his having been pleas'd to satisfy his Curiosity, and at the same Time assured him, that he was never more concerned at any thing than at the Story he had heard. These two Monarchs parted, and soon after the King of *Damascus* re-
A a turned .

turned towards his Kingdom with *Atalmulc* and *Seyf el Mulouk*.

The Condition in which they had seen the Queen of *Afracan* was often the Subject of their Discourse upon the Road. One Day, as they were talking of it, *Seyf el Mulouk* said to *Bedreddin*, Sir, it must be confessed there is not a more perfect Beauty, and one cannot see any Object more piercing than that Princess. Nevertheless, added he, smiling, tho' we look'd very attentively on her, I do not perceive that any of us three has lost his Wits. It is indeed true, that I have the Picture of *Bedy al Femal*, which no doubt has preserved me from that Misfortune. And I, says *Atalmulc*, am in the same Condition. It is not surprizing that I have not ere this run mad. The Image of *Zelica*, which is imprinted in my Heart, renders me insensible of all other Beauties in the World. That which ought to astonish us, replies the Favourite, is the Indifference of the King our Master. Tho' he is not prepossess'd by loving any other Princess, he is no more affected with the Charms of *Razia* than we are.

You are under a great Mistake, said *Bedreddin*, to believe that I am not in Love, because you never saw my Mistress. To undeceive you, I will tell you, that I am as much in Love as you, and that Love alone hinders me from being happy. 'Tis not a Princess that reigns in my Heart, 'tis a Woman of a common Rank. I will relate my Story to you. I did not intend to have trusted you with it; but you have given me an Opportunity, which I will not let slip.

The

The Story of the fair Arouya

'TIS some Years ago, continued he, since there lived at *Damascus* an old Merchant called *Banon*. He had a fine Country-house near the City, two Ware-houses stor'd with Callico's, and all Sorts of *Indian Silks*; and a young Wife, who for Beauty might well be compar'd with the Queen of *Astracan*.

Banon was a Man of Pleasure: He lov'd Expence, and took Delight in generous Actions. Not being satisfied to treat his Friends only, he lent them Money: He assisted those who wanted Relief. In short. he was not pleas'd with himself, if a Day pass'd over his Head wherein he had not done some Good. He found so many Opportunities of exercising his Bounty, that his Affairs sunk by degrees. He perceived plainly that he did himself a Prejudice, but could not resolve to alter his Conduct; so that his Circumstances growing worse and worse every Day, he was oblig'd to sell his House in the Country, and fell insensibly into Misery.

When he saw his Fortune chang'd, he applied himself to his Friends, from whom he received not any Assistance; they all forsook him. He believed his Debtors however would pay him what they had borrow'd; but some deny'd their Debts, and others were not in a Condition to pay, which caus'd such a Melancholy in *Banon*, that he fell sick.

During his Sickness, he remember'd accidentally that he had lent a thousand Sequins of Gold to a Doctor of his Acquaintance. He call'd

led his Wife, and said to her, O my dear *Arouya*, we need not yet despair, I have recollected a Debtor of mine that is oblig'd to me; I have often lent him Money, and he now owes me a thousand Sequins; it is Doctor *Danischemende*. I do not believe him to be so ill a Man as the rest: Go to him, since I cannot my self, and tell him, I desire that he would send the Sum of Money he had of me.

Arouya presently took her Veil, and went to *Danischemende's* House. She was carried into the Apartment of the *Alfakih*, who ask'd her to sit down, and tell him what she came about. Sir, reply'd the young Woman, lifting up her Veil, I am *Banon*, the Merchant's Wife; he wishes you all Prosperity and Health, desiring the Favour of you to pay him the thousand Sequins of Gold you borrow'd of him.

At these Words, which the fair *Arouya* spoke with a mild and gentle Aspect, the Doctor reddened like Fire, fix'd his Eyes upon the Merchant's Wife, and answer'd her in an agreeable Manner; O thou sweet Fairy-Face, I will give thee freely whatever thou demandest, not as any thing due to your Husband, but to your self, for the Satisfaction you have given in coming to me. I perceive that the Sight of you hath put me besides my self: You may make me the happiest *Alfakih* alive: Answer favourably to the Sentiments you have inspir'd me with: Besides, your Spouse is too old to merit your Affections. If you will compleat my Desires, instead of a thousand Sequins, I will give you two thousand, and I swear to you by my Head and Eyes, [*The usual Oath of the Mussulmen*] that I will be your Slave all my Life.

In

In speaking after this Manner, the passionate Doctor, to prove by his Actions that he was not less in Love than he said, came nearer to the young Woman, and would have hug'd her in his Arms; but she repuls'd him roughly, and said to him, looking on him with an Air that presag'd nothing favourable; Hold, insolent Man, and do not flatter your self that I will ever consent to your Desires. If you should offer me all the Riches of *Egypt*, and had them to give me, you could not corrupt my Fidelity. Pay me only the Money you owe my Husband, and do not lose your Time to force a Heart, which can never yield to your Wishes.

The *Alfakih* had too much Wit not to judge by her Discourse, that it would be to no purpose to attempt the virtuous *Aronya*, he lost all Hopes of getting her, and, like a brutal Man as he was, he presently chang'd his Language. You must be, said he to her with a great deal of Passion, very impudent to ask Money of me. I owe nothing to thy Husband *Banou*, and if the old Fool is ruin'd by his Extravagance, I am not such a Coxcomb as to help to make him whole again. At these Words, he went rudely out of his House, and scarcely refrain'd from beating her.

The young Woman return'd home all in Tears. My dear *Banou*, said she to her Husband, Doctor *Danischemende* has no more Honour than your other Debtors. He has the Impudence to assert that he owes you nothing. O ungrateful! cry'd the old Merchant, is it possible that he should leave me in my Necessity? Leave me, said I? he is so base as to deny the Money which he borrow'd. Deceitful Wretch! he appear'd to

be an honest Man; I would have trusted him with all I had when he asked the thousand Sequins of me. Whom can a Man trust now-a-days? What shall I do? pursued he; shall I give him Trouble. Yes, I will make him pay me. Go, find out the Cady, he is a severe Judge, and a sworn Enemy to Injustice. Relate to him all the Doctor's Perfidy, I am sure he will have Pity on me, and do me Justice.

The Merchant's young Wife went to the Cady, who was in a Room where he dispatched publick Business. She kept her self out of the Crowd; but her fine Shape and good Mien soon made her be taken Notice of. The Cady naturally lov'd the fair Sex. As soon as he perceived *Arouya*, he made a Sign for her to come nearer, and then he handed her into his Closet. He obliged her to sit upon a Sofa, and to lift up her Veil; but he no sooner saw her extream Beauty, but he was as much smitten as the *Alfakih*. O thou Sugar-Cane, cry'd he, already transported with Love! Fair Rose of the World's Garden, tell me your Business, and be assured beforehand, that I will grant whatever you ask.

Then she told him of the ill Usage of *Danischementle*, and humbly intreated him to interpose his Authority to oblige the Doctor to pay what he owed her Husband. That is nothing but just, said the Cady, interrupting her, and who found himself more and more inflamed, He shall return the thousand Sequins, or I'll have his Bowels torn out. Thou charming Daughter of Paradise, continued he, growing still sweeter upon her, think favourably of me, and grant what you refus'd to the *Alfakih*, and I will go presently and fetch four thousand Sequins

quins of Gold, of which I will make you a Present.

At this Discourse, *Aronya* burst out in Tears. O Heaven! cry'd she, is there no Virtue left among Men? I have not found one that is truly generous. Those very Men, who are intrusted to punish the Guilty, make no Scruple to commit Crimes themselves.

The Cady struggled in vain to stop the young Woman's Tears. As he persisted to ask the last Favours of her, and assured her, that without that she must expect no Service from him, she rose up, and went out of his House, struck with a piercing Grief.

When *Banon* saw his Wife return, it was not difficult for him to judge that she had no good News to tell him. I see plainly, said he to her, that you are not well satisfied with the Cady; he hath refused you his Protection: *Danische-mende* is undoubtedly his Friend. Alas! answer'd she, I have lost my Labour, he will do us no Justice; we have no further Hopes left. What will become of us? We must, reply'd *Banon*, apply our selves to the Governor of *Damascus*: I have sold him several Goods upon Trust; let us beg his Assistance, I believe he will use his Interest for us.

The next Day *Aronya*, cover'd with her Veil, fail'd not to go to the Governor. She ask'd to speak with him, and was carried into his Apartment. He received her with a great deal of Civility, and desired her to lift up her Veil. She knew the Consequences of it, and would fain have been excused, but to no purpose. He pressed her so earnestly, that she could not refuse him.

If the Sight of that young Person had influenced the Doctor and the Cady, it had no less effect upon the Governor, who was one of those old Gentlemen, who run after all the Beauties that come near them. What Charms are here, cry'd he ! I never saw any Thing so moving. Ah lovely Person ! tell me, pursued he, who you are, and what I can do to serve you ? My Lord answer'd she, I am a Merchant's Wife call'd *Banou*, who had often the Honour to sell you Goods, Oh I know him very well, said he, taking the Words out of her Mouth, there is no Man in the World I love or esteem more, he is happy to have such a charming Wife ! his Condition is to be envied ! He rather deserves pity, said *Aronya*, interrupting him in her Turn ; You know not, Sir, to what a Condition the unfortunate *Banou* is reduced. At the same Time, she represented to him the ill Posture of her Husband's Affairs, and told him the Reasons which obliged her to come to him.

The Governour promis'd her very readily to use his Authority to constrain *Danischmende* to pay what he owed to *Banou*, but he was no more generous than the Cady. I will grant you my Protection, said he to the young Woman ; I will send to the *Alfakih*, and if he will not thankfully restore the thousand Sequins he borrowed, he shall repent it. In a word, I will engage to do your Business, provided that this Moment you will begin to pay your Acknowledgment for what I design to do for you ; for we sort of Gentlemen love to have the Reward before we do the Service.

As

As the fair *Arouya* had no more mind to satisfy the Governour's Passion than that of the others, she retired wholly disconsolate. O *Bannon*! said she to her Husband, we have nothing left to depend on, no Person will concern himself with our Sufferings, or assist us any Way whatsoever. These Words threw the old Merchant into Despair; he made a thousand Imprecations against Mankind, and was going to repeat them, when his Wife said to him, Cease cursing the Authors of our Misfortunes: What Relief will you get from the vain Complaints you utter? It is better to have Recourse to other Means to recover our Money, and I think *Mahomet* himself hath inspir'd me with the Way. Ask not, added she, what it is, I think it not proper to tell you; rest your self contented with the Assurance I give you that it will make a great Noise, and that we will be sufficiently revenged of the *Alfakih*, the *Cady*, and the Governour. Do what you please, said *Bannon*, I leave all to your Industry.

The Merchant's young Wife went directly from her House, and after crossing two or three Streets, she enter'd into a Box-maker's Shop. The Master saluted her, and said, Fair Lady what do you want? Master! answer'd she, I have occasion for three Trunks; I desire they may be strong, and well made. The Box-maker shew'd her several of different Sizes; she chose three, each of which would easily hold any Man: She paid for them, and made them be carry'd to her House; she put on her richest Cloaths, and deck'd her self with all the Jewels their ill Circumstances had permitted them to keep, and did not neglect to perfume her self.

In this Condition, so proper for her Designs, she goes to find out the Alfakih, and, putting on all the forward and yielding Airs that a pretended Impudence would permit, she took off her Veil, without waiting for the Doctor's Intreaty to do so, and look'd upon him with Eyes capable of making the most insensible Man in Love. Sir, said she to him, I am come to desire you once more to return the thousand Sequins you had of my Husband: If you will restore them for my sake, you may depend on my Acknowledgment. Fair Lady, reply'd the Doctor, I am still in the same mind; I will give you two thousand Sequins, upon the Conditions I propos'd to you. I see plain, reply'd *Aronya*, you will not do it otherwise, and therefore I must resolve to comply. I will expect you this Night, pursued she, stretching out to him one of her fair Hands, which he kiss'd with Transport: Bring the Money you have promis'd with you, and come at ten a Clock precisely, knock at the Door of the House, a faithful Slave of mine shall open it, and introduce you into my Apartment, where we will pass the Night together.

The Alfakih at these Words, which promis'd him all that he cou'd desire, was not Master of himself: He embrac'd the young Woman, nor cou'd she well refuse him; but she got out of his Arms, and seeing him in the Humour not to fail the Assignment she had given him, she went out of his House, to go and do the very same thing at the Cady's.

As soon as she was in private with that Judge, she said, O my Lord! Since I left you, I have not enjoyed a Moment's Rest; I have reflected a
thousand

thousand Times on what you said to me; I thought I was not displeasing to you, and that it would be my Fault if I had not you for a Lover. What Satisfaction must it be for a Citizen's Wife, to see her self the Mistress of a young handsome Cady! My Virtue I confess is not Proof against so advantageous an Offer.

This Discourse enchanted the *Cady*: Yes, my Queen, cried he, you shall, if you will, be the first Lady of my Seraglio; and the Sovereign Mistress of me, and all my Authority: Leave the old *Banon*, and come live with me. No, Sir, replied *Aronya*, I cannot consent to do him such an Injury: Besides, by that Means I should quite lose my Reputation. I would avoid the publick Censure, and carry on a secret Intrigue with you. Well, in what Place, replied the Cady, shall I have your Conversation? In my own Apartment, says the Merchant's fair Wife, that is the surest Place: *Banon* lies in a Chamber by himself; he is old and infirm, he will give us no Disturbance: Come this Night to me, if you have a Mind, added she. Be at the Door of my House about eleven of the Clock, but bring no Servant with you; for, I should be undone, if any of your People should discover the Weakness that I have shewn for you.

These Precautions, which the young Woman took, were so far from raising a Suspicion in the Cady, that they serv'd to increase the Price of his good Fortune. He fail'd not to express the Pleasure he had of finding her Sentiments so favourable in his Behalf. He caressed her heartily, and promis'd to be with her at the Hour appointed. Upon this, they parted well satisfied

fied, though they both had Thoughts very wide from each other.

Thus she got two of her Lovers in the Mind of falling into the Snare she had laid for them. The Governor alone remained to be decoy'd, which was not very difficult to be done. The Merchant's young Wife had the Address to make him swallow the Bait as well as the others. He believed all she said, and the result of their Conversation was, That she appointed him to come to her House at Midnight. He swore to come alone, that their Amour might be carried on with all the Discretion she desired.

Great Prophet, said *Arouya*, when she was got out of the Governor's Palace, O thou Protector of the faithful Mussulmen: *Mahomet*, thou, who lookest down from Heaven, and see'st the Steps I take, behold the Bottom of my Soul: give success to my Design, and abandon me not in the Perils of the Execution of it.

After this short Prayer, which she believed her self obliged to make, in order to attain more securely at the End she proposed, she was full of Confidence, and pursued all the Motions of it, as if they were dictated by the secret Advice and Counsel of the Prophet. She bought all sorts of Fruits and Sweetmeats, and sent them to her House. She had an old Slave, whose Fidelity she knew, and was assured of. She let her into the Project, and gave her Orders for the carrying it on. Then they made ready an Apartment, put the Moveables in order, and placed a Table, on which they set China-Basins fill'd with Fruits and dry Sweetmeats. If the Merchant's Wife had really designed to make her

Lovers

Lovers happy, she could not have made greater Preparations for their Reception.

She waited their coming with great Impatience. Sometimes she believed they would not come, but that Fear was ill grounded; the Hopes they had conceived were too agreeable to be quitted. Dr. *Danischemende* among the rest was readiest, and, as first in Date, he failed not to be at the Door at ten a Clock precisely. He knock'd, the old Slave open'd, let him in, and conducted him to her Mistress's Apartment; saying to him softly, Take care of making a Noise, for fear of waking the old Merchant, who is asleep.

As soon as *Danischemende* saw *Arouya*, who had set her self off with as much care, as if she had been to receive a Lover whom she loved, he was dazzled with the Lustre of her Charms, and said with an Air of Passion. O thou Phoenix of Beauty, I cannot sufficiently admire my Happiness. See, continued he, throwing a Purse upon the Table, the two thousand Sequins I promised you; 'tis not Reward enough for such an Enjoyment.

Arouya smiled at this Discourse, she gave her Hand to the *Alfakih*, and, after having made him sit down on a *Sofa*, said to him, Master Doctor, take off your Turban and your Sash, put your self at your Ease, you are here as if you were at Home. *Dalla Moukhtala*, continued she, speaking to her old Slave, come, and help me to undress my Lover, for his Cloaths are troublesome. Speaking thus, the Lady untied *Danischemende's* Sash, and the Slave took away his Turban. They stript him of all his upper Garments, so that he was left in his Vest, and his

his Head uncover'd. Let us begin, said the Merchant's Wife then to him, with the Refreshments I have prepared for you; at the same Time they fell to eating the Sweetmeats and drinking Liquors.

At the End of the Entertainment, that the Lady had taken care to render more agreeable by her Talk, which charm'd the *Alfakih*, they heard a Noise in the House: *Aronya* seem'd alarm'd, as if she had not known what it was. *Dalla*, said she, to the old Slave with a restless Air, Go, see what can be the Meaning of the Noise we hear. *Dalla* went out of the Chamber, and returned in a Moment after; saying, to her Mistress with a great deal of Concern and Alteration. Ah! Madam, we are undone! Your Brother is arriv'd from *Cairo*; he is already with your Husband, who is coming hither to bring him to you this Minute. O fatal Arrival, cry'd the Wife of *Banou*, affecting a great deal of Chagrin! O cruel Disappointment! That he should come now to interrupt my Pleasure! Besides, I shall be surpriz'd with my Lover, and then I shall pass for an unfaithful Wife, the first Time I was going to act against my Duty! What shall I do? How shall I prevent the Disgrace I am afraid of? You seem much perplex'd, said the old Slave, let *Seigneur Danischemende* be lock'd in one of the three Chests, which your Husband caused to be made for Goods to be sent to *Bagdad* in, they are in your Closet, and we have got the Keys.

Dalla's Advice was approved; the Doctor slipped into the Closet, and put himself in one of the three Chests, which *Aronya* lock'd double, saying to *Danischemende*, O my Dear *Alfakih*, be
not

not impatient ; as soon as my Brother and my Husband are retired, I'll come to you again, and we will pass the rest of the Night together the more agreeably, in that our Pleasures have been interrupted.

The Promise which *Aronya* made to the Doctor, to come and relieve him from his Prison, and the Hope she gave him of making him amends for the weary Minutes he should pass in the Chest, stop't him from complaining of an Adventure that might have had yet more disagreeable Consequences. Instead of suspecting the Sincerity of the Lady, and of imagining that the Condition he was in, might be a Snare that was laid for him, he rather believ'd that she lov'd him, and chose rather to abandon himself to the flattering Illusions, that are the Food of Lovers, who vainly promise themselves, that they shall obtain the Accomplishment of their Desires.

Aronya left him in her Closet, and return'd to her Chamber, saying with a low Voice to her Slave ; There is one of them fallen into my Nets, we shall see if the others can escape me. We shall know that presently, answer'd *Dalla* ; for it is almost eleven a Clock, and I fear not but the Cady will come to his Rendezvous. The old Slave was in the right, to think that the Judge would be as punctual as the Doctor ; for in short, he was heard knocking at the Door, before the Hour appointed. *Dalla* ran to open it, and seeing it was a Man, she asked his Name ; I am, said he, the Cady. Speak low, answer'd the Slave, you may wake my Master *Banon*. My Mistress, who hath a great Love for you, order'd me to introduce you into her
 Apart-

Apartment, take the Trouble if you please to follow me, I'll carry you to her. The Judge, at these Words, found his Fame increas'd, and follow'd *Dalla*, who conducted him to her Mistress.

O my Queen! cry'd he coming to the fair *Aronya*, I at last see you. In what Impatience have I waited for this Moment? It is given me, added he, throwing himself at her Feet, it is then permitted me to conceive the most charming Hopes. Oh! there is no Happiness comparable to mine. *Aronya*, raising up the Cady, desired him to sit down upon the Sofa, and said to him, Sir, I am very glad, that you have the least regard for me, since you are the only Person in the World, for whom I have the most; or rather the first Person, whom I ever fell in Love with. That old Slave can tell you, that since the last Conversation I had with you, I have done nothing but languish, I never gave over talking of you, and my Passion will not let me take a Moment's rest.

When the Cady heard *Aronya* speak in these Terms, he was almost beside himself. Lofly Cypress, said he to her, thou lively Image of the Daughters of Paradise, thou enchantest me with these tender Expressions. Accomplish my Wishes. Princess, hasten to satisfy me, I conjure you, for you have put me out of my Senses, and I am no longer my self. I am ravish'd, replied the Lady, to see you so amorous. This toothis my Tenderness, and your Impatience gives me too much Pleasure, to delay any longer to satisfy it. I have prepared an Entertainment for you, and I would have drunk with you; but since you are so passionate, I will

I will yield to your Importunities. Undress you then, go to that Bed which you see: I must go into my Husband's Apartment first, to know if the old Man is a sleep, and will return again to you in a Moment.

The Judge at this, imagining that he had already in his Arms, the Object of his Desire, undress'd presently and went to Bed; by that time he was laid, he heard a Noise, and in the same Instant *Aronya* returns much amaz'd, and said to him: Ah Seigneur Cady! You cannot think what has happen'd: We have an old Slave, whom I wou'd never trust, because she seems to stick too much to my Husband's Interest. She saw you come to the House, and hath inform'd my Spouse, who immediately sent for my Parents, to let them be Witnesses of my Unfaithfulness. They are just coming into my Apartment, I am the most unfortunate Person in the World. In saying these Words, she fell a crying, which she did with so much Art, that the Cady believ'd her to be indeed afflicted.

Comfort your self, my Angel, said he, you have nothing to fear: I am Judge of the Mussulmen, and can by my own Authority impose Silence both on your Parents and your Husband; I'll threaten them all, I'll command them to make no Noise about it, and you may be satisfied that they will dread my Threats. I doubt it not, my Lord, reply'd the Merchant's Wife; but it is not the Jealousy of my Spouse, or the Anger of my Parents that I apprehend. I know well enough I shall be shelter'd from Punishment by your Protection; but alas! I must pass for an infamous Woman, and shall become the
Scorn.

Scorn and Contempt of my Family. What Subject of Grief will this be for a Woman, who hitherto hath not given the least occasion to suspect her Virtue! What did I say, to suspect? I dare say that they look upon me as the Model of a virtuous and reasonable Woman: I shall lose in a Moment's time this fine Character. At these Words she began to cry again, and lament with an Air so natural, that the Judge was melted.

O thou, who art the Light of my Eyes! cry'd he, I am touch'd with thy Affliction: But cease to abandon thy self to it, since it is to no Purpose. What will it avail thee to weep for a Misfortune that is unavoidable? *Dalla Moukhtala*, interrupting the Judge here, said: Great Cady of the Faithful, and thou fair Rose of the Garden of Beauty, hear me both of you. I have Experience, and this is not the first time that I have obliged Lovers in Difficulties: While you two only think of the Perplexity you are in, I have thought of Means to deliver you out of it; if the Cady will consent, we will make Fools of Seigneur *Banou* and my Mistress's Parents. How can we do that? said the Judge. You need only, reply'd the old Slave, lock your self up in a certain Chest which is in *Arouya's* Closet, I am well assured they will never think of asking you for the Key of it. Most willingly, answers the Cady, I consent to shut my self in the Chest, if you think proper: Then the young Lady express'd her Desires to have it so, and assured the Judge, that in the Instant after her Husband and Friends had search'd her Apartment, and were gone, she wou'd not delay to let him out of the Chest.

Upon

Upon this Assurance, and the Promise the Lady made to the Cady of repaying with Usury the Complaisance he should have for her, he suffer'd himself to be lock'd in as the Alfakih was.

There wanted now but the Governor, who came also at Midnight, and knocked at the Door. *Dalla* let him in, as she had the other two, and *Aronya* receiv'd him in like Manner. She gave him a great many Caresses; and when she perceived that the old Gentleman became too pressing, she made a Sign to *Dalla*, which they had agreed upon between them, and she went out of the Room. In a Moment after they heard some body knock very rudely at the Street-Door, and presently the old Slave enter'd into the Chamber with Haste, saying, with a frightened Look; Ah! Madam, what unlucky Accident is this! The Cady is come hither, and some of your Slaves are shewing him into your Husband's Chamber. O Heaven! cries the Lady, what a fatal Accident is this? My dear *Dalla*, continu'd she, go softly and hearken what the Judge says to *Banou*, and return to tell us. The old Slave went out a second time; and while she was absent on Pretence of executing her Mistress's Orders, the Governor said to the Lady, What Business can have brought the Cady hither at this Time of Night? *Banou* I fear is in some Trouble. No, reply'd *Aronya*, and I am not less astonish'd than you at the Judge's coming.

Dalla in a little while after returns, and said to her Mistress, Madam, I have listen'd attentively to the Discourse that happen'd in *Banou's* Apartment, and I have heard enough to tell you the Business: The Cady is come hither to
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interrogate you in the Presence of *Danischemende*, who is with him. That Doctor affirms, that he hath paid you the thousand Sequins which your Spouse lent him. The Grand Visier, who hath been inform'd of this Affair, hath charg'd the Cady to search into the Bottom of it this Night, and give him an Account to Morrow Morning.

Thereupon *Aronya* had Recourse to Tears, and pray'd the Governor that he would be pleas'd to hide himself, saying, My Lord, I beg you would have Pity on me: The Cady, *Banou*, and *Danischemende*, are come hither: Let me not have the Disgrace to pass for a faithless Wife; have some Regard to my Weakness upon your Account: Run into my Closet, and let me lock you up in a Chest for a few Minutes. The old Gentleman shewing some Reluctance to do what was propos'd to him, the Lady threw her self at his Feet, and at last had Influence enough to persuade him.

The Governor then was put into the third Chest. Then the Merchant's Wife lock'd up the Closet, and went to find out her Husband, that she might tell him what had pass'd. After those two had been rejoycing at the Expence of the three unfortunate Lovers, *Banou* said, Well, after what Manner do you pretend to put an End to this Adventure? You shall know to Morrow, answer'd *Aronya*. You remember that I only promis'd to take our Revenge to the purpose, and be assured I will keep my Word.

In short, the next Day she came to my Palace, and slipt into the Hall, where I was giving Audience to my People. As soon as I perceiv'd her, her noble Air, and the Beauty of her Shape,
drew

drew my Attention. I made my Grand Visier take Notice of her. Do you see, said I to him, that handsome Woman? Bid her come nearer to my Throne. The Visier call'd to her to advance. She press'd thro' the Crowd, and came to prostrate her self before me. What Business has brought you hither? said I to her. Rise and speak. O powerful Monarch of the World, answer'd she, after she was risen up, may your Majesty live for ever, or at least while Time endures. If you will have the Goodness to hear me, I will relate a Story to you that will surprize you. With all my Heart, said I to her, I am dispos'd to hear you.

I am a Merchant's Wife, reply'd she, call'd *Banou*, who hath the Honour to be your Subject, and to live in your Capital City. He lent some Years ago a thousand Sequins to Doctor *Danischemende*, who affirms he never received them. I have been with that *Alfakih* to ask for them: He told me he ow'd nothing to my Husband; but that he would give me two thousand Sequins if I would gratify his Desires. I went to complain to the Cady of the Doctor's ill Usage. That Judge declar'd to me that he would do me no Justice, unless I would have that Complaisance for him which *Danischemende* had ask'd of me. Confus'd and amaz'd, and disdaining the Cady's ill Character, I left him bluntly, and made my Application to the Governor of *Damascus*, because my Husband is known to him. I beg'd his Assistance; but I found no more Generosity from him than I had done from the Cady, and he too spar'd no Pains to seduce me.

I could not easily believe what she related to me, or rather I suspected *Aronya* to have invent-
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ed this Fable, to do an ill Office with me to *Danischemende*, the Cady, and the Governor. No, no, said I to her, I cannot give Credit to your Discourse: I cannot be perswaded that a Doctor can be capable to deny his having borrow'd a Sum of Money which was lent him, or that a Man, whom I have appointed to do Justice to the People, would make you such an insolent Proposal. O King of the World, said the Wife of *Banon* to me, if you refuse to believe me upon my own Word, at least I hope you will believe the unblemish'd and undeniable Witnesses that I have for all I have said. Where are these Witnesses? reply'd I, with Amazement. Sir, answer'd she, they are at my House. Send for them if you please, examine them presently; their Evidence will not be suspected by your Majesty.

I sent my Guards immediately to the House of *Banon*, who deliver'd to them the three Chests where the Lovers were. The Guards having brought them before me, *Aronya* said, My Witnesses are in these Chests. In speaking of which, she took from under her Garment three Keys, and open'd the Chests. Judge what my Surprise was, as well as the whole Court's, when we saw the Doctor, the Judge, and the Governor, all three of them almost naked, pale and confounded at the Discovery of the Adventure. I could not at first forbear laughing at the Condition they were in, which excited also the Laughter of all the Spectators. But I presently put on a solemn Countenance, and reprimanded the Lovers in such Terms as they deserv'd. After their being publicly reproached, I condemned *Danischemende* to give four thousand Sequins to

Banon.

Banon. I depos'd the Cady, and confer'd the Government of *Damascus* on another Lord of my Court. Afterwards, causing the Chests to be remov'd, I order'd the Merchant's Wife to lift up her Veil. Let us see, said I to her, this dangerous Face, whose Sight has been so fatal to three Persons, who have suffer'd themselves to be charm'd by it.

The Wife of *Banon* obey'd: She rais'd her Veil, and let us see all the Beauty of her Face. The Emotion which this Accident, and the Necessity of remaining expos'd to the Observation of all my Court, caused in her, added a new Lustre to her Complexion. I had never seen any thing so beautiful as *Aronya*. I admir'd her Charms, and cry'd out in the Excess of my Admiration; Ah! how fair she is! The *Alfakih*, the Cady, and the Governor, no longer appear to me so worthy of Blame.

I was not the only one that was smitten at the Sight of her incomparable Beauty; a Murmur of general Applause was heard throughout my Court: There was no body could look on any thing else but her: They could not help gazing, and admiring her. I expressed a Desire to have a particular Narration of her Story, which she had succinctly related, and she gave us a Recital of it with so much Wit, and such a Grace, that she still increas'd our Admiration. The Hall of Audience rung with her Praises; and those who knew *Banon*, in spite of the ill Condition of his Affairs, thought him too happy in having so charming a Wife.

After she had satisfied my Curiosity, she thank'd me for the Justice I had done her, and retir'd to her own Home. But, alas! tho' she was gone from

from my Eyes, she was never out of my Thoughts. I was always imploy'd in thinking on her; her Image was still in my Mind. At last, perceiving that it disturb'd my Rest, I sent privately to find her Husband. I took him into my Closet, and spoke to him after this Manner: Hear me, *Banou*; I know the Condition to which your generous Spirit hath reduced you, and I doubt not but the Melancholy you are in, that you cannot live as you us'd to do, more sensibly concerns you than your miserable Circumstances. You cannot but be sensible of this, and I am resolved to put you in a Condition of entertaining your Friends, and to enable you to spend more than ever you did, without fearing to fall into Poverty again. In a Word, I will make you rich, provided that, on your Part, you will oblige me in what I ask of you. I am seiz'd with a violent Passion for your Wife: Divorce her, and send her to me. Make me this Offering, I beg of you, and in Return I will, besides all the Riches that I shall give you, consent that you chuse the finest Slave out of my Seraglio. I will this Moment carry you into the Apartment of my Women, and you shall take which you like best.

Great King, answer'd *Banou*, the Riches you promise me, how considerable soever they may be, cannot tempt me, if I must buy them with the Loss of my Wife. *Aronya* is a hundred times dearer to me than all the Riches of the World. Judge, Sir, of my Sentiments by your own, and you will see whether I can be dazzled with the shining Fortune which you offer me. Nevertheless, such is the Love that I have for my Wife, that I am ready to prefer her Satisfaction

faction to mine. I will go find her out, and let her know the Effect her Beauty has produced on you, and the Offers you have made me to resign the Possession of her. Perhaps, charm'd with so glorious a Conquest, she may discover a secret Inclination to be divorc'd; and if so, I swear I will repudiate her without Scruple, in spite of the Affection which I have for her. I will sacrifice my self to her good Fortune, what Chagrin soever her Loss may give me.

He said nothing to me which he did not really design to do. As soon as he left me, he went to give an Account to his Wife of the Proposals I had made him. *Aronya*, said he to her, after having told her all I had offer'd, my dear *Aronya*, since you have charm'd the King, make use of your good Fortune; go live with that young Monarch, he is lovely, and more worthy to possess you than I. In making him happy, you will enjoy a happier Destiny than that of being a Companion of my Misfortunes. His Wife was extremely concern'd: O *Banon*, answer'd she, do you think that you give me any Pleasure in telling me of the King's Love? Think you that Greatness affects me? Ah! you're deceived if you have such a Thought. Rather believe, that in all your Misfortunes, I had rather live with you, than with any Prince in the World.

The old Merchant was overjoy'd at this Assurance: He embrac'd his Wife with Transport. Phoenix of the Age, cry'd he, what Praises do you deserve! You are worthy to reign over the Heart to which you prefer me: It is not just that a Wife so charming should be the Portion of such a Man as I. I am now grown old, and

You are but yet coming into your happy Days: I am nothing but an unfortunate Man, and you may, by leaving me, enjoy the happiest Destiny. You have been too long tied to a Man, who hath nothing to speak in his Favour but your Virtue. Do not refuse the Rank to which Love calls you; but, without minding what my Grief will be, when I have lost you, consent that I may divorce you, to make your Condition more agreeable.

The more *Banon* expressed a Willingness to yield *Aronya* to me, the more she oppos'd it. At last, after a long Contest, where conjugal Love remain'd the Victor, the Merchant said to his Wife, O my dear Spouse, be satisfied then to reign over my Heart, since you have made that the Bounds of your Desires: But what shall I say to the King? He waits my Answer, and flatters himself undoubtedly that it will be such as he wishes. If I go to tell him your Refusal, what have we not to fear from his Resentment? Think he is our Sovereign: You know he is absolute. Perhaps he will use Force to obtain you: I cannot defend you against so powerful a Rival.

I see plainly, answer'd *Aronya*, the Misfortune which threatens us; but it is not impossible to avoid it. Instead of going to the King, and provoking him, by telling him that I renounce the Honour he would do me, take all the Money you have left: Let us carry away all we have that is most valuable, and let us go far from *Damascus*. Let us fly and trust to the Prophet, he will not forsake us. *Banon* relish'd the Advice, and resolv'd to follow it.

They

They had no sooner form'd this Resolution, but they put it in Execution: They went from the City the same Day, and marched towards *Grand Cairo*. I was appriz'd of all the next Morning by *Dalla Moukhtula*, who would not accompany her Mistress, and who was brought to me by a Man of Trust, whom I had sent to *Banon*, in the Impatience I was in to see him again. If I had been less Master of my Passion, and been absolutely resolved to satisfy my self, I could soon have had *Aronya* in my Seraglio, in spite of her: I needed only to have sent after her with Orders to bring her back; but that would have been to commit an unjust Action, and I never lov'd to force a Heart.

I therefore gave the Merchant's Wife Liberty to fly from me, and to retire where she pleas'd, while I studied to conquer an unhappy Passion. But that Endeavour was not less vain than painful: *Aronya*, in spite of all the Efforts I could use to estrange her from my Thoughts, was always in my Mind. Her Beauty and Virtue fix'd her in my Heart; and for more than twenty Years, her Memory hath made me insensible to the Charms of my most beautiful Slaves: The wittiest of them only amuse, without engaging them.

Bedreddin Lolo here finish'd his Story. The Visier *Atalmulc* and the Prince *Seyf el Mulouk* ask'd him, if he knew not what was become of *Aronya*? He answer'd, No; and that he had never receiv'd any News of her since she left *Damascus*. I confess, said the Favourite, smiling, we are very singular Lovers. The King was taken at first Sight with a little Citizen's Wife, who prefer'd an old Man to him; and during

twenty Years, he hath preserved a tender Remembrance of her, without being lov'd again. As for my self, I love a Woman who liv'd in the Days of *Solomon*. And the Visier - - - but I deceive my self, added he, checking himself. As for *Atalmulc*, I agree he would be to blame to forget the Princess *Zelica*. She us'd him too well for him to forget her Memory.

The King of *Damascus* could not forbear laughing at *Seyfel Mulouk's* Reflexion. Nor was his Laughter over, when on a sudden he perceived a great Number of Camels and Horses that were going along in a Meadow. He observed also several Tents set up, under which were People who spent their Time in eating and drinking. Let us go into that Meadow, said he to his Visier and Favourite; let us know who they are, and whither they are going. They presently spur'd on their Horses towards the Tents; and as they came nearer, they discover'd something new.

When they were near the Meadow, and could clearly distinguish the Objects, they saw that all the Tents were magnificent, and there was one amongst the rest of Gold and Silk, under which was a tall Man, richly habited, and of a very good Mien. He sat with his Legs across upon a very fine Carpet, and there were before him different Kinds of Meat, serv'd up in Dishes of Gold. Some Paces from him was a Boufet, adorn'd with a vast Number of curious Vessels. This venerable Person, who might be about fifty Years old, eat all alone. Twenty or thirty Officers handsomely dress'd waited upon him, and two Slaves well arm'd stood Sentinel at the Entrance into his Tent.

As *Bedreddin* and his Companions saw him distinctly, he saw them at the same Time, and sent one of his Officers to ask them who they were, and whither they were going. Friend, said the King of *Damascus* to him, we are three Merchant-Jewellers: We come from the Court of *Circassia*, and are going to *Bagdad*: Do us the Favour, in Return, to let us know your Master's Name? He is undoubtedly some powerful Prince, who travels for Curiosity. No, Sir, reply'd the Officer, my Master does not boast of Kings for his Ancestors; he is of no illustrious Origine, but is only proud of having a great and generous Soul. He is called *Aboulfaouaris*, surnamed the Great Traveller, by Way of Excellence. He deserves to have been born of Royal Blood: He has indeed the Soul of a Prince: He commonly lives at *Basra*, where he hath built himself a Palace of Marble. He receives all handsomely that come to visit him, and no body goes away without some Present. He entertains almost every Day the greatest Lords of the Court of *Basra*, and the King takes so much Pleasure in his Conversation, that he often sends for him to relate his Adventures. Certainly then, said *Bedreddin*, some surprizing Adventures must have befallen him. You never heard of any thing more extraordinary, reply'd the Officer. But, after all, it is not a great Wonder that a Man, who hath voyag'd over the *Indian Seas*, and who knows almost all the Islands in them, hath seen remarkable Things.

The Officer having spoke thus, return'd to his Master, who no sooner was inform'd that the Strangers whom he saw were Merchants, than he rose and went out of his Tent to receive them.

A great many Compliments passed on both Sides. At length *Aboulfaouaris*, having obliged *Bedreddin*, *Alalmulc*, and *Seyf el Mulouk*, to come into his Tent, he desired them to sit down and eat with him. They did as he desir'd them: They eat of several good Ragoos, and drank Liquors which the Slaves brought them in golden Cups, set with Rubies and Emeralds.

Aboulfaouaris shew'd so much Wit during the Repast, that the King of *Damascus* and his two Companions were charm'd at his Conversation. Tho' he was somewhat warm in his Temper, he thought with a great deal of Justness, and spoke very agreeably. *Bedreddin* was pleas'd to have fallen in Company with a Man of such good Conversation. He expressed his Satisfaction, and desired that they might travel together. *Aboulfaouaris* answer'd very politely to that, and they continu'd their Discourse. Mean while the Great Traveller's Slaves loaded the Camels, which they had unloaded to refresh and repose themselves. They packed up their Tents, and none was left standing but the Master's, who seeing them ready to go, rose up, mounted a very fine Horse, which was brought him by one of his Officers, and so went with the three pretended Merchants, and all his People, who were more than two hundred Persons, armed with Arrows and Sabres. Thus the Caravan not being easy to rob, marched towards *Basra* in all Security by small Days Journeys.

Aboulfaouaris conceiv'd insensibly a Friendship for the King of *Damascus* and his Companions, perhaps because he perceiv'd they were pleas'd, and that they listen'd to him as an Oracle. The earnest Attention they gave to his Discourse, put him

him in Humour to talk: He began to entertain them with his Travels. There are few Men of my Age, said he, who have travell'd so much as I: I know the *Indian* Seas better than my own Country: I have seen such Prodigies, that I dare not put them in Writing, for fear of passing for an Impostor. The Adventures which have happen'd to me are so extraordinary, that no body whom I have told them to would have believ'd them, if I had not been known for a Man that was an Enemy to Falshood.

Aboulfaouaris gave so fair an Opportunity to the King of *Damascus* and *Seyf el Mulouk* to excite their Curiosity, that they intreated him to tell his Story, and he soon yielded to their Request. Yes, Gentlemen, said he to them, I am willing, since you appear so desirous to hear it: But I must beg you to remember what I have told you; it will be difficult for you to believe a good Part of what I shall tell you.

*The singular Adventures of Aboulfaouaris,
surnamed the Great Traveller.*

VOYAGE I.

I Am the Son of a Master of a Ship of *Basra*, and my Name is *Aboulfaouaris*. My Father, ever since my Infancy, made me attend him in the Voyages he made in the *Indian* Seas: So that at twelve Years old, I knew a great many of the Islands that lie in the vast Extent of them. He grew wealthy, imploy'd his Money in Trade

and in less than ten Years became one of the richest Merchants of *Basra*.

One Day he said to me; Son, I have an important Account to settle with my Correspondent at the Isle of *Ceylan*: I am resolved to send you into that Country to make an end of that Affair. Whatever Regret I might have to leave my Father, the Desire I had of seeing the famous City of *Serendib*, tho' indeed I had been there before, but was not then advanc'd enough in Years to make Observations of its Beauty, made me accept the Commission he offer'd me with Joy. I set out in a short Time with all the Instructions, and what else was necessary: I embark'd in the Port of *Basra*, in a Vessel laden with Goods for *Surat* and *Ceylan*.

We cross'd the Gulph of *Basra*, which is above three hundred Leagues long, and fifty broad: It is formed by the Eastern Point of *Arabia Felix*, and the Southern of *Persia*, and the two Points of the Gulph join at its Mouth near *Ormuz*. We stay'd some Time at this last City, then we enter'd into the main Sea of *Persia*, and turn'd Easterly towards *Surat*, where we arriv'd in Safety. We unloaded such Goods as were consign'd for that Place, and then we proceeded on to *Ceylan* with the rest.

We had the good Fortune to reach thither without any mischievous Accident. The first Thing I did was to inquire where my Father's Correspondent liv'd, which was presently shewn me, because there was no body in the City of *Serendib* who did not know Signior *Habib*: He was one of the richest Traders of all the Island, and a very honest Man. He gave me such a Reception, as I might expect from the best Friend
my

my Father had. After saluting me, he said, I should lodge no where but with him, and it was impossible for me to deny him.

As he perfectly understood Business, and would do nothing but what is just, we finish'd our Accompts in a few Days. I went at leisure Hours to see the Rarities of the City, which are very numerous: I instructed my self in the Laws of the People, their Occupations and Government. In short, at the end of five or six Weeks, my Affairs being over, and my Curiosity fully satisfied, I prepared for my Return, and waited not long for an Opportunity. A Vessel of *Surat*, which was come to *Serendib* to exchange Goods, was ready to put to Sea, and I was to embark in her.

The Day before my Departure, as I was coming home to my Host's about Noon, I saw a Lady pass by me that was finely shap'd, richly cloth'd, and follow'd by a Slave, who carry'd some Things that she had been buying. Tho' her thick Veil screen'd the Beauty of her Face from me, I fail'd not to be struck with the Grandeur of her Air, and the Majesty of her Mien. I stop't to consider her, and my Attention making me observe new Charms in her Person, I cou'd not forbear crying out in my Transport; O lovely Creature! she is without doubt the King's Mistress. She heard these Words, stop'd with some Surprise, and look'd upon me very earnestly; then she continued on her Walk, without saying any thing, or giving any Signs that she was pleas'd or displeas'd with the Freedom I had taken. As for my self, I remain'd a good while reflecting on this Adventure, and much agitated by the Emotions she

had caus'd in me. I was afraid I had anger'd the Lady, for whom I began to feel what I had never felt before.

I was wholly fill'd with this Idea, when a Slave accosted me: I remember'd him to be the same that follow'd the Lady, and the Sight of him redoubled my Concern: What would you have with me, Friend? said I to him. Sir, answer'd he, with a great deal of Respect, I have Orders to desire you to follow me, where I shall have the Honour to conduct you: If you come from your Mistress, reply'd I, altogether amaz'd, I shall submit to her Commands; I will readily obey them, whatever Fate is prepared for me. My Mistress, answer'd the Slave, hath not told me her Intentions, but if you grant her Request, I cannot believe you will repent it.

I cou'd not prevail with my self not to go with him; it was in vain that I represented to my self that I was to be going the next Day, and that I ought to think of nothing but my Departure. I follow'd the Slave in spite of all that might happen; he led me thro' By-streets, till we came to a large Palace, the Sight of which charin'd me: We went in, and he carry'd me into a spacious Apartment, adorn'd with magnificent Furniture, where he bid me stay, and wait till some body came to me. I was too much affected to busy my self about all those rich and curious Things, which at another time wou'd have employ'd me, I thought of nothing else but the Mistress of this Palace.

As I was musing there, several Ladies came to embellish with their Charms the Room where.

where I was; but as handsom as they were, they fell short of her for whom I was waiting. At last she appear'd, I remember'd her Shape and Air, and she not being veil'd, I found her now more beautiful than her Person promis'd: The Jewels and Richness of her Dress added still to her Graces, which had no need of the Assistance of Art to charm her Beholders. I was confounded; she perceived it, and smiled; she plac'd her self upon a Sofa, which was like a small Throne, and her Women rank'd themselves upon the Right and Left in two Files.

Then she spoke thus, Come near young Man, said she, with a great deal of Sweetness; any other but me perhaps would have been offended at the little Respect you paid me in a publick Place, but you seem to be a Stranger, and that deserves some Indulgence; I will even venture to tell you, that the Stars incline me to wish you well. If you render your self deserving of my good Opinion by a sincere Affection, I will give you leave to aspire to my good Graces, a Favour I never yet granted to any Body.

At these Words, which she pronounced with an Air of Majesty, that increased the Value of the Favour I had received, I felt my self transported with Joy. Ah my Sultaneis! cry'd I, throwing my self at her Feet, Do I understand you right? To what Pitch of Fortune are you pleas'd to raise a Stranger, who hath no other Merit than to find you adorable? So much the better, said she, interrupting me, the Favour will be so much the greater, the less you believe you merit it. Inform me, pursued she, of what

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Country you are, what your Birth, and upon what Account you came to *Serendib*.

I fully satisfied her Curiosity; but when I said that I was to go on Board the next Day, in order to return home, she interrupted me, shewing some Concern. What, *Aboulfaouaris*, said she, have you a Design to leave us so soon? Hath not the finest Island of the Indies, Charms enough to detain you longer? Princess, reply'd I, the City of *Serendib*, without doubt can engage Eyes more difficult to please than mine; but what Wonders soever are to be seen within the stately Compass of these Walls, I should withdraw my self hence without Trouble, if this Day had not offer'd to my Sight what is more capable of detaining me. You no longer continue then, reply'd the Lady smiling, in the Resolution of a sudden Departure? After such glorious Hopes, answer'd I, as you give me leave to conceive, think you, my Queen, that I can have any other Inclination than what you are pleas'd to inspire me with? You cannot fail, said she, with such like Sentiments to please me, and I am glad that I have fix'd my Choice upon you.

Having said this, she bid me sit down on the Sofa by her. I made some Difficulty of it, but she told me so seriously that my Refusal would displease her, that I thought I should shew her more Respect in doing as she bid me, than in behaving my self in her Presence with the Air of a Slave. She inform'd me that she was call'd *Cahzada*, that she was Daughter to one of the prime Visiers of the King of *Ceylan*; that the Death of her Father had given her the Right of disposing of her self, that the greatest Lords of the

the Country had made their Court to her, but that she had refused their Addresses, and that she had never yet engaged her self. She assured me that the Words I let drop when she pass'd by me, had struck her; that she look'd attentively on me, and that my Person had pleas'd her; that her Father had enjoy'd his Employ forty Years, during which Time he had amass'd immense Riches, and that it would be my Fault if I did not share them with her.

I paid my Acknowledgments to her in the tenderest and most submissive Terms that I cou'd possibly, and I spoke after such a manner, as to persuade her that it was her Person that my Heart was set upon more than her Riches. She appear'd pleas'd with my Sentiments; we then chang'd our Subject, and I discover'd in our Conversation that Nature had taken a particular Pleasure to join in her the most excellent Qualities of the Mind to those of the Body.

Our Discourse was interrupted by the Arrival of twelve Slaves, who enter'd into the Room; they brought in all the Preparatives for an Entertainment, and a Table was presently cover'd with the most exquisite Provisions; the fine Smell made me judge of the Delicacy of the Victuals. *Canzada* took me by the Hand, led me to the Table, and made me sit down by her: We began to eat, and she served me with her own Hand, whatever was of the best; the Variety and Delicacy of the Wines answer'd to that of the Provisions: They sparkled in the Cups of Gold and Cryстал, into which they were fill'd, but the Spirits of the Liquor fired me not so much as the Looks of the Lady, who presenting a Cup to me with a smiling Air, kindled

Kindled a Flame in my Heart, which increas'd every Moment.

During the Repast, her Conversation was very diverting, the Pleasantry of her Humour had a particular Charm, and the Desire of pleasing added new Graces to it. *Aboulfaouaris*, said she to me, every time that she offer'd me Wine that I had not yet drank of, Taste this Wine. Her beautiful Lips tasting it first, seem'd to render it still more delicious than it was; I took the Cup with Transport, and as I drank the Liquor, I swallow'd a large Dose of the sweet Poison of Love.

At the end of the Repast, *Cauzada's* Women divided themselves into two Companies; some taking Instruments, and beginning to sing, while others set themselves a dancing. Their Dances were not unlike ours: Each of them acquitted her self equally well, and both in their singing and dancing, the Justness, Manner, and Rules of Art were perfectly observed. While they were singing the softest Airs, the Eyes of *Cauzada* and mine spoke in dumb Language the most tender Things in the World; it was intermix'd with burning Sighs, which express'd the Ardour of our Desires. The Lady, after her Women had sung, wou'd sing her self; she took a Cup of Wine, and, casting upon me a Look, where Tenderness and Joy appear'd equally painted, she sung a Song, the Sense of which was much to this Purpose.

*Wine, thou gentle lambent Fire,
That kind'st, in our Hearts, Desire:
Women thro' thee receive the Flame,
With which the Lover strikes the Dame.*

The

The Entertainment being over, Perfumes were brought in a golden Censer, in which, among other Odours, was the finest Cinamon of all the Island of *Ceylan*. We then wash'd our Hands with sweet scented Waters, afterwards gave our Attention to the singing and dancing, which continued, notwithstanding we were risen from Table; these Diversions lasted till Evening.

Night coming on, I wou'd have taken Leave of the Lady; how, said she to me, with an Air of Dissatisfaction, do you think of leaving me already? After the Assurances you have given me of having no other Will than what is agreeable to mine, I expected not such a Compliment; the Reception I have given you, has not I see merited of you to desire it should continue any longer. In a Man that would make one believe he is much in Love, your Impatience seems very surprizing; you are afraid of the Night, as much as other Lovers wish for it. Ah Madam! cry'd I, how ill you interpret the Sentiments of my Heart! This Reception, of which you so unjustly accuse me of not knowing the Value, makes the softest Ideas in my Soul. I am afraid to abuse your Favours, and you ought to be so far from blaming me that I wou'd take Leave of you, that you should pity rather the Violence I use upon my self in offering to quit your Charms. You deserve not much Pity, reply'd she, for a Violence you might have avoided; such an Over-Discretion is to be suspected; I wou'd not advise you to make a Merit of this in regard to me. How, Madam, said I, could I flatter my self that you had destin'd me to pass the Night in your Palace?

face? After all that I have said, reply'd she, I wou'd have pardon'd you that Belief: I find such Indifferency in your Proceeding, as answers but ill to the Vivacity of your Expressions.

I fail'd not to tell the Lady that she did me a great deal of Injustice, to suspect me of Indifferency; I launch'd out into a passionate Discourse to undeceive her: I assured her, that in the midst of all the Satisfactions her Goodness had procured me, I cou'd not deny but that I was uneasy. I related to her the Reception that my Host had given me at my Arrival at *Serendib*, representing to her that he was most certainly in great Uneasiness concerning me, and wou'd be still more troubled, if I return'd not to lodge at his House.

Canzada agreed that I ought to let *Habib* know what was become of me, but she wou'd not permit me to go my self, whatever Protestations I made her that I wou'd return immediately, for she was afraid that the cautious *Habib* wou'd not suffer me to pursue the Motions of my Passion: She only gave me leave to write to him, and at the same time deny'd to let me give him the least hint of my Adventure, or to send him word where I was. Her Distrust was so great, that she wou'd dictate the Letter; so that I only acquainted my Host that some important Business had retarded my Departure, and deprived me of the Happiness of seeing him for some Days, and that I desired he wou'd be in no Concern for me.

She caus'd the Letter to be carry'd to *Habib*, and was pleas'd I had put off my Departure. She led me into all the Apartments of her Palace, and shew'd me the Magnificence of it, that

that seem'd worthy of a Prime Visier. This Lady, when the Hour of Rest was come, conducted me to an Apartment that was prepared for me, and was not the meanest of her Palace. She left me, and was no sooner gone, but several Slaves, who were commanded to attend me, brought every thing that was proper for the Occasion, and put me to Bed.

When I found my self alone, and at Liberty to reflect seriously on this Adventure, I said to my self, What will all this come to? What a shining Fortune has offer'd it self to me? How richly this Palace is furnish'd! Can I ever hope to be possess'd of so fair a Lady? No, *Aboulfaouaris*, no, all this is never design'd for thee; cease to flatter thy self: These are Snares which Fortune hath laid, and thou wilt presently find they are vanish'd away as a Dream, deceiving those Ideas of Greatness and Pleasure which thou imagin'st are reserv'd for thee.

This Thought fail'd not to disturb me, but in a Minute after, I fancy'd it was wrong to allarm my self; that *Canzada* could have no Interest to deceive me, and therefore that I ought not to suspect her Kindness for me: That the Behaviour of all her People had appear'd to me very sincere and natural; and that I had also observed by her Eyes, that she was touch'd with a real Passion for me. So that sometimes reposing an entire Confidence in her, and sometimes giving way to my Fears, like a Vessel agitated by two contrary Winds, I pass'd the whole Night without a Moment of Rest.

The Day surpriz'd me, while I was yet reflecting with a great deal of Concern, on all those Things which had employ'd me in the Night:

The

The Sun shone into my Apartment, and made the rich Furniture glitter; dazzled by the Brightness, I look'd upon the Palace as one of those enchanted Castles, where Magick Art, getting the Conquest of Nature, boasts the vast Extent of its Power. I got up, and presently the Slaves who had put me to Bed, hearing me walk, came into the Room with magnificent Robes; I took one of green Silk, embroider'd with Gold, the Work and Design of which pleased me infinitely.

I was no sooner dress'd, but *Canzada* being inform'd of it, came to ask me if I had rested well; her Impatience of seeing me again wou'd not give her leave to wait till I could go to find her in her own Apartment. I answer'd, that I had pass'd the Night in such a manner as deserv'd of her, that she would hasten the Moment of my Happiness. To which she reply'd, smiling, that she wou'd be more fully inform'd of the Sincerity of my Words, before she made a further Progress of such Consequence to her Quiet.

I remained eight Days in *Canzada's* Palace, where I was treated with all the Respect that could be paid to a King. The Lady shew'd a particular Regard for me, she refus'd me no Signs of Tenderness and Complaisance that I could desire of her, except the particular Favour that makes Lovers compleatly happy.

One Day, when we were both walking in the Garden, *Aboulfaouaris*, said she, I flatter my self that you love me, and in this Confidence, I am at last resolv'd to compleat your Wishes; return Thanks to that Love which hath taken away the Thorn of the Roses, that you are going to gather;

gather ; see what I do for you ; it is but a small Thing, to give you the free Disposál of all my Wealth, I give you my Person besides, which you cannot but esteem more, if you are in love. After this, can you refuse to do something for me ? Ah Madam ! said I, interrupting her, with all the Marks of a real Gratitude, this Doubt is injurious to my Passion. Speak, were it my Life, that you should ask, it would be Glory enough to sacrifice it to the meanest of your Desires. That which I shall ask, replied she, will be a new Favour bestow'd on you, if you love me, as I would fain believe you do. Explain your self then, Madam, cry'd I, 'tis too much to be kept in Suspence. The Favour I have to ask you, said she, is to secure my Repose and Happiness. Promise, swear to me an eternal Constancy, and to prevent the Chagrin of seeing our selves separated, join the Gift of your Hand to that of your Heart ; let us be link'd together by the sacred tye of Marriage.

Tho' the beginning of *Canzada's* Discourse had fill'd me with Joy, her last Words produc'd a quite contrary Effect, I was imagining other Things than what she propos'd. For she being of the Sect of the *Guebres*, who are the ancient *Persians* that adore the Fire, and I a *Mahometan*, I could not believe she had any other View, than that of a secret Intrigue, and that the difference of our Religions would have prevented her from having any Thoughts of Marriage ; so that it rais'd an extraordinary Astonishment in me, when she discover'd her Intentions. I was disturb'd, I grew pale, I redd'n'd, I cast down my Eyes ; Confusion and Perplexity.

Perplexity took Possession of my Cheeks, on which Joy was revelling but the Moment before.

The Lady, who observed me with an Attention, whose Notice my Agitations could not escape, easily penetrated the Cause of my Disorder. I could not have believed, said she, with a fierce and disdainful Air, that such a Proposal would have been so disagreeable to you; and I rather expected a thousand Transports of Joy from you, than this Confusion that offends me. What, do you take it for a Dishonour to have me for your Wife? Madam, answer'd I, I know the Value of that glorious Degree, to which your Bounty would raise me, but Heaven hath plac'd an invincible Obstruction in the Way; and if you see trouble and Confusion cover my Face, 'tis because I mourn in Secret my Misfortune, which will not permit me to accept of an Offer, which otherwise would crown my Glory and Happiness.

I imagined, replied she, that my Rank was the sole Obstacle to your good Fortune, and that since I was pleas'd to debase my self to you, I thought I had removed all Difficulties: But tell me, pursued she, what is that Obstacle that you take to be so invincible. My Religion, reply'd I, I cannot break thro' the Command, which prohibits us to marry a Wife, that does not follow the Laws of *Mahomet*. I am not less scrupulous in my Religion than you, replied *Canzada*, and would not for an Empire marry with a *Mahometan*. I design'd before we were joined, to make you renounce the false Doctrine of your Prophet, and to oblige you to embrace the Sect of the *Gnabys*. I reckon'd upon your worshipping

worshipping the Fire and the Sun . In short, that you would abjure your Religion to follow mine. I confess, I promised my self, to have made it a Merit in the Eyes of the God we adore, to make a Convert of the Person whom I lov'd, even to the Degree of delivering up to him all my Treasure ; but you will not let me have the Advantage of such a Merit, and, despising the Tender I make you of a large Fortune, rather than consent to marry me, you become the most ungrateful of all Men.

These last Words, and the Tone in which *Canzada* pronounced them, increased my Confusion, and furnish'd new Occasion to stir up her Resentment against me. She loaded me with Reproaches in letting Tears fall, which pierced my Heart every Instant : How formidable was she in this Condition to a Lover, who was willing to preserve his Virtue ! My own Grief and that which she discovered, deprived me almost of my Senses. Alas ! there wanted but little to conquer me, and I had without doubt sacrificed all to her Tears, if, secretly inspir'd by *Mahomet*, I had not received from the Grand Prophet the Assistance I wanted : But I remain'd firm in my Resolution to observe the Precept of my Religion.

Canzada was much astonish'd that my adherence to my Faith, was capable to make me renounce the Possession of her and her Riches. She had in all Appearance heard speak of some Mussulman less scrupulous than my self, and my Firmness grieved her much ; nevertheless, cherishing yet some Hopes that at the End I should yield, she would not take my Refusal for a final Answer. The Injustice and Cruelty of your Proceedings

ceedings, said she to me, ought before now to have tired my Patience; I blush that I am still so weak as to have the least Inclination for you. However, I will yet believe you will change your Opinion; I give you eight Days still to determine: You shall have no Cause to reproach me, that I give you not Time to consider: But, if after that, you take not a Resolution of doing what I require of you; if you persist to render your self unworthy of my Bounty, expect all the most rigorous Repentment an enraged Woman can inflict.

At these Words she left me, with an Air that might convince me, she wou'd effectually come to the last Extremity, if I did not resolve to marry her. I was left in the most deplorable Condition imaginable. Nothing was equal to my Consternation. I could see no Hopes that I could be happy, unless I would abjure *Mahometanism*. And could I resolve on that? Charming *Canzada*, cried I to my self sighing, I may no longer raise my desires to your Enjoyment! Ah! tho' I have lost the Hopes of possessing you, I know well enough, it is not in my Power to cease loving you; at what Distance soever you are from me, you will always be the Sovereign of my Heart.

I pass'd the eight Days that were given me to consider in, to lament the good Fortune I had once conceived Hopes of; but what Trouble soever it was to renounce them all, I had Courage enough not to alter my Resolution. *Canzada* perceiving at the End of the Time that she had prescrib'd to resolve in, that I was not yet in the Disposition in which she would have me, granted me still eight Days more; and, to

contribute on her part to the Victory she design'd to gain, she made use of her most powerful Charms. In short, seeing that the Time was elapsed again, without her having gain'd any Advantage, she sent for me. I was then conducted into the most stately Apartment of the Palace : She waited for me in the midst of all her Women, upon a Throne raised only a few Steps from the Floor. She had more the Air of a severe Judge, than that of a compassionate Lover.

I approach'd not the Throne but with trembling, for I judg'd by all these Preparations, that I must now explain my self for the last Time ; though I had Time enough to resolve on my Answer, I was so troubled, that I could scarce make use of my Senses. She order'd all her Women that were not in the Secret, to leave the Room, and when they were gone, she put on a softer Look. Well, *Aboulfaouaris*, said she to me, are you at last brought to Reason ? Have your Reflections inspir'd your stubborn Heart, with some Sentiments that are more worthy of me ? She pronounced these Words in so moving an Accent, that I was struck to the very Soul. The regret of losing such Charms, took away my Senses, and I fell in a Swoon at the Foot of the Throne.

Canzada could not see me in that Condition without Compassion ; she descended from the Throne, and was very busy to help me. I perceived it when I came to my self, and opening my Eyes, I fixed them on the Lady. I even observ'd in her an Air of Tenderness. Cease, Madam, said I, with a low Voice, cease to concern your self for a Wretch, who is not
worthy

worthy your Care. It is true, said she, interrupting me with some Emotion, that I have Reason to complain of you; but it is your Fault, if you obtain not your Pardon by a sincere Affection, which I have still the Weakness to regard as the only Pledg of my Happiness. Forget your Injustice, and accept the Possession of my Person, as an Advantage you cannot too much cherish.

Alas! Madam, cried I, in an Accent that confess'd my Grief and Despair, what can I gain by your Love on such cruel Conditions as you propose to me? When the Enjoyment of me, replied the Lady, is the Affair in Question, ought you to put in Balance any Considerations whatever against so glorious an Acquisition? Would you have me believe, that there is something dearer to you than my self? You are dearer to me than all Things, Madam, replied I; but can I be worthy of you, if I have the Weakness and Cowardice to sully my Honour to renounce a Religion. - - - Peace, Peace, perfidious Man, cried she, interrupting me with the utmost Passion: Make use no more of your false Reasons to justify Pretences that wou'd not disquiet you, if you had ever lov'd me at all: Go, thou art unworthy of my Favours, and I should be asham'd to preis any farther such an ungrateful Wretch as thou art. I am at length resolv'd, and leave thee to thy own Ingratitude.

At these Words, which made me tremble, she remain'd a Moment without speaking: Then re-assuming her Speech with an Air of Coldness, which confess'd no less Rage than the Accent she spoke in before. *Ahoulsanaris*, pursued she, never let me see you more, wait my Orders; you shall soon

soon be acquainted with what I am going to determine concerning your Fate: In speaking after this Manner, she went out of the Apartment with an Emotion equal to mine; but we were both of us agitated with quite different Passions.

I knew then, what I had to apprehend from the Disposition I found Things in; and if at some times I was so passionate a Lover, as to take a Pleasure in dying by the Hands of the Object beloved; at others, the Love we all naturally have for Life, made me think of Means to escape, but how should I obtain my Ends? They kept me always in their Sight, and the Lady's Orders were all exactly perform'd: Besides, whatever I could do or think, I could never find out Ways to inform my Host of the Place and Danger I was in.

I expected every Day to hear what Sentence she had pass'd upon me, and three Weeks were gone without hearing any Thing: The Incertainty in which I liv'd, had something in it more terrible, than any Misfortune they could pronounce. I desired to have an End put to this suspense let what would happen upon it.

In short, the Moment I wish'd for, came; I rose to dress my self one Morning, after having spent a more troublesome Night than usual, when I saw five or six of *Canzada's* Slaves enter into the Chamber. They conducted a Number of People, habited otherwise than those of *Serendib*; he who appeared to be the chief of the Strangers, look'd upon me some time with Attention, and without saying any Thing; at last he gravely broke Silence, and bid me fol-

low him; he said this with an Air, which made me comprehend that I must obey him.

We cross'd the Palace, and when we were got to the Gate ready to go out, I ask'd one of my Conductors, whither they pretended to carry me. That you will know in Time, answer'd he, for we are expressly forbid to tell you at present; I then follow'd these Men, who conducted me to the Port where I embark'd with them: They presently got ready, and we set sail.

When we were out at Sea, the Master of the Ship inform'd me, that he was of the Kingdom of *Golconda*, that *Canzada* had given me to him for a Slave, and that he was charged particularly never to grant me my Liberty to return to *Basra*; he said no more to me, nor ask'd me any Question about that Lady. This gave me room to judge, That since she had bid from him the Weaknesses she had for me, and the Affront of my refusing her, she had engaged him likewise to promise, that he would not inform himself of the Reasons she had to rid her Hands of me.

Such was the Revenge of *Canzada*, whom I cannot accuse of Rigour. I thought she punish'd me but too mildly, for the Crime that I had been guilty of towards her, I expected a more cruel Treatment. Not, but that when I reflected, That I should return no more to my Father, or my Country, I found my Slavery insupportable. I afflicted my self much at first; nevertheless, making a Virtue of Necessity, I studied to serve my Master faithfully; he was a very good Man, and did not want Sense. I was not satisfied only to do what he order'd me, I

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endeavour'd to prevent his desires, and found from Time to Time, he was more and more pleas'd with me.

We sail'd round the Island of *Ceylan* to enter Northward into the Gulph of *Bengal*, which is the largest of *Asia*, and towards the Bottom of which are the Kingdoms of *Bengal* and *Golconda*: we were ready to enter the Gulph, when so violent a Storm arose, that the like was never seen on those Seas. We ought to have had a full South Wind to carry us to the Northward; but this was a North-West Wind, that drove us directly South-East, quite contrary to our intended Course, since we were bound for *Golconda*. 'Twas in vain that we furl'd our Sheets, luff'd to Wind, lavec'd, and stood from Land, we were driven we knew not whither we were going. In a Word, the Storm wearied the Art of the Mariners; who seeing themselves in Danger, quitted their Labour, and left the Vessel to the Pleasure of the Winds and Waves.

This Wind lasted fifteen Days, and blew during that Time with such impetuosity, that it carried us six hundred Leagues out of our Course. It made us leave on the left, the Islands of *Sumatra* and *Java*, and we were driven just to the Height of the *Molucca's*, to the Southward of the *Phillippines*, into a Sea unknown to our Sailors. It chang'd at last, and turning into a pretty moderate easterly Wind, fill'd us with Joy, but that was not of long Continuance. it was disturbed by an Adventure which is scarce credible, because of its being so very extraordinary.

We began to take our Road again gaily, and were on the Point of the Isle of *Java*, on the East Side, when we perceived near us a Man stark naked, who struggled against the Waves, to keep himself from being swallow'd up by them. He kept fast hold of a Plank, that supported him, and he made Signs to us to come and help him. Pity made us man out the Boat for that purpose. Tho' Compassion be commendable, it must be confessed that it is sometimes very dangerous, as you will understand by the Sequel.

We took this Man into the Boat, and brought him aboard. He appear'd to be about forty Years old: He had a monstrous Shape; his Head was large, his Hair short and thick, his Mouth excessive wide; and when he open'd it, his Teeth appear'd long, and very sharp: His Arms were nervous, his Hands large, and he had on each Finger a long crooked Nail. His Eyes, which I had been in the wrong to omit, resembled those of a Tiger, and he had a flat Nose, with very open Nostrils. The whole Physiognomy was very odd, and he had a sullen Air, capable of changing into Terrour that Compassion with which he at first inspired us.

When this Man, such as I represent him to be, was brought to *Dehaousch* the Master, he said to him; Sir, I owe my Life to you; I was upon the Point of perishing without your Assistance. It is true, reply'd the Master, you had been presently drown'd, if you had not had the good Fortune to meet us. It is not the Sea which I fear'd, answers the Man, smiling; I could live whole Years in the Water without being much hurt. That which torments me
most

most is a devouring Hunger, that gnaws me; for 'tis almost twelve Hours since I have eat, and that is a long Time for a Man that hath such a good Appetite as I have. Therefore do me the Favour, if you please, to bring me something to repair my lost Strength after so long a Fast, and never mind after what Manner, for I am not very nice, I eat every thing.

We all looked upon one another, being much amaz'd at his Discourse, and judg'd that the Danger this Man had been in had undoubtedly disturbed his Senses, which was also the Master's Opinion, who, conceiving that he might indeed have Occasion to eat, order'd that they should bring him as much as would serve six Persons that had been famish'd, and Cloaths to cover him. As for Cloaths, said the Stranger, I need none, I go always naked. But think, reply'd *Dehaonsch*, that Decency will not let you stay with us in the Condition you are in. Ho! reply'd the other rudely, you will have Time enough to accustom your selves to see me so.

This brutal Answer confirm'd us more in the Opinion we had before, that he was not in his Senses. As his Hunger press'd, he was impatient at their staying so long before they brought him to eat. He fell to kicking the Hatches, grumbled betwixt his Teeth, and roul'd his Eyes after a wild and dreadful Manner. At length he saw what he wanted: Presently he fell upon it, with a Greediness that surpriz'd us; and tho' he had enough to satiate any six other Persons, he had in a Moment dispatched it.

When he had eaten up all that was brought him, he bid us, with an Air of Authority, bring him more Provisions. The Master of the Vessel,

fel, willing to try how far this famish'd Wretch would push the Matter, order'd that he should be obey'd : Then they set on the Table as much Victuals as the first time ; but this second Service lasted no longer, and was soon swallow'd. We imagin'd that this Man had enough, but were deceiv'd. He demanded more to eat : Then one of the Slaves of the Ship, provok'd with the Insolence of the Brute, was going to treat him as he deserv'd ; but he observing him, laid his two Hands on his Shoulders, and tore him to pieces with his sharp Nails. There were no less than fifty Sabres lifted up in a Moment against him to revenge this horrid Murther. Each Man struck with all the Resolution and Boldness he was able ; but we perceiv'd, with Dread, that our Enemy had a Skin as impenetrable as a Diamond : Our Sabres broke or turn'd their Edges, without being able to make an Impression ; and tho' he fear'd not our Strokes, he receiv'd none without punishing us. He laid hold on one that was the most eager against him, and with an astonishing Force pull'd him in pieces before our Eyes.

When we saw that our Sabres were useless, and that we could not wound him, we fell all together upon him to throw him into the Sea ; but we could not so much as move him ; for besides the prodigious Strength of his Members and Nerves, he struck his crooked Nails into the Wood of the Hatches, and kept his Hold so fast, that a Rock in the midst of the Waves is not more immoveable. Likewise far from being dismay'd at our Attempt, he told us, with a sour Smile, My Friends, you have undertaken an ill Business, you had better obey me ; I have redu-
ced

ced those that were as untractable as your selves : I declare, that if you continue to oppose my Will, I shall use you as bad as I have done your two Comrades.

These Words chill'd us with Fear ; we made no further Resistance. We went a third time, and fetched him something to eat : He sat down at Table, and one would have thought, to see him eat, that his Appetite increas'd, instead of lessening. As soon as he observ'd that we were at last determin'd to submit our selves, he became good humour'd ; He now shew'd himself sorry that we had forc'd him to do what he had done, and told us very calmly, that he esteem'd us for the Service we had done him, in taking him out of the Sea, where he must have died of Hunger, if he had stay'd some Hours longer before we met with him : That he wish'd there would come some other Vessel well stor'd with Provisions, because he would then throw himself aboard her, and trouble us no farther. It was in eating he held this Discourse : He laugh'd and jested like other Men, and we should have found him very diverting, if we had been in Circumstances that would have permitted us to relish his Pleasantry.

In short, he made a fourth Meal, and continued two Hours after it without eating. During this Excess of Sobriety, he spoke to us very familiarly : He asked us, one after another, about our Country, Customs, and Adventures. We hop'd that the Fumes of Indigestion would rise to his Brain, and make him sleepy. We waited with Impatience when Sleep should overpower his Senses, and we propos'd, when he was in that Condition, to throw him suddenly, before

he had Time to recollect himself, into the Sea. This Hope was our only Recourse; for tho' we had never so much Provision in our Ship, at his Way of eating, he would have devour'd it in a little Time: But, alas! we flatter'd our selves with vain Hopes. This cruel Wretch, as if he had penetrated our Designs, inform'd us he never slept. He said, the Quantity that he eat restor'd the Weakness of Nature, and serv'd instead of Rest.

We understood with Grief this sad Truth. It was in vain that, in answering his Questions, we told him long and tedious Stories, the Brute slept not for that. We then deplor'd our ill Fortune, and the Master despair'd of ever returning to *Golconda*, when on a sudden the Air appear'd darken'd over Head. Our first Thoughts were that a Tempest was gathering, and we were the more glad of it, because a Storm would afford us greater Hopes of saving our selves, than the Condition in which we were. Our Vessel might dash against a Rock as we came in Sight of some Island, where we might be sav'd by swimming, and perhaps get rid of the Monster, who undoubtedly had promis'd himself the devouring of us, after he had eat up all our Provisions.

We wish'd therefore for a violent Tempest, and, what it may be had never happen'd before, we pray'd to Heaven that we might sink: Nevertheless we were deceiv'd; for that which we took for a gathering of Clouds and Vapours, was only one of the largest *Rokhs* that was ever seen in those Seas. [*A Rokh is a monstrous Bird, which can with Ease take up an Ox or other Animal of equal Size*] This monstrous Bird came fousing down

down impetuously upon the Deck, and carried off our Enemy, who was in the midst of the Ship's Crew, and who, not mistrusting any Thing, had no Time to arm himself against such a Surprise. We could not perceive it our selves till some Moments after, when the Bird was mounted in the Air with his Prey.

We then saw an extraordinary Combat, the Man having recollected himself, and finding himself in the Air in the Talons of a wing'd Monster, which he felt the Strength of, began now to defend himself. He had his Hands at Liberty: He struck his hook'd Nails into the Body of the *Rokh*, and at the same Time, setting his Teeth upon his Breast, he fell to devouring all the Flesh and Feathers that were on it, when the Bird feeling the Pain, made such a hideous Cry, as rent all the Air around; and to revenge himself, she struck out both the Eyes of her Enemy with one of her Talons: He, tho' he was blinded, quitted not his Hold, but eat up the Heart of the *Rokh*, which collecting together the remainder of her Strength in Death, pierced his Head with one Stroke of her Beak; so that both fell down dead into the Sea at a little Distance from us.

Thus we see that it was written upon the Table of Predestination, that we should be deliver'd in this Manner from this dangerous Man. As soon as we saw our selves got rid of him, there was a general Joy in the Ship: We could not enough admire our good Fortune, and we were sorry for the Death of the *Rokh* who had deliver'd us. We continu'd on our Voyage, and entertain'd our selves with this Adventure, which appear'd the more singular, because we could

not comprehend how it was possible that there should be such a kind of Man in the World. We having now a constant favourable Wind, after several Days Sail, we discover'd Land. On the first Notice of it that was given us by the Mariner, who was on the Scuttle, we took the Altitudes, and, according to our Observations, we found that we were on the West Point of the Isle of *Java*, which, with the East of the Isle of *Sumatra*, forms the Entrance into the Streights of *Sonde*, not far from the City of *Bantam*. Overjoy'd at this Discovery, we crowded our Sails; and to compleat our good Luck, it happen'd that the Wind, which was at East, turn'd to the South, and by Consequence was favourable to pass through the Streights: We made our Advantage so well of it, that in a little Time we arrived at *Bantam*.

There we took in fresh Provisions, and our Master, having Business at *Batavia*, which is not above twenty Leagues from thence, set Sail for that Place. I was very glad, for 'tis a City very magnificent, where may be seen, in great Profusion, whatever is most curious in the Empire of *China*. As soon as *Dehaonschhad* finish'd his Affairs there, we sailed towards the Kingdom of *Golconda*, where we arrived in about a Month's Navigation from the Isles of the *Sonde*.

My Patron was received in the Capital, where he resided, with a general Applause, for he was beloved by every body. As for his Family, the Joy they conceiv'd at his Return cannot be expressed: His Wife and Daughter could not be weary with embracing him, and he, charm'd at the Sight of such dear Objects, wept for Joy to answer their Affections.

After

After a thousand and a thousand Careſſes, he preſented me to the Ladies, as a Slave that he had a particular Regard to, and he pray'd them to take in good Part the Services I ſhould render them. In a little Time I acquir'd a great Reputation with them; nothing was well done but by me. The other Slaves, far from being jealous, appear'd pleas'd to ſee me ſo well treated. It is true, that I procur'd them the beſt Uſage I could, and often occaſion'd them to be better rewarded than they deſerv'd.

In ſhort, the Friendſhip that *Dehaouſch* had for me increas'd ſo much, that he ſaid to me one Day, *Aboulſaouaris*, for I had neither hid from him my Name, nor my Country, you cannot but have taken Notice that I have diſtinguiſh'd you always from the reſt of my Slaves. At the firſt Inſtant that I ſaw you, I took an Inclination to you, and I have ſpar'd nothing to ſoften the Rigour of your Slavery: I deſign to give you yet greater Marks of my Affection. You have ſeen my Daughter; there is not perhaps a more beautiful Girl in *Golconda*. I reſolve you ſhall marry her: I have founded her upon this Affair, and find you are not diſpleaſing to her.

I was ſtunn'd at this Propoſition, and it was not difficult for him to judge that the News was not very agreeable to me. How! ſaid he, does what I propoſe to you diſturb you? Is the Advantage of being my Heir, and the Enjoyment of *Facrinniffa*, ſo very inconfiderable, that it cannot raiſe the Ambition of a Slave? Sir, answer'd I, the Honour of being your Son-in-Law would be ſufficient to tempt me, if you were a Muſſulman as I am; but you are a Heathen. --- If you have no other Obſtacle but that, reply'd my

my Master, we shall soon agree; for I am resolved to turn *Mahometan*, and my Daughter is in the same Resolution: In spite of the Prejudices with which our *Gentil* Priests have filled my Mind, I am weary of paying divine Honours to Oxen and Cows: I have too much Reason not to acknowledge it to be a wretched Superstition, and I think there is a supreme Being that is above all other Gods; Therefore, my Son, accept my Proposal, without Scruple or Delay.

Tho' *Facrinnissa* was very lovely, and the Proffer very advantageous for me; and tho', on the Score of my Religion, I had nothing to reproach my self with in marrying my Master's Daughter, I had a Reluctance to this Marriage, which could be nothing else but the Effect of my Remembrance of *Canzada*. However, I was so far Master of my self, as to say nothing of it to my Patron, who, believing that I consented, because I made no Opposition to it, went to carry the News to his Wife and Daughter.

I had presently a Conversation with *Facrinnissa*, who appear'd so gay and contented, that I could not help thinking but that my Person pleas'd her: You shall judge if I rightly understood her Joy. *Aboulsanaris*, said she, I am transported that my Father hath made Choice of you for my Husband, for I doubt not of your Generosity towards the promoting of my good Fortune, tho' at the Loss of your own. You are not deceived in me, fair Lady, answer'd I, there is nothing that I will not do for the charming *Facrinnissa*. Hear me, reply'd she, and you shall understand the Service I require of you. I love the Son of a Merchant of *Golconda*, and

and I am passionately beloved by him! He hath asked me of my Father several times, who always refused him, because of an ancient Grudge which is kept up betwixt our Families. I would have you marry me, and the Day after our Marriage divorce me, as through Anger; afterwards feign as if you would take me again, and then chuse my Lover for your Hulla. I understand you, said I, you only desire that I should marry you, to deliver you up to him whom you love: Very well, Madam, I agree to do so; you shall be pleas'd: How difficult soever it will be to yield up the Possession of an Object so full of Charms, I think my self capable of so great a Self-denial. But what think you will my Master say? You are not ignorant of the great Obligations I have to him; he will be surprized at my Conduct, and will not fail to reproach me. What shall I answer to his Reproaches? Let not that give you any Uneasiness, reply'd she, do you but follow exactly the Advice I shall give you, and I promise you my Father will not complain of you.

Upon the Faith of this Promise, I assured her that I was dispos'd to promote her Love after the manner that she desired it. Charm'd with this Assurance, she press'd her Father to hasten on the Marriage, which was celebrated in a few Days; but she abjured her Religion before-hand, and embraced the Mahometan. All the Advantage I obtain'd from my Union with *Facrinnissa*, was the obliging this Lady to renounce her Idolatry sooner than she would otherwise have done. All lovely, tho' she was; I sacrificed the Rights of a Husband to the Honour of keeping the Promise I had given her,

to look upon her only as a Pledge that was intrusted with me, and which I was obliged to part with, and to restore it pure and intire. I was not long charg'd with it. Hear now the Method, which by this Lady's Order I observed, to put her into the Hands of her Lover. A few Days after our Marriage I divorced her. My Master, as I had well foreseen, astonish'd at my Proceeding, came to my House : For you must know, that the very Day we were marry'd, we went to live in a House by our selves. He ask'd me for what Reason I had divorced *Facrinnissa* ? I answer'd him, that I found she had a Passion for another, and that not being willing to enjoy a Woman against her Inclination, I had repudiated her. He laugh'd at my Niceness, and told me that his Daughter would by degrees love me better. In short, he exhorted me to take her again, and I pretended I would. I will go into the City, said I to him, and find out a Hulla, I will bring him this Night before the Cady : To-morrow, when the Hulla hath divorced *Facrinnissa*, I will come and acquaint you, and we will renew our Nuptials, in hopes of better Success.

My Patron return'd home a little better satisfied with me than he was, when he heard of his Daughter's Divorce ; he left the Care to me of chusing an Hulla, and of all the rest of the Ceremony : So I went my self to find out *Facrinnissa*'s Lover, and they were married before me by the Cady's Lieutenant. They pass'd the Night together, and the next Day the Hulla refusing to divorce his Wife, I went to my Master's House, and dissembling a Grief I never felt, told him that the Hulla would not divorce his

his Spouse, though he had promised me the Day before to do whatever I should desire of him.

We ought to see who this Hulla is, said *Dehaonsch*; if he is but a poor Wretch, I have Reputation and Money enough to take my Daughter from him. During the Time he was speaking after this manner, the Nayb or Cady's Deputy came in, and said, Sir, I am come to inform you, that the Hulla whom your Son-in-Law hath chosen, is the Son of *Amer* the Merchant; therefore your Daughter is lost, as to her first Husband; for the second is resolved never to part with her. I know very well that *Amer* is not your Friend, but I would advise you to be reconciled to him in favour of this Marriage, and forget the Hatred you have born towards him for so long a Time.

The Nayb was not contented only to exhort my Patron to an Accommodation with the Family of his new Son-in-Law, but he offer'd to speak himself to *Amer*, and spare nothing to make them good Friends. *Dehaonsch* judging, like a Man of good Sense, that he could not do better than what he propos'd, was not hard to reconcile; and the Lieutenant having found *Amer* in the same Disposition, establish'd betwixt the two Fathers a perfect Understanding. But the best of all was, that my Patron, prepossess'd that I was the Victim of this Reconciliation, pitied me, and gave me by way of Re-compence, a large Sum of Money, with Liberty to return to *Basra*.

Thus you see after what a manner it was that *Facrinnissa* was freed from a Husband she could not love, and married to her Lover. As soon

as I saw their good Fortune secured, I went from *Golconda*, and joining my self to some People who were going to *Surat*, we came to the Sea-side, we embark'd in a Vessel that presently set Sail, and we had a happy Voyage. If the next Day after my Arrival, I could have found any Shipping ready to go for *Basra*, I would have taken the Advantage; but as I found none, I was obliged to stay at *Surat*.

The City of *Surat* is too agreeable, and too full of Curiosities, to be weary of it in a short Time: I went sometimes to the publick Baths, which are very fine, and where there is better Attendance than in any other place in the World. I walk'd very much about the City, and in the Avenues, which are very pleasant; or in the delightful Gardens, of which there are a great many, that are kept in good Order, and open to all sorts of People who please to walk in them.

One Day, as I was taking the Pleasure of a Walk, a Man somewhat advanced in Years, met me at the turn of an Alley, and saluted me very civilly; I return'd the Compliment, and we join'd Conversation. As he appear'd frank and sincere, his Frankness rais'd the same Temper in me: He told me that he was a Gentil, and that he had in the Road of *Surat* a Vessel that belong'd to him, and that every Year he us'd to make a small Voyage at Sea. On my Part, to be as free with him, I told him that I was a Mahometan, and related to him my Adventures.

He seem'd so sensible of my Misfortunes, that I was surpriz'd; he perceiv'd it. I observe, my Son, said he, that you are astonish'd to see me take

take so great Part in your Afflictions: But, besides that I am naturally the most compassionate Man in the World to the Misfortunes of my Neighbours, I must tell you that I have a great Friendship for you, though you are not of my Religion: I am concern'd at the Dangers you have run through; and should you tell 'em to your own Father, I am confident he could not be more sensible of 'em than I am.

It is natural to answer to the Protestations of Friendship that are made us; and as he said obliging Things to me, he had likewise Reason to be satisfied with the Discourse I address'd to him; he appear'd charm'd with it. O young Man! cry'd he, what good Luck was it that I came hither to walk in these Gardens, where I have met with you! You cannot believe how far your Conversation is agreeable to me, every Moment increases the Affection I have conceived for you; let us go into the City together, and pray come lodge with me; I am old and rich, and have never a Child, I will make you my Heir. At these Words, he took me in his Arms, and embraced me with as much Tenderness as if I had been his Son.

I returned him Thanks for these new Offers of Kindness, and as he gave me fresh Assurances of Friendship on his Part, I made him lively Protestations of Gratitude on mine. In short, the Result of our Conversation was, that we went out of these Walks, and returned into the City together; he conducted me to his House, which was one of the finest in *Surat*. After the Porter had open'd the Street-Gate, I perceived instead of a Court, two Parterres, with all sorts of Flowers, divided by a large Walk made of Plaster,

fter, as hard and beautiful as Marble. *At Surat all the Houses of the Rich have, instead of a Court-Yard, the like Parterres.*] We follow'd the Walk, which carry'd us to a fine Body of the Building, where indeed all things did not glitter with Gold; the Furniture, though not rich, was never the less agreeable to the Eye; the Hangings and the Sofa's, though they were only of painted Linnen, made the Apartments look very handsome. 'Tis true indeed, that the Figures of these Stuffs were admirably wrought, and the Stuffs themselves were of the very finest Sorts that are made at *Masulipatan*, and in the other Places of the Coast of *Coromandel*.

The old Man oblig'd me presently to bathe with him in a large Stone Basin, wherein was clear Water proper for that Use, and which commonly served him to wash in, as well to refresh himself, as to fulfil the Duties of his Religion. Coming out of the Bath, the Slaves brought us fine Linnen, and rubbed us dry: We went afterwards into a Room, where we both sat down to a Table, cover'd with all sorts of Provisions, serv'd up in China Ware, finely japan'd; our Ragoo's were season'd with *Malaca* Nutmegs, *Macassar* Cloves, and the Cinamon of *Ceylan*: After having eaten as much as we would, we drank of a Palm Wine call'd Taray, which I thought very delicious.

When we had made an end of our Repast, my old Host said to me, I will trust you with a Secret, that will convince you of the great Kindness I have for you: I am in five Days time to go from the Port of *Souali*, [*The Port of Surat is call'd Souali, from the Name of a great Village,*

Village, that is about two hundred Paces from the Sea.] towards an Island where I am us'd to go every Year; you shall go along with me. There is in that Island above two hundred Pits, from whence are got Pearls of an extraordinary Size, but the Isle is uninhabited, because it is full of Tigers. This is only known to my self; an old Captain of a Vessel, to whom I was once a Favourite-Slave, discover'd this Treasure to me, and informed me how I should approach these Pits in spite of the wild Beasts, which seem to be there, only to prohibit all Approach.

Certainly, said I to the old Man, interrupting him in this Place, the Captain of the Ship did very well in teaching you the Secret of advancing into this Isle without Danger; for it is like the Tygers would give but an ill Reception to Strangers who stay there. It is easy, reply'd he, to drive away the most furious Tigers; we go ashore in the Night with lighted Torches, the Sight of the Fire frights them, and makes these Animals fly us.

We will go then, added he, and take from those precious Sources, a large Quantity of Pearl, which we will sell at our Return into this City: And the Money we shall get, added to that which I have hoarded up after the same Manner, will make a considerable Fortune, which you may enjoy after my Death.

To persuade me that he said nothing which was not true, he took me into his Closet, and let me see Roupies of Gold and Silver, lying in Heaps. [*A Roupie of Gold, is worth about four and twenty French Livres, and a Roupie of Silver about thirty Pence: They are the current Money at Surat.*] He had a prodigious Quantity of them.

Well,

Well, said he to me, Does this appear worth your Attention? And have you any Dislike to this Voyage? I answer'd, I had not; but I pray'd him to give me leave to write to my Father, to give him Notice of my Arrival at *Syrai*, and the Reasons which detain'd me. My old Host consented, and took my Letter as soon as I had finish'd it, saying, that he would undertake that it should be deliver'd to my Father.

I trusted my Letter to the Care of *Hyzoum*, which was the Gentil's Name; and the Day of our Departure being come, we embark'd at the Port of *Souali*: We set Sail, and after having been three Weeks at Sea, without any Accident, we saw a little Desert Island appear, which my old Man told me was that where our Business lay; we went and moor'd there, but waited for the Night to land. *Hyzoum* order'd his Sailors to remain aboard, and he advanced into the Isle, and no body was with him but my self. We had each of us a Torch-lighted, and a great Number of others under our Arms; we also carry'd Bags to put the Pearl in. In this Condition we look'd for the Pits, by the Light of our Torches: We had not search'd long, before we found one of the deepest: Descend my Son, said he to me, I doubt not but there are fine Peals in it. I went down by a Rope which he held one End of; when I was at the Bottom, I felt some Mothers of Pearl under my Feet. I gather'd some, and fill'd the Bag, which I ty'd to the Cord: The old Man pull'd it up, open'd the Shells, and cou'd find nothing in them, but Pearl-Seed; he return'd the Bag again, and said, The Pearls of that Pit are not yet in a Condition

to be taken. Cover them with Earth; that will make them grow bigger, and next Year we will come and take them.

I did as *Hyzoum* bid me. Afterwards he drew me up by the Rope, and we went to another Pit yet deeper. This Pit was in a large Mountain that rose in the midst of the Island. The Shells in this Pit contain'd a singular Beauty. I fill'd the old Man's Bag several times, who drew it up, and emptied it. Afterwards he said to me, laughing, Farewel, young Man, I thank you for the Service you have done me. O Father, answer'd I, take me out from hence. Thou art very well there, reply'd the Traytor; lie down and sleep upon the Pearls: I use to bring hither every Year a young Musulman like thee: Thou hast nothing to do but to pray to thy Prophet; if he is able to do Miracles, as thou imaginest, he will not forsake a Man so zealous and strict to his Religion. In speaking these Words, he went from the Pit and left me, crying and lamenting.

O miserable *Aboulfaouaris*, said I, to what Misfortunes hath Heaven condemn'd thee? What hast thou done to deserve such cruel Fate as thou undergoest? But why do I complain of a Misfortune I have brought upon my self? Ought not I to have mistrusted the perfidious Idolater who hath deceived me? His excessive Fondness ought to have made me suspect him; and had I had but a Grain of Reason, I should not have been decoy'd by him: But O superfluous Regrets! what avails it now to blame my self for a Fault which I am going too dearly to pay for, and which it depended not on me to avoid? It was my Fate to fall into this Abyss,
and

and the same Power which threw me in, can take me out again.

This Reflexion hinder'd me from giving Way to Despair. I pass'd the Night in running about the Bottom of the Pit, which seem'd to be of a vast Extent. I perceived that I trod upon Bones, and I guess'd by that, that others before me had perish'd miserably in this Precipice. This Thought still did not make me lose all my Courage, but, supported by our great Prophet, who undoubtedly inspir'd me, I advanced boldly to an Aperture, whence I heard a frightful Noise. I stopt to hearken, and after having listen'd some Time with an attentive Ear, I thought I understood the Cause of that Noise, and I was not deceiv'd in my Conjecture: It was the Fall of several Waters from the Sea, which penetrating into the Mountain by divers Clefts, met together in this Place. I concluding from thence that they communicated with the Sea, by some large Stream, by which I might pass with them, I threw my self in. I was almost suffocated by the Waters: They took away my Senses, drag'd me along with them, and cast me on the Sea-Coast by a Crevice that was in the Mountain.

When I regain'd the Use of my Senses, and perceiv'd the Place by which the Waters had brought me out to Day-light, I cast my self on my Knees on the Shore, to thank Heaven for my Deliverance. Afterwards I address'd *Mahomet* in these Terms; O Prophet of the Faithful, Favourite of the most High, I have more need than ever of thy Assistance. In what stead will it stand me, that thou hast deliver'd me out from the deep Abyss into which I was cast, if I am left to be a Prey to the wild Beasts which are in
this

this Island, or if Hunger must put an end to my Life.

I found my self full of Faith after this Prayer. I arose and walk'd about the Island, without trusting my self far from the Shore. I saw nothing of *Hyzoum's* Ship; that Traytor had soon set Sail to return home. I was not left without Fear that the Tigers would pull me to pieces, and devour me. Nevertheless I saw none; and to augment my good Fortune, I soon perceived a large Vessel which passed pretty near the Isle. I unfolded the Linen of my Turban to make a Signal for them to come to me. Some Persons who were on the Deck observ'd me: They sent out a Boat, which came to me, and I was taken aboard.

Judge what my Joy was, when I found in the Captain of the Ship an intimate Friend of my Father's, and saw by the Dress of the Crew that they were all Inhabitants of *Basra*. I related to them the Adventure that brought me into that Island, which they heard with a great deal of Attention. Every one curs'd the old Man who had us'd me in such a cruel Manner. After they had utter'd a thousand Imprecations against him, I ask'd the Captain what News of my Father. He was very well, answer'd he, when I left *Basra*, for I saw him the very Day of my Departure.

I ask'd the Captain several other Questions about Matters that related to my Family: After which, our Discourse fell again on the Traytor *Hyzoum*, and all the Ship was of Opinion to make a Descent upon the Island to search the Pits. Being, as we were, too many to fear the Tigers, we had no need of lighted Torches;
and

and if my perfidious old Fellow took that Precaution, it was because he would have no body partake with him in the Pearls. We then cast Anchor, and went all ashore, without waiting for the Night. We were arm'd with Darts and Sabres, to defend our selves from the wild Beasts, if they should come nigh us. After that, we descended by Turns into the Pits, where we found Pearls in abundance. One cannot tell the Quantity of Shells we took up: It imploy'd three Days compleat to open them all, and to divide the Pearls; and there fell so much to every one's Share, that all were satisfied.

We then set Sail for *Serendib* to sell our painted Callicoes of *Surat*, and buy Cinamon. We sailed merrily, when all of a sudden a furious Tempest arose, which drove us out of our Course, and we wander'd we knew not whither for six Days together. The seventh the Sky was clear, but neither Pilot nor Captain could precisely tell where we were. They suppos'd we were driven much out of our Way, and knew not what to think, or what to do; for, in spite of all our Endeavours, the Vessel was drawn by Violence towards a Mountain, which we discover'd at length on the eighth Day.

This Mountain had a great Extent, and appear'd of a prodigious Height. It was very steep, and, what strangely surpriz'd us, it seem'd as if it had been of polish'd Steel, so bright it look'd and shining. Then an old Sailor fetch'd a profound Sigh, and cry'd, We are lost! I have formerly heard talk of this Place. They say, that it is fatal to all Ships that come near it; so that if once they arrive at the Foot of the Mountain, they are detained there

as

as by a Charm : That they can never more stand out to Sea, nor get away from it.

At the Relation of the old Mariner, all the Ship's Crew were immoderately afflicted. Alas! says one, what are we the better for having found the Pearls, if we must lose them here, and our Lives too? Why, says another, could none among us sooner know the Danger we are in? A third, believing he should never see his Wife and Children again, made the Air echo with his Complaints and pitiful Lamentations: And a fourth, falling upon his Knees on the Deck, beg'd the Prophet's Assistance. As for my self, more touch'd at the Affliction with which I saw them all seiz'd, than at the Dangers that threaten'd us, I said to the Captain, Sir, why should we submit our selves cowardly to Sorrow? Rather let us seek out some Means to help our selves out of this Difficulty. As for me, I can assure you, I have naturally some Courage. Whether *Mahomet* has inspir'd me this Moment, I am no ways dismay'd at the Condition to which we are reduced. Believe me, as soon as we arrive at the Foot of the Mountain, let us endeavour to gain the Top of it. Mounting together, we may perhaps find out a Remedy for our Misfortunes.

The Captain, who was not the least frightened of all the rest of us, answer'd me, That he would, in Complaisance, do what I propos'd; but that he had no Hopes that we should ever save our selves. Mean while our Vessel arrived at the Foot of the Mountain: The Captain and I threw our selves into the Boat; we gain'd the Land, and began to climb the Hill; but it was not without Trouble that we got to the Top.

We saw there, with Surprise, a green Dome, very large and high: We approach'd it, and saw upon it a Column of Steel ten Cubits high; towards the Bottom of which was hung in Chains of Gold a small Drum made of Aloes-Wood, and a crooked Stick of red Saunders. Above the Drum hung a square Piece of Ebony, upon which we read these Words writ in Letters of Gold: *If any Ship is so unfortunate as to be drawn to this Mountain, she can never put to Sea again, except after the following Manner. Some one Man of the Ship's Company must give three Strokes with the crooked Stick upon the Drum. At the first Stroke, the Ship will get a Bow-shot Distance from the Mountain: At the second, it will lose Sight of the Mountain; and at the third, it will be found in the very Route it should be in; but the Man that strikes the Drum must remain here voluntarily, and consent to let the rest be gone.*

When we had read this Inscription, which appear'd to us a Talisman, we return'd aboard to inform the Crew of our Discovery. Every one was ravish'd that there was a Way for our Deliverance; but no body would be the Victim. The meanest Sailor refus'd to sacrifice himself for the rest. Well, said I then, since none amongst you will stay here, I will remain my self; I am willing to be an Offering for you all, provided you will promise me, that when you get from hence you will go to *Basra*; that you will tell my Father the News, and faithfully deliver into his Hands all the Pearls which have fallen to my Lot.

They cry'd out at this Discourse, that they beg'd Heaven to shipwreck them, if they punctually perform'd not what I desir'd of them. The
Cap-

Captain assur'd me, as well as the rest, that if I had the Resolution to remain there, they would return to *Basra* without going to *Ceylan*. He express'd also some Concern to lose me; but I could easily perceive he was glad to get out of Danger. In short, I embraced all the Crew, and bid them an eternal Farewel. They set me ashore. I mounted alone to the Top of the Mountain; I advanced towards the Dome, took the crooked Stick in my Hand, and struck the Drum. Our Vessel departed from the Mountain, and I lost Sight of her at the second Stroke. I beat the third time: After which I remain'd under the Dome ready to consummate my Sacrifice, and undergo the Fate reserv'd for me.

I fail'd not to address my self to the Prophet again, and, as if I had been sure of his Protection, I advanced boldly into the Mountain, which was above two Leagues in Extent. After an Hour's Travel, I perceiv'd a decrepit old Man: He had a bald Head, a white long Beard, and his Eyes were hollow. He seem'd not to have more than one Breath of Life to draw. He was sitting upon a great Stone at the Door of a little House made of Wood and Earth, and he had a short Stick in his Hand. I came up to him, and having saluted him respectfully, I ask'd him to tell me, why the Vessels which pass'd at a certain Distance from the Mountain were drawn to it in spite of themselves, and who was the Author of the Talisman by the Virtue of which they were carry'd to Sea again.

The old Man rais'd himself up at these Words, leaning upon his Staff, and shaking his Head with Weakness, return'd my Salutes, and

told me, that the Ships were drawn towards the Mountain by the Force of the Currents: That, as to the Talisman, which consisted in the Drum, he knew not who had made it; but if I was curious to know the Mystery, I must continue my Road, and that I should meet his Brother, who was much older than he, and who could give me some Light into the Matter. I presently took Leave of him, and found indeed a second old Man. This appear'd to be more vigorous: He was only begun to grow gray, and one would have thought him rather the Son than the Brother of the other. I ask'd him, as I had done the first, if he knew who it was that had made the Talisman. No, reply'd he, I know not who it was; and if any one can tell you, 'tis undoubtedly my eldest Brother, whom you will find on the Road a little further.

I continued to march on, and presently perceived a Man a digging. He had not so much as one gray Hair, and he appear'd so strong, that I could not imagine that he was older than the other two I had seen before. Father, said I, I have met with two old Men who have banter'd me. I desir'd 'em to tell me who was the Author of the Talisman on the Mountain. They said, they could not tell, but that they had an elder Brother who could inform me. The old Man smiled at these Words, and answer'd, My Son, they told you the Truth, they are both younger than me.

If this Answer of the third old Man surpriz'd me, that which he added still increas'd my Wonder. They call us, said he, the three old Men of the Mountain: The first that you met with

withal is much the youngest ; he is not above fifty Years old, and the Reason of his being so worn out and decrepit is, because he had a bad Wife and Children, that gave him a great deal of Uneasiness. The second is seventy five, and he is a little fresher and stronger than the other, because he had a good Wife, and no Children : And as for me, I am more vigorous than my Brothers, tho' I am past a hundred, because I would never marry.

As to the Talisman, pursued he, the Author of which you desire to know, I have heard it said in my Youth, that it was compos'd by a great *Indian* Cabalist, and that is all that I know of it. I ask'd him afterwards, if I was near any Country inhabited ? Yes, answer'd he, you need but follow the Road which you are in, you will presently come to a vast Plain, which bounds another Mountain, at the Foot of which there are two Paths, one on the Right, and the other on the Left Hand. Follow the former ; it will lead you to a great City, which hath a very fine Port. Take Care not to follow the Left Hand Path, for that will carry you into a Wood, where there live very wicked Men. They imploy themselves in making of Soap, and scruple not to throw into their Soap-Pans all Strangers who have the Misfortune to fall into their Hands. They pretend that their Soap is much the better for it, and it is certain it is most valued of any Soap in the World.

I thank'd the old Man for the Information he gave me, and was resolv'd not to neglect his Cautions. When I had cross'd the Plain, I follow'd the Road on the Right Hand, and it brought me, as he said, to a very large City.

well peopled. The Streets and the Houses were beautiful, and the Port full of Shipping. I guess'd there must be a great Trade, and I was not deceived. I saw Ships that came from the Kingdom of *Canara* and *Visapour* loaded with Pepper; others fill'd with Cardamome of *Cananor*, and some with Cinamon. I saw Merchants of all Countries. As I was busie in observing the Port, a Man came to me: We look'd upon and knew one another. It was *Habib*, my Father's Correspondent at *Serendib*. After we had embraced several times, Who could have thought, cry'd he, that I should meet *Aboulsaouaris* here? What fatal Adventure forc'd you to leave *Serendib* without bidding me farewell, without giving me Notice of our Departure, and by what unexpected good Fortune are you restor'd to me?

Then I told him my Adventure with *Canzada*, and what had happen'd to me since. On his Side, he inform'd me, that he had a Ship in the Port; that he was come to sell Cinamon, that he had disposed of his Cargo, and that in twenty four Hours he hop'd to be gone from thence. I expressed to him the Joy I had to find him again. He conducted me aboard his Ship, and the same Day we set Sail for *Serendib*. I was overjoy'd to return thither, and you may think that *Canzada* had the greatest Share in the Pleasure that I conceived to my self of seeing that City again. We arrived after a short Voyage, because we had all along a favourable Wind.

I was very impatient to learn News of *Canzada*, whom I could not forbear loving, tho' I had no great Reason to be pleas'd with the Treatment she had given me. I went out one Morning from *Habib's*, with a Design to spare no Pains to get

get what Intelligence I could of her, when a kind of Slave stopt me in the Street; Sir, said he to me, do you remember me? No, answer'd I; but yet your Face should not be altogether unknown to me; I have a confus'd Idea of having seen you, but I cannot say in what Place. I know you well, reply'd he, you are a Mussulman; you are call'd *Aboulfaouaris*; I had the Honour to wait on you during your Abode with the Princess *Canzada*, to whom I was, and still am, a Slave. It was I that by her Order went to find out your Master *Dehaoufeh*, into whose Hands you were deliver'd. I was sorry to be put upon that Office, and I beg you would believe I was.

My Heart leapt with Joy at the Slave's Discourie. My dear Friend, said I to him, making him a Present of a Diamond Ring, inform me, I conjure you, in what Condition is the Princess, who is always dear to me, in spite of her Rigours: Is she in the same State in which I left her? No, Sir, reply'd the Slave, her Affairs have much alter'd their Face within these two Months: The King of *Ceylan* would make her espouse an old Lord of the Court, who was very much in Love. She could not help obeying; she is married.

The Grief I expressed at this News was so lively, that the Slave appear'd touch'd at it. I am sorry, said he to me, that the Marriage of my Mistress should give you so much Trouble: 'Tis your Fault; why would you not renounce your Prophet? You would then at this Time enjoy the finest Lady in the World, and an immense Treasure. If I had been in your Place, I would not have taken so much Time to consider

as you did : The first Day, the first Hour, the first Minute, I would have determin'd to do whatever *Canzada* had desired me. From how much Trouble might you have exempted both your self and her ? For after your Departure she fell sick, and was like to have lost her Life.

I know not, continued he, whether I should tell her, that you are come to *Serendib*; I fear it would renew her Trouble, which the old Lord she hath married is not very fit to dispel. On the other Side, I see you are so afflicted, that I cannot resolve to deprive you of all Consolation. I promise you then, that this Day my Mistress shall know that I have seen you. One of her Women shall tell her, that you repent of your past Conduct, and that if you could make Amends for it, you would not consider a Moment the renouncing of *Mahomet's* Doctrine for her. No, no, cry'd I, take Care that you mention nothing that I shall not do, tho' it were in my Power to enjoy the Princess at that Price. Tell her only that I am in Despair for having lost her, and to understand that she is not content with her Condition.

The Slave swore, that he would exactly perform the Commission I charg'd him with. He added also, to comfort without doubt my Sorrow, that he was persuaded that *Canzada* would take Pity of me; that her Pity would not be confined to mourn my Misfortunes in Secret; and that that Lady having Women she could trust, would not abandon me to my Affliction. After this Conversation, the Slave left me, and I remained in a Condition equally mixed with Joy and Grief. If the Change of *Canzada's* Condition afflicted me, I felt some Joy when I
came

came to think that she might perhaps give me Leave to see her in Private, and that she would permit my Love. Flatter'd with so agreeable an Idea, I waited every Day when the Slave, who had spoke to me, should come to enquire for me at *Habib's*, where I had told him I lodg'd ; but my Expectation was in vain : One entire Month was gone, and I heard no News of *Canzada*.

I guess'd then that the Slave had made a wrong Judgment of his Mistress's Sentiments ; that the Lord she had married was loved by her ; or, in short, that the Lady's Virtue had triumph'd over the Love she had for me, even tho' she could not quench it. Full of this last Thought, which I had the Vanity to believe well ground-ed, I retired to a fine Country House which my Father's Correspondent had, three quarters of a League from the City of *Serendib*.

There I imploy'd my Time in walking, or, to speak more properly, in musing as I walk'd on the Object that inflam'd me. One Day I was got insensibly a good Way off from *Habib's* House, and as I walked along a River-Side, I came to a magnificent Pagod which was built on the Banks. After having admir'd the Structure, I suddenly gave Attention to one Thing, which seem'd to deserve it : I saw several *Gentil* Priests who were erecting a sort of Hut with Reeds, and other combustible Matter. I went and ask'd what they were doing. One amongst the rest answer'd me, Certainly you have not been long at *Serendib*, since you ask me this Question. Are you a Stranger to the Custom of the *Gentils*, and do not you know that this is the Place appointed for Funerals. It is here that we burn dead Bodies ; and that the Wives, sacrificing themselves

to the Manes of their Husbands, acquire immortal Glory. One of the principal Lords of the Court of *Serendib* is dead, his Body is to be burnt on the River's Side five or six Hours hence, and his faithful Spouse will be consumed in the same Flames, which are to reduce him to Ashes.

Having never seen this Ceremony, though I knew well it was observed in a thousand Parts of the World, I resolved to be a Witness of it. I cou'd not hinder deploring the Bigottry of these Idolaters, whose sacrilegious Piety consecrates Rage and Madness; or rather, I laid the whole Blame on their Priests, of whom I had heard speak at *Surat*. This horrible Custom is continued amongst the Gentils. I knew that the detestable Ministers of their Pagods perpetuate this barbarous Law, that they themselves may live the better for it.

Near the Hour that this detestable Execution drew nigh, the Fields were fill'd with People. The most part of the Inhabitants of the City came out to assist at it, some on Foot, and others on Horseback; I saw several Persons carried on Palanquins, and preceded by Slaves, some of whom carried Standards, and others play'd on the Trumpet. [*A Palanquin is made almost like a Couch-Bed; it is generally cover'd with rich Stuff, and four Men carry it on their Shoulders.*] I saw also the Governour of *Serendib*; he was mounted on an Elephant, and he appear'd in the midst of ten or twelve Persons, sitting like himself under a Tent, which was rais'd on the Back of that Animal. In less than two or three Hours, there were above thirty thousand Persons about the Pagod and the Hut. Not willing to let
any

any Circumstance of this Ceremony escape my Curiosity, I pierc'd the Crowd, and got as near the Funeral Pile as it was possible; I reckon'd twenty Priests, that had each of them a Book in his Hand, who began all to pray while they waited for the Victim.

It was almost Night when she arrived; she was mounted on a white Horse richly caparison'd, and she follow'd, crown'd with Flowers, the Corps of her Husband, which six Men carry'd on a stately Palanquin. Twelve Women, adorn'd with Jewels, Bracelets, and great Rings of Gold and Silver, attended her; they had all long Hair, with Necklaces of Pearl, fine Pendants in their Ears, and Crowns of Gold, with Plates of Silver enrich'd with Rubies, which cover'd one-half of their Face. Several Musicians follow'd the Women, who were all Slaves to the Lady that was going to be sacrificed. Her Parents and Friends came afterwards singing and dancing, to shew their Joy, for having, some in their Families, and others for their Friend, so generous a Woman.

Two Priests assisted her to dismount her Horse, and conducted her by the Hand to the Banks of the River, where the Body of her Husband was brought her; she wash'd it from Head to Foot, then she deliver'd it into the Hands of the Priests, who carry'd it into the Hut upon a Straw Mat cover'd with Sulphur. Then she rose up, without undressing her self, and went near to the Pile; she walk'd several Times round it, and beheld the Preparations that were making for her Sacrifice, with a great deal of Intrepidity. After that, she embraced her Parents and Friends, who presently retired; she

she was likewise embraced by her Women-Slaves, who dissolved in Tears: She gave them their Liberty, and distributed the Jewels and Ornaments with which she was dress'd, amongst them. When she took off the Silver Plate, which cover'd half her Face, and which till then, though I was near enough, had hinder'd me from knowing her, guess what my Astonishment was, when I saw it was *Canzada*; if I had seen all Nature revers'd at once, I could not have been more surpriz'd.

Great God, said I then to my self, can I believe my Eyes? May I not doubt of what I see? Is it really *Canzada*, who is going to die so cruel a Death? I endeavour'd for some Time to believe it all an Illusion, but it was in vain for me to bely my Eye-sight, I could not be mistaken in the Lady. The Grief I was in, would not permit me to see the Sacrifice performed; I left her in the Hands of the Priests, who having exhorted her to render her self worthy, by her Constancy, of the Happiness that attended her, they put her into the Hut, and presented to her, according to Custom, a lighted Torch, to set Fire to it her self. I retir'd towards *Habib's* Country-House, in such a Disposition of Mind, as even I my self cannot describe in Colours enough lively; I was so disturb'd, so forlorn, that I knew not what I did; I turn'd every now and then my Eyes towards the Place of the Ceremony, and the Flames of the Pile, which I saw rising into the Air, rent my Heart asunder.

At last I came to *Habib's*; as soon, as he saw me, he asked the Cause of my Trouble, and of the Disorder which appear'd in me. I told it him, and
that

that generous Friend answer'd me, Tear for Tear, those that I shed during the Relation. I am surpriz'd, said he, that *Canzada* would perish to follow an old Lord, whom, according to all Appearance, she did not love. Why, said I, interrupting him, was it then in her Power to have surviv'd him? Are not the Wives here obliged to burn themselves with the Bodies of their Husbands? No, reply'd *Habib*, they are not constrained to sacrifice themselves: On the contrary, the Governour of the City, by the King's Order, causes the Widows that ask to be burnt, to come before him: He interrogates them upon the Reasons of so fatal a Design, and he endeavours to persuade them to desist from it. In short, he will not grant them leave to die; but when they are so obstinate as absolutely to demand it of him.

Thus, *Canzada*, pursued he, was very willing to die, persuaded, as all the Women are, who sacrifice themselves, that she should procure to her self, by a glorious and voluntary Death, an eternal Happiness. Besides, she may have been urg'd on, by the Honours that are paid to those miserable Victims after their Death, for their Memories here are held in Veneration; even Statues are erected to them among those of the Pagods. In a word, they are regarded as Deities; and this no doubt is what inspires our Women who demand to die, with that Fury, which makes them look upon the Preparation of their Sacrifice, without changing Colour.

These Reflections of *Habib* caus'd me to make others. I represented to my self, that if *Canzada* had lov'd me as much as I lov'd her, she wou'd not have been so ready to burn her self;
that

that she wou'd have made me before-hand a Proposal, that if I wou'd marry her on the Conditions which I had rejected, she wou'd not sacrifice herself; that she ought to have put me to this Proof, which undoubtedly would have very much perplexed me.

I had good Reason to comfort my self for her Death, and yet I could not think of it, without renewing my Sorrow. Sir, said I to *Habib*, whatever Reasons I have to forget *Canzada*, I despair of ever doing it, and I cannot stay any longer at *Serendib* after what has happen'd, give me leave to go hence, and return to *Basra*. My Host wou'd not constrain me, but consented; we went to *Serendib* the next Morning, and the first thing I did upon my coming thither, was to inquire for any Ship that was to go soonest from thence to any Part of *India*: I was informed that one of *Surat*, laden with Callicoes, was just arrived in the Port, and that her Cargo would soon be sold off. I resolved to make use of this Opportunity, and waiting for the Day of my Departure, I led a very melancholy Life with *Habib*. Whatever Care my Friend took to overcome my Melancholy, he cou'd not conquer it; he spared nothing to compass his End, no Day pass'd, in which he did not find out some new Diversion, and every Meal we eat, was accompanied with Dancing and Consorts of Musick.

He fail'd not to have at his House every Day the finest Dancers, who are under the Protection of the Governour, and whom it is the Custom for private Men to hire, to come to their Houses and divert them. [There are in many Places of the Indies, Societies of Women licens'd by their Sovereigns,

reigns, and protected by the Governours of the Cities where they are establish'd, and to whom they pay an annual Tribute. These Dancers go to private Person's Houses, whenever they are desir'd, to dance for Money. They are magnificently dress'd, adorn'd with Jewels, and for the most part will not refuse a Lover who is liberal; but it is not permitted to insult them; and the least Violence that is offer'd them, never goes unpunish'd: Their Dances are generally Figs, very agreeable, but a little lascivious.] Habib hop'd that some of these Girls, who make no Vows of Chastity, might engage me, and banish the Thoughts of *Canzada* from my Remembrance. In short, he was neglecting nothing to make his Design succeed, when a Slave came to his House to ask for me, and desir'd to speak with me in private. It was the same Slave that I met with on my Arrival at *Serendib*, and who had made me fair Promises, which he had not perform'd. Sir, said he, I protest it is not my Fault that you have not seen me sooner; my Mistress forbid me to speak to you again, and I durst not disobey her. She was a Princess of true heroick Virtue, and wou'd have no more Conversation with you: She was not content only to be faithful to a Husband she did not love, she burnt her self with him, to gain the Veneration of the Gentils: But to say no more on that Subject, let us leave her to the Enjoyment of a Happiness she bought too dear, and come to the Business that has brought me hither. I am, at present, Slave to another Lady, who is not less fair than *Canzada*, and who loves you more: I understand you are upon the Point of embarking for *Surat*; but before your Departure,

ture, I wou'd advise you to make use of the good Fortune that presents it self.

I was more surpriz'd than pleas'd at the Slave's Discourse. Friend, said I, 'tis with Grief that I see my self reduced to be ungrateful to the favourable Sentiments your new Mistress hath conceived for me: The Image of *Canzada* is always in my Thoughts, and leaves me little Relish for new Adventures. The Lady whom you serve, ought to pardon me, if I refuse her Favours; having never seen her, my Indifference can be no Offence.

It must be confess'd, reply'd the Slave, that I am not fortunate in my Negotiations; nevertheless, I am certain, that if you would discourse a Moment the Person I speak of, you would be charmed with her, whatever Obligations you may have had to *Canzada*. You are mistaken, reply'd I to the Slave, you are us'd to judge wrong of the Motions of the Heart; you imagin'd that your former Mistress lov'd me still, and wou'd desire nothing more than to see me, when she should be acquainted with my Arrival at *Serendib*. I agree, said he, interrupting me, that you are in the right to reproach me thus; but upon this Occasion, believe that I am a little surer of what I advance; give me leave only to come for you this Night, and to carry you to the Place appointed. No, cry'd I, no, I cannot prevail with my self to believe you; I know Women too well, to put her whom you now speak of upon a like Tryal. What a Vexation wou'd she be in, if she found I could not love her. It was in vain for the Slave to assure me she was a Lady that would harken to Reason, and would not impute to me

me my Constancy to *Canzada* as a Crime. I refus'd to see her: I persuaded my self after this, I should hear no more of the Slave or the Lady; but he found me out the same Night, and brought me a Letter, which he put into my Hand, and which contained these or the like Words. *The Conversation you have had with my Slave, gives me more Pleasure than Pain; he increases the Impatience I had to see you, and if you are so really taken up with Canzada as you appear to be, both you and I shall presently be better satisfied with each other.*

These mysterious Words gave me room for much Speculation; or, to speak more properly, they seem'd written at Random. I could not however resist the Desire I had of clearing up this Matter immediately: I follow'd the Slave, who conducted me to a little House, and led me into a very plain Lodging, where he left me, saying, he wou'd acquaint the Lady I was there. I did not wait long for her; she came, but think what a Condition I was in; when, having seen her, I knew her to be the Princess *Canzada* her self, who I believed was reduced to Athes.

The three Auditors of *Aboulfaouaris* seem'd very much amazed, when he told them that he found *Canzada* still living, after her Funeral Solemnity: He perceiv'd it, and smiled, then continued his Relation in this manner. I believ'd it at first to be an Apparition, and the Features of a Lady who was the most dear to me in the World, put me in as great a Dismay, as a real Spectre could have produced; she observed my Confusion, and could not forbear laughing. *Aboulfaouaris*, said she, 'twas not to fright you
that

that I desired to see you ; 'tis not *Canzada's* Shade you see, 'tis she her self: Your Surprize indeed has some Foundation. We cannot, without being mov'd, see a Person appear on a sudden, whom we believe to be dead ; but I will dispel your Fear, by telling you that I am yet alive.

At the same time she told me how she had brib'd the Chief Priest of her Law, and after what Manner that pious Person had sav'd her from the Flames, for a considerable Sum of Money. He caus'd, she said, a Passage to be made privately under Ground by the other Priests, whom he trusted with the Secret. The Funeral Pile was erected over that subterranean Passage, into which I descended, after having set Fire to the Reeds that consumed nothing but my Husband's Body. The Night being come, and all the Spectators retired, the Chief Priest himself conducted me to this House that I had caus'd to be hir'd before-hand by a faithful Slave.

But, my Princess, said I, what obliged you to deceive the People by a pretended Death? Why did you feign to follow your aged Husband? They did not force you to die with him ; you might have spared that Dissimulation. No, reply'd the Lady, I found my self in a Necessity of what I have done ; you will be convinced of this Truth, when I tell you that I have a Design to join my Fate to yours, to abjure Idolatry, and to go to *Basra* with you, to profess the Religion of *Mahomet*. It must have been your Prophet himself that inspired me with this great Enterprize ; but that I might execute it without Danger, I was obliged to do what I have done. My Relations believing me dead, I can without Fear go from *Serendib*, and
unite

unite my Lot to yours. This was the only Motive that urg'd me to an Action, that not only amazes you, but has without doubt astonish'd all the World besides; for they know very well that I did not love the old Lord whom I married only in Obedience to the King. They imagin'd that the Vanity of passing for a Heroine, and to have a Statue among the Pagods, hath induced me to burn my self with my Husband's Body; but my Reason, or perhaps the Love I have for you, made me reflect more maturely on this superstitious Sacrifice.

And is it then, my Queen, said I, in favour of *Aboulfaouaris*, that you have employ'd this ingenious Stratagem? Was it to live with me, that you resolved to go from *Ceylan*? And is it to crown me with Joy that you are resolved to follow the Doctrine of our great Prophet? Oh beautiful *Canzada*! 'tis at this Moment you make me the happiest of Men. In saying these Words, I flung my self at her Knees, and embraced them with Transport. Rise up, *Aboulfaouaris*, reply'd she, I doubt whether you have Reason to boast so much of your Happiness; *Canzada* is no longer so precious a Conquest: Alas! I am not now Mistress of all the Riches I gave you with my Heart; I have given the best part of them to the Priests that serv'd me, and I paid dear to the Governour of *Ceylan*, for his Permission to burn my self with my deceas'd Husband.

At these Words, which gave me so fair an Occasion to declare my Love, I look'd on the Lady with an Air of Tenderness, and said: How unjust must you be, charming *Canzada*, if you suspect me of not having Sentiments as free from

from Self-Interest as yours ! When in the stately Palace, where you detain'd me, you expos'd to my Eyes all your Treasure, I call Heaven to Witnefs that my Heart was set on you alone.

Nor was this all : I insisted very much on my Abhorrence of all selfish Designs, and I at length persuaded her, that it was her Person only that I loved. Then she told me, that my Sentiments were such as she desir'd ; but that she was not stript of all her Riches, and that she had Jewels enough still to make her such a Fortune, as I should have Reason to be content with. Afterwards, she spoke of the Mischiefs she had occasioned me, and said, she had sufficiently atoned for them by her Grief. We agreed after this, to go for *Basra* as soon as possible ; which came to pass a few Days after ; for the Vessel of *Surat*, had soon disposed of her Cargo, bought other Goods, and was quickly in a Condition to sail. When it was Time to be gone, I took leave of my Landlord, went to *Canzada*, and conducted her that Night to the Harbour, where I embarked with her, and some faithful Slaves who carried her Jewels.

We arrived at *Surat* without having run the least Danger, and found there a Ship of *Basra* that was returning Home. We made use of the Occasion, and, as if Heaven was willing to let us know that it favoured us, we arriv'd at *Basra* the most fortunately in the World.

No Joy can be equal to that of my Father when he saw me again ; after our first Embraces, I presented *Canzada* to him, whose Quality I had no need to boast of, her noble Air and her Beauty confessed at full what she was ; he receiv'd her with the highest Tokens of Esteem,
and

and conceived for her all the Tenderneſs of a Father. When he knew all her Story, which I related to him in the Terms of a paſſionate Lover, I then gave him an Account of my Travels; and he afterwards informed me, that he had received my Pearls from the Captain, who took upon him to deliver my Share to him.

My Father and I conducted the Lady to the Cady, who made her abjure her idolatrous Faith, before a great many Witneſſes; then he ask'd her, if ſhe conſented that I ſhould be her Huſband. She answered, that it was the deareſt Deſire of her Heart; and upon that Answer the Judge married us. My Father, to celebrate our Nuptials, prepared a ſplendid Feaſt, to which he invited all our Relations and Friends, and for ſix Days together, there were Rejoicings in our Family.

Thus I have given you an Account of my firſt Voyage. I have told you ſome Tranſactions that are very uncommon, but I have others more extraordinary to tell you. I will give you a particular Relation of my ſecond Voyage tomorrow, and you will be convinc'd, that there never happen'd, perhaps to any Man, ſuch odd Adventures as to me. Here the great Traveller *Aboulſaunar* left off ſpeaking, as well to take Breath as for fear he ſhould weary his Auditors. The Caravan mean time went forwards, and having made that Day a longer Journey than ordinary, it ſtopt at the Foot of a Mountain, in a Place very convenient to incamp in. They pitched their Tents, reſreſh'd themſelves, and went to ſleep, and the next Morning they continued their Journey.

The King of *Damascus*, *Atalmulc*, and *Seyf el Mulouk*, desir'd *Aboulfaouaris* to continue the Relation of his Adventures, which he willingly did; and, resuming his Story, went on in this Manner.

The singular Adventures of Aboulfaouaris, surnamed The Great Traveller.

VOYAGE II.

THUS I was bless'd with the Possession of *Canzada*; we were both enchanted with each other, we enjoy'd the Sweets of a perfect Union, we ask'd nothing of Heaven, save the long Continuance of our Happiness. But alas! How great is the Mistake of Men to imagine, that human Felicity should last for length of Years. All our Days are so blended with Successes and Misfortunes, that the same Instant, in which we enjoy the highest Pleasures, often precedes the very Moment in which we are to feel the greatest Pains.

Some Months after my Marriage, my Father died, I divided his Estate with a Brother I then had. His Name was *Hour*, he was desirous to improve his Estate by Commerce; he bought a Ship, and freighted it with Commodities, which he intended to go and sell in the Kingdoms of *Malabar*. He laid out all his Portion in this Venture; at length he set Sail, but had no Success; he was shipwreck'd near *Ormus*, and could save nothing but his own Person. I saw him come back almost naked, in the most deplorable Condition in the World; I took Pity of him

him, I received him into my House, and set him up for a Merchant a second Time, but he return'd Home no richer than the first; instead of repairing his Loss, he was shipwreck'd again, and having now too sav'd only his Life from the Fury of the Waves, he came to inform me at *Basra* of his new Misfortunes.

I was griev'd at his ill Success, and spar'd nothing to comfort him. Brother, said I, you know that our Misfortunes as well as our Prosperities, are mark'd down on the Table of Predestination. What will it avail you to afflict your self? You ought rather to return Thanks to Heaven for sparing your Life; leave off trading, and live at Ease with me, you shall want for nothing.

He accepted the Offer I propos'd to him; he staid at my House, and, finding by little and little the Charms of Idleness, he pass'd his Days agreeably in walking and diverting himself with his Friends. On my Part, I was wholly taken up with the Care of pleasing *Canzada*, and to furnish her with Amusements: I always lov'd to live great, and my Income, though considerable enough, not being sufficient to maintain us after the Manner we lived, I perceived after some Years, that my Patrimony was very much diminished. The fear of coming to Want, made me think to prevent it; I resolv'd to join Stocks with a rich Merchant, and to go and traffick in the Kingdom of *Golconda*.

It was not without Trouble, that my Wife consented I should take so long a Voyage: However, she yielded to my Reasons, in Hopes of my returning to *Basra* loaded with Riches, and that then I would pass the rest of my Days
with

with her, without Trouble. Thus I enter'd into Partnership with a Merchant, whose Honesty I was well assured of. We bought Merchandizes to sell them at *Surat*, intending to take in others there, to exchange them at *Golconda*. The Day of my Departure being come, I forced my self away from *Canzada's* Tears, and, embracing *Hour*, said to him, Farewel, Brother, I leave you to take care of my House, and to manage my Estate; husband well the Remains of my Fortune, and let not my Honour suffer in my Absence. I recommend to you above all Things, to take care of my Wife. Keep a watchful Eye over her; I mean not over her Actions, for I know her Virtue too well to have the least Mistrust of it, but over the evil Designs that some Enemy of my Repose may have upon her. In a Word, take care that at my Return, I may find that precious Deposit, such as I now trust you with it.

Hour, at this Discourse, boasted to me the Nicety of his Honour, and promised to give me a good Account of his Commission, adding, that our near Alliance in Blood, made him look on the Imployment I gave him as his own proper Business. Upon the Faith of that Promise, my Mind being easy, I went away with my Partner; we set sail and arriv'd at *Surat*, having all along had a favourable Wind: There we sold our Commodities and bought others, for which we thought we should have a good Market at *Golconda*; and then we put to Sea again.

I pass over in Silence the Calms and Tempests that hinder'd us from arriving at the Kingdom of *Golconda* so soon as we hop'd; we landed at last, and made a good Profit of our

Goods. My Partner, understanding Jewels very well, and we being in the only Kingdom of the World, where they find the most beautiful Diamonds. We laid out the best Part of our Money to buy some, not doubting but to sell them again at *Bagdad*, for four Times as much as they cost us. Satisfied with the gain we had already made by our Merchandizes, and with that we hoped to make a Gain by our Jewels, we did not stay long at *Golconda*; but departed in a short Time to return to *Basra*.

Our Ship sail'd merrily with a fair Wind, and we flatter'd our selves, as all Travellers do, that we should arrive safely at the Port we were bound for; but one Night there arose so furious a Tempest, that in Spite of the Pilot's Art, and the Seamens Labour, we were obliged to abandon our selves to the Storm, whose Violence drove us considerably out of our Course. At length our Ship after having been a great many Days the Sport of the Waves and Wind, bulg'd against a Rock that was at the Point of a desert Island. All the Crew were drowned, and only my Partners and my self were saved. We threw our selves into the Skiff, and by that Means escaped from the Fury of the Waves. But alas! a Danger as terrible as that of the Tempest that had ruined us, waited for us.

We were already got to Shore, and were going to leap a Land, when a Crocodile of an enormous Size run to us: This dreadful Animal, supporting himself on his Fore-feet, struck the Skiff such a Blow with his Tail, that he broke it in a thousand Pieces. My Partner and I not being yet dis-imbark'd, fell all at once into the Water; in the mean Time the

Monster stretching out his Throat, seized my Partner first: But, while he was devouring him, I gain'd the Shore, and, hastening all I could to get away from the Crocodile, advanc'd into the Island.

I arriv'd at the Brink of a Fountain, whose Water was as white as Milk; I drank of it, and found it of an exquisite Taste, I thought I was drinking the most excellent Sorbet: I gathered afterwards some Herbs that grew about the Fountain; I eat of them, and they seem'd to me more delicious than the most Excellent Meats. I admir'd the Fruitfulness and Variety of Nature, that seem'd to take Delight in producing such different Things, and, all ruin'd as I was. I thank'd Heaven for having at least cast me on an Island, where I could not die of Hunger and Thirst. I was, nevertheless, uneasy on Account of the wild Beasts, and the Fear I was in of becoming their Prey, hinder'd me from taking any rest, though I had very great Need of it.

I went towards a Wood, whose Trees were all Aloes or Saunders; I enter'd it, and after having walked about three hundred Paces, I found my self near a Meadow enamell'd with a thousand Sorts of Flowers, that persum'd the Air with very delightful Odours. In the middle of that Meadow there grew a Tree, at least a hundred Cubits high, and whose thick-leav'd and spreading Branches cast all around a very dark Shade. There was at the Foot of it, under a Tent of Brocade, a Couch, upon which there lay a Man who seem'd asleep. His Right-hand was rested upon a golden Casket; and a huge Dragon, that was lying by him, held in his

Mouth

Mouth a Nofegay of Balm, which he put, from Time to Time, to the Nose of the Sleeper.

At this Sight, I was seiz'd with Terror. Alas! said I to my self, it was to no Purpose, that I escaped from the Crocodile: that Dragon is about to rush upon me, and will certainly devour me. Far from daring to approach the Tent, I ran to hide my self in a Thicket, from whence I could observe the Man and the Monster; after having look'd on them some time, I saw the Dragon come all of a sudden out of the Tent. He flew with such incredible Swift-ness up into the Air, that in a Moment my Eyes lost Sight of him.

On the Departure of this Animal, I began to take Heart, and being extreamly desirous to know who that Man was that I saw sleeping on the Couch, I advanced into the Meadow with a great deal of Concern, and I went into the Tent; the Person I was desirous to see, was an old Man, who appear'd to be at least sixscore Years old, and seem'd to be yet alive, though he had for many Ages tasted in that Place the fatal Slumber of Death. I staid some Time to look on him; then I took the Casket of Gold, on which his Hand was laid, and, having opened it, I found an old Scrawl of Paper, on which these Words were written. *Asef the Son of Barkia, and Grand-Visier of Salomon, is the aged Man that reposes under this Pavilion. That Minister perceiving the last Hour of his Life approach, chose this desert Isle to leave his mortal Remains in: He raised this Pavilion in the middle of this Meadow, and laid himself down on this Couch, where he died after having writ these Presents, which he put into this Casket. Let all such*

as come in this Isle, know they will never more see their Families and their Country, and that they will perish here in a short Time, if they have not a Courage that is Proof to the most dreadful Dangers; if nothing is able to fright them, let them go Westward; they will find an Aperture. Let them enter in boldly, and go forward without stopping, till they come to a Meadow, the Beauty of which will amaze them: This is the only Way for them to attain the Height of their Desires.

After having read these Words, I kiss'd the Writings of *Ajes* with great respect; then I fell on my Knees, and lifting up my Eyes to Heaven: O Lord, cried I, You have Compassion of me, and will not suffer me to perish in these fatal Abodes, since you have open'd me a Way to get hence. Great Prophet of the Mussulmen, You, without doubt have a great Share in this new Favour that I receive from the most High, continue to protect me. It was by your Assistance, that I got out of the Pits in which the perfidious *Hyzoom* left me, forsake me not then in the Dangers into which I am going to throw my self.

Then, without losing Time, I bent my Way towards the West, and soon arrived at the Foot of the Mountain, where I perceived effectually a large Aperture, whose frightful Obscurity did not invite me to go in, but I trusted too much in the Writings of *Ajes*, to fear any Thing: I went in without boggling, and advanced with Boldness, though I was forced to grope my Way, being surrounded with the thickest Darkness. I perceived that I went downwards, as I continued constantly to go forward without resting, I had Reason to think, after having descended for fifteen or twenty Hours, that

that I was certainly going down to the Dwellings of the terrestrial Genii. At last, the Night that environed me, dispersed, and I saw the Day-light again, which I thought I had lost for ever : A Meadow, decked with a thousand Sorts of Flowers that I had never seen before, and Trees loaded with the most beautiful Fruits ; presented themselves all on a sudden to my Eyes ; I went directly to one of the Trees and eat of the Fruit ; then I lay down on the Grass to repose my self, and fell asleep. When I waked, I saw with Surprise, twelve or fifteen black and meagre Genii about me , who had sparkling saucer Eyes. I observ'd that they were like Men in the Face, but some had a long Horn in the middle of their Foreheads, and Dogs Tails ; and others, from the Waste downwards, were made like Lizards.

Son of *Adam*, said one of them to me, what Chance has brought you among the terrestrial Genii ? I told them all my Adventure, after which another of them said to me, you shall stay with us, and be assured we will do you no Injury ; when you have served us some Years we will in recompence transport you into what Place of the World you have a Mind to go to. I had no sooner answer'd that I consented, but they said to me, you have done right to yield of your own Accord to our Desires ; for we could have forced you with us in spite of you. At these Words, they took and carried me away into the Air, and they made me pass over many Mountains and Seas, before I came to their Habitation ; which consisted of an infinite Number of Caverns, every one of which belonged to a Genius. Some of them liv'd in Fountains, and others in Precipices.

I staid a whole Year with these Genii, living on Herbs: As for them, the Bones, of which Men had eaten the Flesh, were their ordinary Food. This they took to be choice Victuals; and I remember that sometimes in gnawing of a Bone, they would extol the Excellency of the Nourishment; they accused Men also of having an ill Taste, in loving the Flesh better than the Bones. That they might not want Provisions, there were Genii, whose sole Business it was to go and fetch Bones for them: Those Genii brought them plentifully from all Parts of the World, and above all, the Bones of Tartarian Mares, which they were very fond of.

The Poorness of my Fare among those cursed Genii, and the Necessity of being their Slave, were not my greatest Trouble. What pierced my Heart with the most lively Grief, was their Contempt of the Alcoran and *Mahomet*: They forbid me to pray, to use the Ablution, and to pronounce the Techbir. [*The Techbir is, when one says that God is above all Things. Allahou Acbar.*] How dangerous soever it was for me to disobey them, I did not fail to take my Opportunity so well, that I did sometimes by Stealth what they forbid me. One Day being alone in the Cavern where I serv'd, I made the Ablution; and while I recited some Sentences of the great Prophet, I heard the Air resound with Cries of Joy and Hymns in Praise of the Most High. Amazed at this Novelty, I went presently out of the Cavern, to know the Cause of so great a Change: I saw many Genii, cloathed in white, and who wore the Habits of the religious Order of the Sophis. These were jolly fat Genii, and as beautiful as the others

others were horrible. These two sorts of Genii had been fighting; and the beautiful, having obtained the Victory, celebrated it with their Hymns, and gave Thanks to Heaven; they kept some of their Enemies chain'd, and had put the rest to Flight. I could not content my self at this Sight, but, mixing my Voice with those of the Conquerours, cry'd with all my Might, There is no other God but God, and *Mahomet* is his Prophet.

A Troop of the victorious Genii hearing me speak thus, came about me; Who are you, said one to me, and who could teach you these Words? We did not know that there was a Mussulman in this Place; from whence come you, and how got you hither? I satisfied their Curiosity; then they carried me to the Genius that they regarded as their King; he ask'd me the same Questions, and I answer'd him after the same manner: He enquir'd of me what Religion I was of, and I had no sooner said that I was a Mahometan, but he cry'd out, Happy is he that is of the People of *Mahomet*. Then he ask'd me my Name, and when I had told him, *Aboulfaouaris*, reply'd he, I am ravish'd that you are deliver'd from the Hands of the unbelieving Genii. Those miserable Wretches would have killed you one Day or other; you may from henceforth abandon your self to Joy, since you are with Genii, who profess as well as you the Religion of *Mahomet*.

That King took insensibly a Friendship for me, and taking me to be thoroughly versed in the Knowledge as well of what is forbidden as permitted in the Mahometan Religion, he ordained me his Imam: so I cry'd Ezan at the

Hours of Prayer, [*Ezan, that is to call to Prayers.*] I said the *Salaounat*, [*That is to say God bless Mahomet,*] and I pronounced the *Tecbir*. When I fasted, the *Genii* fasted also: I read and explained to them every Day the *Alcoran*, and the *Commentaries* upon it; I gain'd their Esteem, and became at length so considerable among them, that they undertook nothing before they had consulted me, and they had a great Respect for my *Fatouas*. [*Fatouas signifies Determinations and Decrees of the Musli's.*]

One Night I dreamt that I was at *Medina*, in the *Raouza*. [*They call the Garden where Mahomet lies interr'd at Medina Raouza.*] That I saw *Canzada* come into that holy Garden, that she had a languishing Air, and that she went to *Mahomet's* Tomb; she directed the following Words to the Great Prophet. O *Mahomet*! to whom I have sacrificed the Idols that I ador'd, have Compassion on a Woman who has fulfilled exactly the Duties of thy Sect! Restore to her her dear Husband, whose Absence she cannot bear any longer. Let him come back again to *Basra* to defend a Heart I have given him, and which a Rival would ravish from him.

I waked at the Words: An unconceivable trouble seized my Spirits, and I took from this dream an unhappy Presage. I fancied my Wife was exposed to some Attempt formed against my Honour, and I could not take my Mind off from that cruel Image, which plung'd me in a profound Melancholy. The King of the *Genii* soon perceived it, and said to me: O *Iman*, what troubles you? A mortal Sadness has for some Days appear'd in your Looks: You are weary no Doubt of being here.
Great

Great King, answer'd I, after all the Kindness you have shown me, after the Marks of Affection I have receiv'd from the *Mahometan* Genii, I could not without Ingratitude have a Desire to leave you ; but I ought not to hide from you, that another Reason hinders me from living content : Then I told him my Dream, and confess'd to him that that alone was the Cause of my Affliction. I can not take it amiss of you, replied the King, since you have a Wife that you love, that you think of her, and desire to be with her : How far, added he, do you think it is from hence to *Basra*. Know that it is a Journey that will cost you fourscore and ten Years Travel ; but the most High God hath render'd the most remote Countries near to us, wherever we are ; therefore in spite of the Distance of Place, I will order a Genius to carry you to the City where you were born, and you shall shortly see, indeed, that *Canzada* whom you saw in a Dream. In saying this, he took me by the Hand, and led me to the Shore of a red Sea, where he show'd me an Island : Do you see, said he, that Island, where there stands a Rock, whose Top touches the Clouds ? Yes, Sir, answer'd I ; well then, replied he, that Rock, which seems so like a Fortress, is hollow, and serves as a Prison for the Genii who are Infidels, and fall into my Hands. At these Words, he lifted me up from the Ground, and carried me into that Island. We approach'd the Rock, and saw a very thick Iron Gate Bar that was shut, he commanded it to be open'd, and was obeyed in a Moment. We went in the Rock, where I saw an infinite Number of Genii loaded with Chains, among whom, I knew those again, whose Slave I was.

There was among others an Afrite, of a huge Size and horrible ugly. [*An Afrite signifies an Infidel Genius, not a Mussulman.*] He was not chain'd like the others. He was bound to the Rock by vast Rings of Iron in such a Manner, as deprived him of the Liberty of making the least Motion. The King, addresssing himself to him, said : Thou miserable Wretch, dost thou know how much thou art obliged to me ? Great King, answer'd the Afrite, I know very well how much I am indebted to you ; I have a thousand Times merited the most cruel Torments, and you have had the Goodness to forgive me : Well, replied the King, Thou seest me even now in the Mind to set thee at Liberty ; Sir, answer'd the Afrite, this Act of Generosity is not surprizing in you ; you have often times given me my Liberty. I give it thee again, reply'd the King ; but upon this Condition in the first Place, that thou follow the Sect of *Mahomet*, and carry this Mussulman to *Basra*. In the next Place I will have thee do it in a very short Time. I will carry him in three Hours, said the Genius, and I promise to perform all your Majesty's Orders exactly. Then the King turn'd himself to me, and said : Know, young Man, that this Afrite is mischievous, deceitful treacherous, and wicked ; I dare not trust to his Promises ; I fear he will play you some Trick ; and therefore it is fit I should precaution you against him ; I will, continued he, teach you a Prayer. You need but say it when you are on the Afrite's Back, and be assur'd, that he can do you no hurt : At the same Time, he said the Prayer to me, the Words of which were these : *Be praised, O Most High, as thy*
Heavens

Heavens praise Thee : Be praised, O Most High, as thy Seas and thy Earth praise Thee : Be praised, O Most High, as thy Angels and Prophets praise thee.

When I had learnt that Prayer by Heart, the King order'd the Afrite to be unloos'd from the Rock, and put me himself on his Back, after having first bound my Eyes, to hinder me, as he said, from seeing on the Way Things that might fright me. *Aboulfaouaris*, said he afterwards, I demand one Thing of you for the Kindness I have shown you. When you have imbraced your Family at *Basra*, I desire you to go in my Name to *Omar*, the Commander of the Faithful, and *Aly Ben Aly Taleb*, Son-in-Law of *Mahomet* : Tell them that there are under the Earth a Nation of Mussulmen Genii, who never eat without saying the *Bismillah*, [*Bismillah*, that is to say, in the Name of God. It is the Grace the Mahometans say before they eat] who perform the Ablution, and say all the *Mahometan* Prayers; and who fight Day and Night against another Nation of Genii, who are disobedient to the Law of *Mahomet*.

I made an Oath to acquit my self exactly of the Charge of the Commission he gave me. Then I went out of the Rock with the Genius, who carried me on his Back. Take care, young Man, cry'd the King, never cease saying the Prayer I taught you: The Afrite will be subject to you no longer than he hears you say it. If you neglect this Advice that I give you, you run the Risque of being lost.

'Twas not without Reason that the King of the Mussulmen Genii had so earnestly recommended to me to recite the Prayer without ceasing.

ceasing. I knew in a little Time the Consequence of it. If I was a Moment without saying it, the Afrite shriek'd and howl'd in a dreadful Manner; but ceas'd as soon as I began to pronounce it. Sometimes I perceived that the Genius ascended, sometimes that he descended, and at other Times he rais'd horrible Tempests, thinking by these Means to frighten me, and make me fall; but in spite of what he could do, I kept fast on his Back.

However, whatever Care I took to repeat the potent Words, which were all my Safety, I could not refrain from listening to a confus'd Noise of Voices that I heard in the Air. Nay more, being willing to see what it was, I was so imprudent as to pull off with one Hand my Bandage, to satisfy my Curiosity. I saw a great many Genii, every one of a particular Shape, who were fighting in the Air. The Yellings they made while they fought, and the Manner they charged one another, took up my Attention for some Time. I forgot to say my Prayer, and the Afrite, making Use of my Absence of Mind, flung me into a Sea, over which we were, and mix'd himself among the Combatants. Being not far from the Shore, and knowing perfectly how to swim, I soon got to Land, and kiss'd the Earth devoutly a thousand times, thanking Heaven for my Deliverance. But tho' I had the Consolation of having escap'd the Waves, on the other hand I saw my self in a Desert, and, to compleat my Misery, hopeless of ever seeing my Wife and Country again.

20 Whilst I was afflicting my self at the Condition I was in, and accusing Salomon's Visier, whose Inscription appeared to me the Cause of my

my

my Misfortunes, I saw on the Surface of the Sea a little Bird coming towards me. I never saw one of that Sort before: It had a blue Head, red Eyes, yellow Wings, and a green Body. This beautiful Bird, hovering with its Wings, came and put its little Beak into my Mouth, which it fill'd with a cool and delicious Liquor, and afterwards spoke to me thus: Young Mussulman, said it, be not dishearten'd, thou art made Choice of to serve as an Exemplar to the Men of thy Sect: 'Tis ordain'd that they shall one Day hear thee tell thy Adventures, and make a good Use of them. O charming Bird, cry'd I, as much surpriz'd that it spoke, as at what it said, Bird of good Presage, by what Prodigy comes it to pass that you have the Use of Speech: It answer'd, I am the Bird of the Prophet *Isaac*; I am appointed to take Care of this Sea, to assist the unhappy Mortals that come hither, and above all the Mussulmen. Therefore be not dejected, but comfort your self, and rest assured, that the most High will recompence the Good for the Troubles they suffer during their mortal Life. After having spoken in this Manner, he shew'd me the Road I ought to take, assuring me that I might follow without fearing any Mischance.

I took the Road it shew'd me, and, what is more astonishing, I travel'd forty Days without any Desire of eating or drinking: The Liquor that the Bird had made me swallow preserv'd me from Hunger and Thirst. At length I arriv'd at the Foot of a Mountain which was in the Middle of the Desert: I went up to the Summit of it, upon which I saw a fine Palace built with hewn Stone: It had no Windows, but only

ly a Door of Brass, that was shut. I sat my self down in the Shade a little Distance from it. Whilst I was resting my self, I heard all on a sudden a great Voice, that said to me, Son of *Adam*, you are come hither very seasonably both for me and your self. Immediately I cast my Eyes towards the Place whence the Voice came, and saw an Afrite lying on the Ground. He was even larger and more frightful than him who had so treacherously thrown me into the Sea. He had a Proboscis like that of an Elephant: His Right Eye was redder than Blood, and his Left blue. Come and lie down by me, continued he, and fear nothing.

I had need of all my Resolution not to fly from that horrible Monster. Nevertheless, tho' his Figure gave me no Cause to think well of him, I had the Courage to go and lay my self down by him. He seem'd overjoyed to see me. Young Man, said he, of what Prophet art thou a Worshipper? Of *Mahomet*, answer'd I. So much the better, said he, 'tis just such a Man as thou that I have need of; I am projecting a great Enterprize, which I cannot execute alone. But I flatter my self that, with thy Assistance, I shall bring it about. Thou may'st depend upon it, that if I obtain what I desire, I will crown thee with Honour and Riches; I shall be Master of all the Kingdoms in the World that are inhabited by Men, and I intend to give thee one of them in Acknowledgment of thy Service. I am willing, answer'd I, to assist you, but ask not a Crown for my Reward: All I desire of you is to carry me to *Basra*. Will you promise me that? Yes, answer'd he, and I swear by the Head of thy Prophet that I will. Well then, reply'd

reply'd I, you need only tell me what I must do, and I will acquit my self as well as possibly I can.

The Afrite was overjoy'd to see me inclin'd to help him to bring about his Design; but having Reason to distrust him, I resolv'd to precaution my self against his Malice, and to that End I began to recite my Prayer softly to my self. During that Time, he drew out of his Pocket a Handful of little leaden Pellets, which he put in my Hands, saying to me, Take these, and fail not to throw one of them at me as often as you see me fall senseless. I will do what you order me, said I to him, and you may rely on my Word.

Upon this Assurance, he rose up, and I got up also, and we went towards the Palace. The Afrite, as well as I, had a Handful of Pellets: He flung one of them full against the Gate, which open'd instantly, and we went into a Court paved with green Marble, where we perceived two Lions, which began to roar as soon as they saw us. But my Companion struck each of them with a Pellet, and they became motionless. We came to a second Door of Brass, which was lock'd with a Silver Padlock. A Pellet had no sooner touch'd it, but it fell down, and the Door open'd of it self. A Cavern of a vast Extent offer'd it self to our Eyes: A rapid River, whole Water was blackish, ran in the midst of it, and on its Banks were two Dragons of prodigious Size. These Monsters, at Sight of us, stretched out their Wings, and began to hiss in a dreadful Manner, vomiting out Whirlwinds of Fire. The Afrite flung Pellets at them, and, instead of continuing their His-

Hissings, they lay down on the Ground; and let us go by.

We arrived at another Court, whose Walls seem'd to be built of Bricks of Gold: The Pavement was of Tiles of Silver. In the midst of it was erected a Dome of red Saunders, supported by six Pillars of *Chinese* Steel, and under it was a great Sofa of massy Gold. Upon that Sofa was a Coffin of precious Stones, which cast a Splendour that dazled my Eyes. When we went to go near it, two Griffins that guarded the Dome advanced to tear us in pieces; but the Pellets soon obliged them to return; insomuch that we saw, without any Hinderance, what there was in the Coffin. 'Twas a Man of a venerable Air: He seem'd yet to breath. Death, that makes a frightful Impression on the most beautiful Objects of Nature, seem'd to respect that Person that appear'd before our Eyes.

He had on his Fingers a great many Rings, and among others a very large one, on which was ingraven the great Name of God. [*According to the Mahometan Cabalists, God has a Hundred and one Names, that is to say, Attributes; as, Good, Holy, Just, &c. each of which has a particular Virtue; but this great Name has all the Virtues of the others.*] The Afrite laid his Hand on that Ring, and would have pull'd it off, when in a Moment there descended from the Top of the Cupulo a long winged Serpent, that blew in his Face, and laid him senseless on the Ground. Then, calling to Mind what the Afrite had recommended to me, I struck him with a Pellet, and he recover'd his Senses. Thou hast done right, said he to me, this is all the Service I ask of thee. Continue to do the like, if I should yet

yet have occasion. Having said this, he endeavour'd a second time to take off the Ring; but the Serpent, with another Blast of his Breath, took away his Senses: However I made him recover the Use of them, as before.

Dear Mussulman, cry'd the Afrite, I am very much obliged to thee: Know that the dead Person in this Coffin is the Prophet *Salomon*, and I would possess my self of his Seal. I should, by the Assistance of it, become Master of all the World, and thou may'st well believe that I would not then forget thy Services. But why, said I to him, do you not make use of your Pellets to drive away this Serpent? They can do nothing against him, answer'd he, 'tis only in resisting his Breath that I can do what I desire. At these Words, he made a third Attempt, and drew the Ring half-way off the holy Prophet's Finger; but the same Serpent came at him again, and with another Blast of his Breath threw him down a third time.

I was preparing to do my Office, and had my Arm already lifted up to throw a Pellet at the Genius, when the Serpent directed this Discourse to me: O Mussulman, forbear to lend your Assistance to this cursed Genius. This is one of the seven Afrites that rebell'd against *Salomon*; and whom this Prophet shut up in the Center of the Earth, to punish them for their Revolt. He desires nothing but the Possession of this Ring, whose Power he knows, and he has waited a long Time at the Foot of the Mountain, where you met with him, for one that might help him to get it: But he flatters himself in vain with the Hopes of having this wonderful Signet, which is under my Protection. I am one of the Genii
who

who were always faithful to *Salomon*, and by consequence I my self have more Strength than that *Afrite* and his six Comrades together. Leave him then in the Condition I have put him in, and may he remain in it for ever. Depart quickly from this Tomb, and trouble not the Repose of this holy Place any more, otherwise I shall be obliged to destroy you, which I had done already, if you had not been of the People of the Prophet *Mahomet*.

I answer'd nothing to the faithful Genius, but by obeying him. I went back the same Way I came, and got to the Foot of the Mountain, without having any Occasion to make use of the Pellets to drive away the Dragons and the Lions, which I found again in my Return. Those savage Beasts were still in the same Condition in which the *Afrite* had put them. I follow'd a Path which led me into a Plain; but before I could come to it, I was obliged to go by a Cavern, which vomited out Whirlwinds of Flame and Smoak. I heard also a frightful Noise of Chains, which came forth from the Cavern, together with Complaints, Groans, Shrieks, and dismal Howlings. There was in the Entrance of this horrible Place a Monster, whose Ugliness I cannot fully describe. I judged that it was another *Afrite*, because it very much resembled those I had already seen. He was fasten'd to a Rock with great Iron Chains.

He call'd to me with a Voice like Thunder. Young Man, said he, stay and answer me. What Country are you of, and of what Prophet are you a Follower? I made Answer, that I was of *Basra*, and that I profess'd the Doctrine of *Mahomet*. *Mahomet!* reply'd he, is he still living?

living? He harh chang'd his Abode, answer'd I. After he had done what he was sent for, he departed from this transitory World, to enjoy celestial Pleasures. He ask'd me afterwards many other Questions. Do the *Mahometans*, said he, say their Prayers regularly, and are their Morals pure and innocent? They say their Prayers, answer'd I; but alas! they are far from observing inviolably the Precepts of *Mahomet*. Well, so much the better, reply'd he; and does the Fountain of *Zemzem* run continually? Yes, said I. It will dry up however, said he, and the Corruption will become universal: They will commit all manner of Crimes with an unbridled Licentiousness: Adultery will reign every where: They will make false Oaths every Day; they will eat Swines Flesh; they will drink Wine publicly, and Women shall be seen to ride a Horseback. Ah! said I, that Time is not far off, they live already after this Manner.

I perceiv'd that my last Words fill'd him with Joy. O Son of *Adam*, cry'd he with Transport, is it possible that Men should be always so wicked? What happy News do you tell me! It is high Time I should get out of Bondage, and show my self to Mankind. Know, young Man, added he, that I am the *Dedgeal*. [*The Dedgeal, that is to say, the Anti-Christ.*] I will go into the World, and scatter my Plagues around. At these Words, he shook his Chains with Violence, and made such terrible Efforts to release himself, that at length he got loose; but he had not Time to make an ill Use of his Liberty, for two Genii clothed in Green instantly appear'd. They laid hold of him, and while one of them bound him again to the
Rock,

Rock, the other beat him with a Club of Steel, saying to him; Stay, stay here, accurst as thou art; thou hast broken thy Chains too soon; wait till thou art permitted to appear in the World: The Hour is not yet come.

I was not an undisturbed Witness of the Scene that passed before my Eyes; I withdrew from the *Dedgeal* as soon as possibly I could, and went into the Plain, very much troubled, and directed my Steps towards a long Walk of the most beautiful Saunders I had ever seen. They reached to the Ditches of a Castle, which I saw at a Distance. That Castle, whose Walls were of Gold, and the Battlements of precious Stones, the nearer I came to it, the more increased my Admiration. The Gate, to go in, was of Silver, fasten'd with a Padlock of Emeralds. After having look'd with a great deal of Amazement on so fine a Building, I was very desirous to see the Inside of it. I went towards the Door, upon which these Words were written in Letters of Gold; *Whoever comes hither, and would open this Gate, let him know that there are no other Keys, than these Words following; There is no other God than God, Mahomet is his Prophet: There is no other God than God, Adam is the Elect of God. There is no other God than God, Ismael is the Victim of God.*

And indeed, I had no sooner read these Words, but the Door open'd. What shall I say to you? I cannot find Words that can give you an exact Idea of the Things I saw in this Place. Represent to your self all that your Imagination is capable to conceive of most rich, most magnificent, and most beautiful, and be persuaded that you can imagine nothing that can come
nigh

nigh what my Eyes beheld. I saw a Palace built with a blue Metal, which was unknown to me; but how precious soever the Materials appear'd, the Workmanship surpass'd them. The Structure of the Edifice did not resemble our Way of Building; one might very well judge that it could not be the Work of Man. The Apartments were fill'd with Sofas of Stuffs of Gold and Silk, and I saw a great many Pictures that long employ'd my Eyes. They represented the Wars that our great Prophet maintain'd to establish his Religion, and all was painted with so much Art, that the famous *Mary*, had he seen them, would himself have own'd, that they surpass'd the Strokes of his Pencil.

When I had gone through many Apartments, where I was surpriz'd to find no body, I went into a Garden of a vast Extent, and which it is not less difficult to describe than the Palace. Walks so long, that the Sight could not reach from one End to the other of them, border'd with Trees loaded with all Sorts of Fruits, Parterres of a thousand Sorts of Flowers, that are unknown to us, and Basins of massy Gold, filled with a most transparent Water, drew by Turns my Attention. In that delicious Garden, which resounded all around with the Notes of an infinite Number of Birds of several Colours, I met with a beardless Youth, whose Cloaths were cover'd with Diamonds. He wore a green Turban, deck'd with Rubies, and he was riding on a Rose-colour'd Horse, under whose Feet the Ground produced Flowers in an Instant. He was more beautiful than the Moon, and his Eyes shot Beams of Light.

Will you be so good as to tell me what this Youth is?

I judged by his Air, and the Magnificence of his Cloaths, that he must be the Master of the Palace; and I began to fear he wou'd take it amiss that I was in the Garden; when going by me, he stop'd, and said to me; Young Man, are you not of *Basra*? Yes, answer'd I; You are very welcome, reply'd he, I knew very well that you were to come hither. But tell me, have you well consider'd the Wonders of this Abode, and have you eaten of the Food we here live upon? I have seen very surprizing Things, reply'd I; but as for your Food, I know not what it is. Go on then, said he, you will meet with some body that will serve you as a Guide, to bring you at length to the Height of your Desires.

I went on, casting my Eyes on all Sides; I could never be weary with seeing and admiring all the Objects that surrounded me. At length I arrived at a Place where I saw a *Mihrab*. [*A Mihrab is an Altar of the Mahometans, made in the Shape of a Nich, on the top of which was writ these Words: There is no God but God, Mahomet is his Prophet.*] There was in it a Man on his Knees; I waited till he had finish'd his Prayer, after which I saluted him; he return'd my Salutation, and said to me: Young Mussulman, you are certainly beloved of *Mahomet*, since you have had Permission to come hither; Do you know where you are? Know that this Garden is the Abode that is destin'd for the Friends and Relations of that Prophet. 'Tis here that an eternal Felicity attends them all; there is already a great Number of them, and I will let you see them: Then he carried me to a River of Milk, that rould its Water slowly across

cross the Garden, and on whose Banks there was an infinite Number of People, sitting at Tables cover'd with many sorts of Meats. I saw there the Scherifs of the Race of *Mahomet*, and the Sahaba's of that Prophet. [*The Sahaba's are the contemporary Friends and Disciples of Mahomet.*]

As soon as they perceiv'd me, they said to me with an Air of Civility; Sit down there, young Man, since *Mahomet* has been pleas'd to permit you to see this Place, which is reserved for his Disciples and his Posterity; come drink of our Wines, and eat of our Meats. I sat myself down by my Guide, who gave me a Loaf, which I found excellent good; then putting Fish into my Hands, he said, Taste of this Fish, and tell me if you ever eat a better; I never eat any thing so exquisite. Then he made me drink of the Water of the River, which seem'd to me to have the Taste of a delicious Wine.

After the Repast, my Guide conducted me to a Meadow, where above a thousand Damsels were assembled together. Some amus'd themselves with singing, others with playing on the Lute, and others Hand in Hand were dancing around. They were richly cloathed, but they glitter'd more with the Lustre of their Charms, than the Jewels they had on; they all seem'd perfectly beautiful, nor could I perceive any one of them to be more lovely than another: Besides, they seem'd all to live in a good Correspondence, and I could not discover in their Looks any Mark of Jealousy.

You see, said my Leader to me, the Houris; these heavenly Substances are the supream Bliss of the Scherifs and Sahabas; you are suffer'd to
look

"look on them afar off, but not to go near them, for the Pleasure of conversing with them is forbid you, because the Angel of Death has not yet taken you out of the World.

I look'd a long time on the Meadow ; then following the Person that conducted me, I came with him to a Grotto that was at the end of the Garden. 'Tis here, said he to me, that I commonly am ; the Man without a Beard that you saw mounted on a Rose-colour'd Horse, was the Prophet *Elias* ; he lives at the other End of the Garden, and as for me, who am the Prophet *Kheder*, I take up my Residence in this Grotto ; you may, if you please, live here with me : We will say our Prayers together, and we shall enjoy the Delights of this Abode, to which the Earth is not comparable. We know not here the Change of Seasons, we always breathe a temperate Air, a perpetual Spring reigns always here ; the Night never spreads its Darkness, and the Day which gives us light, is always pure and clear.

I accepted the Prophet *Kheder*'s Offer, I kept him Company some Years ; but in spite of all the Pleasures of that beautiful Abode, I grew weary of it. The Remembrance of *Canzada* made me perceive that I was yet in the World, the Desire of seeing her again hinder'd my Repose, and I believe the Possession of the Houris themselves could not have made me forget her.

Kheder observed my Uneasiness ; I see well, said he to me, that you would be at *Basra* : Since the Charms of this Garden are not powerful enough to detain you, I will presently fulfil your Desires. In speaking this, he lifted up

his Eyes into the Air, and seeing a little Cloud which passed over our Heads, he stop'd it, and ask'd where it was going. The Cloud, or rather a Genius wrapt in it, answer'd him. O great Prophet! I am going to *China*, have you any thing to command me? Is it to do a Kindness, reply'd *Kheder*, or to inflict a Punishment? 'Tis for a Kindness, reply'd the Genius; Then, said the Prophet, go on, I have no need of you.

A Moment afterwards, a second Cloud was sailing over our Heads; *Kheder* ask'd it the same Question as he had of the other, and the Cloud having answer'd that it was going to *Bagdad* to do a good Turn; Since it is so, said the Prophet to it, you must oblige me; Carry this Mussulman to *Basra*, and set him down at his own Door. The Genius that was in the Cloud consented; but before I went with him, I thanked *Kheder* for all his Kindness, and recommended my self to his Prayers. On his Part, he taught me a short Prayer, which he bid me say on the Way; and he assured me that it wou'd preserve me the Remainder of my Life, from the Malice of my Enemies, from the Wrath of Kings, and from every evil Accident.

I repeated my Prayer on the Way above a hundred Times, only to learn it the better by Heart, for I did not mistrust the Genius that carried me; 'twas a good Genius, I had been in the wrong to mistrust him. He carried me into the Town of *Basra* in less than three or four Hours, and left me at my Door. It was Night, I knock'd at the Door, and a Slave came to open it; who seeing my Figure, by the Light of a Candle that he brought with him, shut the Door very rudely upon me; then he called

to know who I was, and what I would have; I answer'd that I was the Master of that House, and that I order'd him to open the Door again presently.

Upon this Answer, which he carried to my Wife, she came her self to open it; but instead of receiving me with the Transports of Joy, that my Return ought to have occasion'd in her, she gave a horrible Shriek as soon as she saw me: How now, said I, the Sight of me frightens *Canzada*! Her Eyes mistake me, can I be changed so much? Bid *Hour* come to me, cry'd I! I wou'd speak with my Brother. He came presently with a young Man whom I did not know; he approached me, look'd very attentively on me, and at length said he did not know me. *Aboulfaonaris*, added he, did not resemble you in the least; he was a handsome Man, and you are very ugly; he was in good Case, and you are as lean as a Skeleton. Think not to impose your self on us for him, you shall not deceive us; though we have not seen him these seven Years, we have not forgot his Features; we doubt not but he was lost in his Voyage to *Golconda*.

I was enough surpriz'd at these Words, I knew very well that I was alter'd, but I could not conceive how it was possible that my Brother should not know me. What, *Canzada*, said I to my Wife, who, encourag'd by the Presence of *Hour* and the Slaves that were harkning, was come again to the Door; do you not discover in me the Features of that *Aboulfaonaris* that you once lov'd, and who has always loved you with Tendernefs, in spite of all the Misfortunes that have happen'd to him. How de-

deplorable is my Fate! Alas! Could I believe that you would give me so cruel a Reception at my Return? Oh that I were again in the Chambers of the Earth! How ill am I rewarded for the Impatience I have had to see you again? You have, said *Canzada* to me, in great Concern, the Sound of the Voice of *Aboulsauaris*, and though otherwise your Features resemble not his, I confess that I cannot hear you without Concern. But, added she, if you are indeed my Husband, tell me why you seem so unlike what you were when you went from *Basra*? Where have you been, and what can have happen'd to you to produce this great Alteration?

Then I gave them an Account of my Voyage, without forgetting the least Particular; and when I had done speaking, the young Man that was with my Wife and Brother, began to speak, and said to me: You are an Impostor, and you have compos'd this ridiculous Story for no other End, but to endeavour to put a Stop to my Happiness; but you are mistaken, continued he, in a Passion, if you flatter your self to succeed in it; for since I have this Day married *Canzada*, I will enjoy her.

I shudder'd at these last Words; I look'd on *Hour* and my Wife: They were both struck dumb, and seem'd in great Confusion. What do I hear? cry'd I, *Canzada*, whose Constancy I thought equal to mine, *Canzada* has another Husband besides me! I had continued, but I fell into a Swoon, which hinder'd me from saying any more.

The young Man and I spent the Night in Contest; the more I maintain'd I was *Aboulsauaris*, the more he seem'd to be persuaded to

the contrary. In regard to *Canzada* and *Hour*, they were silent, and look'd on one another, with Eyes that confess'd their Shame. When it was Day, we all four went before the Cady: Sir, said the young Man to him, you married me Yesterday with *Canzada*, but the Marriage is not consummated; this Stranger that you see, came this Night to trouble our Nuptials, for he pretends to be the Husband of this Lady, and he says he is *Aboulfaouaris*.

The Cady, shaking his Head at this Discourse, said, he knew *Aboulfaouaris*, and that I did not resemble him in the least. Then addressing himself to *Canzada*: And you fair Lady, said he to her, What do you think of this Man? Do you believe him to be *Aboulfaouaris*? Sir, answer'd she, if I may believe my Eyes, 'tis not him, he has nothing of him but his Voice. O Judge of the Mussulmen! said I then to the Cady, I most humbly beseech you to hear me; take Care that you judge not too hastily, nor with too much Precipitation, you might then pass an unjust Sentence. That I am alter'd from what I was is the Effect of my last Adventures, my living under Ground has produced this Change in me. What strange Things do you tell us, cry'd the Judge? Can a living Man live under Ground? Without doubt, reply'd I, and I will, if you will permit me, tell you what has happen'd to me. Then the young Man, interrupting me, and addressing himself to the Cady, said; Sir, he has his Story very ready, he will tell you wonderful Things, but you are not credulous enough to believe----- Hold your Tongue, young Man, said the Judge, cutting him short, I will hear him. Speak,

Speak, continued he, turning himself to me, I hear you, and be assur'd I will do you Justice.

At the same Time I began the Relation of my last Voyage, and I told all that had happen'd, from my going from *Basra*, to my Return. When I had finished my Account, the Cady look'd on *Canzada*, *Hour*, and the young Man: This Affair, said he to them, seems to me of great Concern, and I cannot decide it my self. What this Man has told us, bears not the Face of Truth, one may suspect it to be a Falshood, but it may be he has advanc'd nothing but what is true, and this is what must be known. Go all four to *Medina*, to find *Aly-Ben-Aby Taleb*, *Mahomet's* Son-in-Law, and the Great *Omar*, Commander of the Faithful; the Affair deserves their Knowledge, and let them decide it themselves.

This was the Decision of the Cady; *Hour*, *Canzada*, the young Man and I, forthwith set forward to *Medina*: We went first to *Omar's* Palace, who no sooner had heard my Adventures, than he said to me; What you tell me is too extraordinary for me to credit it; you must go immediately all four of you, to the Garden of the Prophet, and I will bear you Company. The Son-in-Law of the Prophet will instruct us what we ought to think of this surprizing Relation I have heard.

We went with *Omar* to the *Raouza*, where we found *Aly* at Prayers on the Prophet's Tomb. O *Abalhusayn*! said the Commander of the Faithful to him, I have brought you a Man, who has told me Things so little worthy of Credit, that I cannot believe them. *Aly* ask'd me my Name,

and when I had told him that I was *Aboulfaouaris* of *Basra*, he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and cry'd out with Transport: O Prophet of God! *Mahomet*, my Father-in-Law, you told me true. Sir, added he, addressing himself to *Omar*, I must, if you please, hear his Adventures. This Man is not an Impostor, for *Mahomet* gave me Notice of him long ago, and inform'd me, that a Man call'd *Aboulfaouaris*, should come one Day to the *Raouza*, and relate Things no less true than extraordinary; that Day is at length arriv'd, and *Aboulfaouaris* will satisfy my Curiosity.

After having said this, he pray'd the Commander of the Faithful to permit me to tell my Story; let him tell it again, said *Omar*, I will hear him with all my Heart a second Time. Then I began the Relation of my subterranean Adventures; I enlarged particularly on the Musulmen Genii, and on what their King had commanded me to declare in his Name to the Commander of the Faithful, and to the Prophet's Son-in-Law. *Omar* and *Aly* were overjoy'd at what I told them; they embraced me one after another, saying, that they look'd on me as the happiest of Men, since I had seen before my Death, the Abode destin'd for the Relations and Friends of *Mahomet* after this mortal Life.

The Result of my Journey to *Medina* was, that *Omar*, being convinc'd that I was indeed *Aboulfaouaris*, sent the young Man away, and restored *Canzada* to me. Afterwards he order'd two hundred thousand Sequins of Gold to be brought him out of his Treasury; he gave them to me, together with a hundred Slaves, and as
many

many Camels. I return'd to *Basra*, where I bought a stately House; I liv'd with *Canzada*, as a Man that was always fond of her. I never reproached her of her Impatience to marry again. 'Tis true, she express'd a great Concern for it, and I thought her very excusable. *Hour*, during my Absence, had manag'd my Estate very ill, or, to speak more truly; he had entirely consumed it. And this was the Reason, that, to shelter himself from Want, and to procure *Canzada* at the same Time a more easy Condition, he married her to a rich young Man of his Acquaintance.

I did not use my Brother worse than my Wife; I forgot what was past, and we began to live as before, in the best Understanding imaginable. Besides the Present *Omar* had given me, which alone put me in a Condition to live handsomely, I had the Happiness to discover a Treasure in the House I had purchas'd; which has made my Income so considerable, that I can hardly spend it, though I should live never so profusely.

The Conclusion of the Story of Bedreddin Lolo, his Visier, and his Favourite.

THE Traveller *Aboulfaouaris* having thus ended the Relation of his Adventures; *Bedreddin* and his Companions told him, they had never heard any thing so extraordinary. But, *Seigneur Aboulfaouaris*, said the King of *Damascus* to him, after many Fatigues and perverse Accidents, you are at length content, you enjoy

: perfect Felicity : I have been long seeking for a happy Man, and I am the more over-joy'd to find one, because I had lost all Hopes of doing so. My two Companions, continued he, maintain, that there is not a Man upon Earth, who can say, he wants nothing to make him happy: As for me, I have always held the contrary; and Thanks to Heaven, that at last has shewn them their Mistake; For after what you have told us, they cannot doubt but that you enjoy a perfect Felicity.

Pardon, me, replied the Traveller, they may justly doubt of it, and 'tis you your self are mistaken to believe that I am happy. One Particular that I have concealed from you, will convince you of it. *Canzada* loves the young Man, to whom at my Return I found her married: I confess, she behaves her self like a dutiful Wife, and has no Intrigue; but in spite of her self, she cannot forget him. I have perceiv'd it more than once; and that Discovery pierces my very Heart. Being, as I am, more in Love than ever, and having no less Niceness than Love, judge how great an Affliction it must be to me, to find my self no longer belov'd by her, and how far I am from that perfect Happiness, whose Charms you believe I enjoy.

The King of *Damascus* having nothing to reply to this Discourse, began to believe, that his Visier and Favourite were not indeed in the wrong, to doubt that any Man was perfectly Content.

After some Days Journeys, the Caravan arrived at *Bagdad*; and *Aboulfaouaris* having some Business in that City, *Bedreddin Lolo*, *Atalmule*,
and

and *Seyf el Mulouk* left him there, and continued their Way towards *Damascus*, where they safely arrived. The Visier, who had been intrusted with the Government of the Kingdom, had discharged himself so well, that there was not any Complaint against him. The King rewarded him for his Zeal and Fidelity, and afterwards said to Prince *Seyf el Mulouk*, and to the Vizier *Atalmulc* : Resume in my Court the Posts you were in before our Departure ; I am at present of your Opinion, and fully convinc'd, that there is no Man without his Troubles. The happiest Persons are they, whose Crosses are the most supportable. Let us continue here from henceforth in Quiet : And though none of us three is intirely happy, let us consider that there are Persons in the World more unfortunate than we.

Yes, Sir, said *Seyf el Mulouk*, one may find without doubt some that are more unhappy. We need not an uncommon Fortitude to support our Afflictions. As for me, I comfort my self, though I cannot enjoy *Bedy al Femal*, and you ought likewise, continued he, smiling, to comfort your selves for the Loss of your Mistresses, if they are still alive, the Sight of them ought no longer to be so dangerous to Cadies and Pages.

'Twas thus, that *Sutlumeme* finish'd the Story of the King of *Damascus* and his Visier. *Far-rukhnaz's* Women, as they commonly did, gave her many Applauses. They praised very much the Constancy of the Lovers, whose Adventures she had told them. And the Princess according to her Custom, fail'd not to find some Fault with them in regard to their Fidelity :

The Nurse however would not give up the Cause, but ask'd leave of the Princess, to tell her some other Stories; This was granted her, and the next Day, she began again as follows.

One Day, the Calif *Haroun Arraschid*, being with the beautiful *Sultannum* his Favourite, in a Closet that look'd on the *Tigris*, and from whence, without being seen themselves, they could see those that walk'd on the Banks of that River, saw two Men, one of whom seem'd to be young, the other very old; he look'd on them very earnestly, because they laugh'd till they were ready to burst: And that Prince, being naturally curious, call'd one of his Officers, and bid him go tell those two Men, he wanted to speak with them.

The Officer acquitted himself of his Commission, and brought them to the Calif, who ask'd them the Cause of their immoderate Laughter. The old Man took the Word, and answer'd him: Commander of the Faithful, as I was a walking with this young Man, he told me a very pleasant Story, and I in my turn told him another, which he thought so merry, that he could not forbear laughing; and I will not deny, but his laughing made me laugh also.

I should be very glad, reply'd *Haroun*, to hear that Story, and this young Lady would be glad too: Tell it us, added he, speaking to the old Man; and this young Man shall tell his afterwards: The old Man, to obey the Calif, began to speak in this Manner,

The

The Story of the two Brother-Genii, Adis
and Dahy.

NIGH to Masulipatan, a City of the Kingdom of Golkonda, on the Side of Coromandel, there liv'd a Farmer's Widow who had two very handsome Daughters; the eldest, who was call'd *Faima*, was seventeen Years old, and *Cadiga*, which was the Name of the youngest, was twelve. They liv'd in a Cottage distant from any Village, and this little Family subsisted by the Labour of their Hands. A Brook, whose Spring was near their Cottage, supplied them with Water to wash the Linen of some Persons that liv'd at Masulipatan, whose Custom they had. After the Woman and her Daughters had wash'd and got up their Linen, they used to lay it in Flowers to make it smell the sweeter.

One Day, while the Mother was for that Purpose gathering Flowers in a Meadow, she pinch'd, without seeing of it, the Tail of an Asp, that was lying under the Leaves of a Hyacinth; this venomous Beast reveng'd it self immediately, and stung the Country Woman, who gave a great Shriek. Her Daughters ran presently to her, found their Mother's Finger already swelled, and the Venome, having convey'd it self, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, into the principal Veins, by the Communication of the Blood, had soon infected the noble Parts. This unhappy Woman seeing her self near her End, discharg'd the last Duties of a good Mother, in speaking after this Manner to her Daughters:

Children

Children, I am sorry I must leave you at a Time, when my Assistance would be of most Service to you ; but my Hour is come. I see the Angel of Death draw near me, and must die ; but what comforts me is, that I have nothing to reproach my self with on account of your Education, and Thanks to Heaven, I leave you fill'd with good and honest Inclinations. Persevere always in the Virtue I have taught you, and follow exactly the Commandments of our great Prophet *Mahomet*. Take care above all Things not to forsake his Religion, to deliver your selves up to the Superstitions of the Heathens. Live by your Labour, as we have done hitherto, and I hope Heaven will take care of you. I recommend to you farther, to live together in a good Correspondence, and never to part if possible, for your Happiness depends on your Union. *Cadiga*, added she turning herself towards the youngest Daughter, you are yet but a Child ; obey your Sister *Fatima* ; she will not give you any ill Advice.

After this Exhortation, the poor Woman, finding her self just dying, embraced her Daughters, and expired in their Arms. No Words can express their Affliction, when they saw their Mother was dead : They wept bitterly, and made all the Country round ring with their Cries. But as Nature cannot always supply us with Tears ; they fell into a dumb and silent Sorrow, that continu'd till the Time they buried their Mother. They took either of them a Spade, with which they us'd to cultivate a little Kitchen-Garden that joined to their Cottage ; they went about fifty Paces from thence to dig a Grave ; to which with great Difficulty they carried

carried the Corps, and covered it with Earth and Flowers. Then they return'd to their Cottage, where, neglecting to eat any Thing, they buried for some Moments their Grief in a Sleep, which the Fatigue of the Day procured them.

The Day following, *Fatima*, as the most rational, represented to her Sister, that they ought to betake themselves to their Work again, and bid her fill two Baskets with the Linen they had wash'd, the Day before this fatal Accident, then putting them on their Heads, they went to carry them to *Masulipatan*. They had not got a hundred Steps before they met on their Way with a little old Man, who was richly cloathed, and who looked on them very earnestly; he seemed to be near a hundred Years old, and he lean'd upon a Staff, by the help of which, notwithstanding his Age, he walk'd pretty sturdily.

The old Man found the two Sisters to his liking. Where are you going my two pretty Maids, said he, perking himself up? We are going answer the eldest, to *Masulipatan*. May I without Offence, replied he, ask you, what Business you follow, and if I can do you any Service? Alas, Sir, replied *Fatima*, we are poor simple Country Girls, and unhappy Orphans; we lost our Mother Yesterday by a fatal Accident. At the same Time she gave him an Account of it, not without shedding fresh Tears. Ah! How sorry am I, said the old Man, that I did not see your Mother before her Death. I cou'd have taught her a certain Secret to have expell'd the Venome, and the Wound would have been cured in two Days Time. My dear Children, continued he, I participate in your Affliction. And I will be a Father to you, if you can put Confidence enough

in me, to trust your selves to my Experience, and the Zeal I have for your Well-doing in the World. I confess, continued he, looking on young *Cadiga*, that I feel a great Inclination for that lovely Girl; the first Sight of her causes in me an Emotion that I never felt before. If you will both follow me, I promise to make your Fortunes much above your Condition, and you shall have Reason to bless the Hour of your meeting with me on your Way.

The old Man, having left off speaking, waited with Impatience for an Answer. He had Reason to be agitated. His Age and his Form did not prepossess those young Persons enough in his Favour, to dispose them to accept his Offer. However, what Repugnance soever they had for it, *Fatima* had already Sense enough to consider, that in their present Circumstances, the Proposal was too good to be rejected: The old Man observed, how perplex'd she was what to determine: My pretty Maid, said he to her, if you had already reflected seriously, as you ought to have done on the Dangers you run, in living in a lone Cottage, far from any Neighbours, you would without Hesitation accept of my Offer. Being as you are, without any one to protect you, do you think you can shun all the Snares that Vice and Deceit will not fail to lay for your Innocence? Say, you have Virtue enough to refuse your Consent to dishonest Designs, you have not Strength enough to repel Insults and Violence: You'll have nothing, continued he, to fear from Men like me. My Age will shelter you from my Transports, and my Experience can protect you from those of others. Quit then your laborious Occupation, that can
scarcely

scarcely furnish you with Subsistence; you shall have, at my House, not only the Necessaries of Life, but also whatever may contribute to render it agreeable, and I will convince you by undeniable Proofs, that our common Happiness depends on the Offer I make you; you cannot do better. If your Mother were yet alive, she would yield to my Reasons, and believe you more safe in the Sanctuary I offer you, than in the Cottage you live in.

In short, the old Man pleaded his Cause so well, that *Fatima* began to be persuaded. Sir, said she, I see partly what you drive at, and I am very much inclin'd to make use of the Kindness you express to my Sister and me; but as your Proposal concerns her more particularly, considering the Confession you have made of your Inclination for her, I will ask her Opinion, before I answer you precisely. Speak then, *Cadiga*, added she, addressing to her Sister, do you find your self disposed to accept the Offers of this Gentleman, and to take him for your Husband; for I believe that he has too much Virtue, to abuse the Innocence of two Orphans, who repose in him the care of their Honour. No, Sister, answer'd *Cadiga* blushing, he is too old and ugly.

The indiscreet Frankness of that young Girl was a great trouble to *Fatima*, who gave into the old Man's Arguments. Sister, said she, 'tis evident, that you are of an Age incapable of Reflection, since you answer so ill the Honour this Gentleman does you; instead of saying such disobliging Things to him, be sensible of your Happiness in being able to please him: Yes, truly, reply'd *Cadiga* weeping, is it a
mighty

mighty Happiness, that you would have me sensible of. I know not whether it be an Honour to me, but I am sure it can be no great Pleasure to have always before my Eyes a Man like him. You ought not to use such Expressions, said her Sister to her : I cannot speak otherways, answer'd the younger, and if it be a Happiness to please him, let him set his Mind on you, who are handsomer and have more Wit than I have. Let him love you, that we may see if you would love him again.

The Disdain and Coyneſs of *Cadiga* afflicted the old Man; Admire, cry'd he, the Fatality of my Destiny. I have seen the most celebrated Beauties of the East, and have liv'd to this Age you now see, without suffering my Heart to be surprized, and I have this Moment conceiv'd a violent Passion for a young Person who is preposseſſed with an invincible Aversion for me. I see all the Horror of the Fate I am preparing for my self, and yet the Stars compel me to pursue, in spite of my self, the Inclination that drives me to my Ruin.

Whilst the old Man was speaking, his Eyes were wet with Tears, and he seem'd so concern'd, that *Fatima*, who was naturally compassionate, pitied him. Sir, said she, forbear afflicting your self; your Disease, perhaps, is not without Remedy. Be not cast down at the first Discourse of a Child, who knows not yet what is fit for her; Time will ripen her Mind; you have not indeed the agreeable Advantages of Youth, but I believe you to be an honest Man. Your Love and your Care to please her, will win her at length; we will go with you, and I promise you all my good Offices. Yes, but, Sister, said the

the little Girl, interrupting her with Scorn, if he torments me, and will oblige me to love him, I will not give you my Word not to run away. No, beautiful *Cadiga*, said the old Man, you shall not be tormented, I swear, by all that is most sacred on the Earth, I will contradict you in nothing; you shall be absolute Mistress of all I have. If you desire any rich Cloaths or other Ornaments, you shall have them immediately; for I will make it an Obligation to my self, to be before-hand with your least Desires. Nay more, continued he, whenever I perceive the Sight of me is offensive to you, I will ease you of that Trouble, what ever it cost me.

Then *Fatima* took the Discourse, and said to the old Man: Since my Sister seems resolved to go along with you, on the Conditions you promise her, let us, if you please, carry this Linen to the Persons that own it; and then we will return to you again. Oh! cry'd the old Man, I conjure you not to take away from me your charming Sister. Whether 'tis Reason, or whatever it is that whispers me, I fear if you both go from me, I shall never see you again, and then I shall die for Grief. You will not stay long, did you say, before you Return? Then leave her with me till you come back; What do you fear? Can you distrust - - -. No, no, said *Cadiga*, interrupting him, I will go with my Sister: I will not stay alone with you. And why, said *Fatima*, who was very glad to let the old Man see, that she concern'd her self for him, why will you not stay here? I shall return in a Moment, pray Sister wait here for me. You ought to shew this Gentleman that Mark of

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Confidence, to make him Amends for the disobliging Things you have said to him.

Cadiga had all the Reluctancy in the World to stay with him; but she durst not resist the Importunity of her Sister's Will, whom she look'd upon as a second Mother. *Fatima* took her Sister's Basket, and went away, after she had well recommended to the old Man to manage the refractory Humour of the Person she left with him. But instead of returning quickly, as she had made her hope she would, she came not back all that Day. Nothing could equal *Cadiga's* Uneasiness. When she saw the Night approach'd, she lost all manner of Patience. She loaded the old Man with Reproaches. 'Tis you, said she, who have brought this Misfortune on us: If we had not met you so unluckily, I had been with my Sister. Whatever Mischief has happen'd to her, I had rather partake it with her, than be here with you.

This Discourse afflicted the old Man very much. He knew not what Answer to make; so fearful was he of exasperating her Mind, which he knew was not without Reason prejudic'd against him. Nevertheless he endeavour'd what he could to incourage her; but he was so far from bringing it about, that he increas'd her Uneasiness, and the Aversion she had for him. She bid him hold his Tongue, and would fain have gone to *Masulipatan*, notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night, and that it rain'd very hard. She equally long'd to be deliver'd from passing the Night with the old Man, as she desir'd to hear News of her Sister. He dissuaded her however from her Design, by representing to her, that in all appearance *Fatima* was stop'd

in some Place by the ill Weather, that hinder'd her from coming, and that they should see her in the Morning. He told her besides, that it would be best to go to their Cottage, and pass the Night there; and that the next Morning, if *Fatima* did not come back, they would search every where for her.

The Force of these Reasons prevail'd with *Cadiga*, in spite of the Hatred she had for the old Man. They both went to the Cottage, where, after a very slight Supper of Dates and fair Water, their Thoughts were wholly taken up with the Misfortunes of the foregoing Day. The young Girl did nothing but cry and torment her self all the Night, and her old Lover was not more easy. At Break of Day they left the Cottage, and went to *Masulipatan*. They inquired for *Fatima* in all the Places of that Town, where she ought to have carried the Linen, and were told that they had not seen her. They did not content themselves with that, they sought her from Street to Street, and ask'd after her from House to House; but all their Inquiries were in vain.

Their not knowing what was become of *Fatima* completed their Grief: They could not doubt but something extraordinary had happen'd to that unfortunate Damself. Her young Sister was inconsolable that she did not go with her, and she answer'd with injurious Language the old Man, who did what he could to comfort her. He grieved from the Bottom of his Heart that he could not bring to Reason the Mind of that little intractable Creature.

They spent the seven or eight Days following in running over all the Country. There was never

never a Castle or House within four Leagues round which they had not been at, but to no purpose. At length, not knowing what to have Recourse to, they return'd to the Cottage in great Consternation. The old Man, perceiving that *Cadiga* afflicted her self beyond Measure, was pierced with Grief. My dear *Cadiga*, said he to her with Tears in his Eyes, moderate this Excess of Affliction. I dare represent to you, that other Cares ought to imploy your Thoughts: Consider that your Mother being dead, and your Sister no longer here, you cannot be safe in this Solitude. I fear your Beauty will render you the Object of the Passion of some insolent Youth. Can I, weak and decay'd as I am, preserve you from their Violence. Besides, your Subsistence is but uncertain. In an Age so tender as yours, you are not in a Condition to procure it. Moreover, the little Money I had is almost spent, and we want every Thing here. Think well of it, beautiful *Cadiga*, and suffer me to conduct you to the Town where I live. My House shall afford you Plenty of all Things, and you shall be the Mistress of my Riches and Fate.

When the old Man had left off speaking, he stay'd a long Time very uneasy for the young Girl's Answer, and it was not without Reason that he mistrusted so cross-grain'd a Temper. When he saw that she answer'd nothing, and that she seem'd more taken up with the Loss of her Sister, than the Care of prolonging her own Life, he was obliged to represent to her afresh whatever ought to have made her determine to accept the Offer he had made her; and he despair'd twenty times of bringing her to it. He

suc-

succeeded in it however : She consented to follow him where-ever he pleas'd to carry her. But before they went from the Cottage, the old Man writ upon the Door with a Coal the Name of the Place to which he intended to conduct *Cadiga*, to the end that if *Fatima* should come again, she might be inform'd of what was become of her Sister. Afterwards they lock'd the Door, and put the Key in the Hollow of a Tree that was hard by, and where they used to lay it.

The Town to which the old Man meant to carry *Cadiga*, was not above three Days Journeys from thence ; but a Man of a hundred Years, and a Girl of twelve, could not go far in a Day. They were seven Days going thither. When they arrived, they were quite spent with Hunger and Weariness. The first Thing that *Daby* did, that was the Name of the old Man, was to send into the Town for the best Provisions that could be got, and to have it brought as soon as possible. After they had allay'd their Hunger, *Daby* led his Mistress into a very neat Apartment, where he left her to take her Rest, and he went to repose himself also in another Chamber.

The next Day he chose at the Merchants very fine Stuffs, which by his Order were made into Gowns for *Cadiga*, and he bought her an old Slave, who, he was told, was very ingenious, and the most dextrous Person in the World for dressing the Ladies. *Cadiga* could never enough admire the Change of her Condition : Tho' she perceived very well the Affection the old Man had for her, yet she did not understand how she had gain'd so absolute a Power over him. Sometimes she thought that she was indebted to him

for the great Advantages she enjoy'd, and in the Bottom of her Heart she thank'd him for them. Nevertheless, in spite of all her Reflexions, all the old Man's Kindnesses could not diminish her Reluctancy to receive 'em. Besides Cloaths and Jewels, that he made her Presents of every Day, he did not neglect to perform the Promise he had given her. He had a Respect for her, which charm'd her, and which nevertheless could not inspire her with the least Motion of Sensibility for his Person or Love.

More than three Months passed away before *Cadiga* discover'd the least Tokens of Comfort. The Remembrance of her Sister gave a Bitterness to all the Sweets she could find in her present Circumstances, and she continually recalled in her Memory the Advice her dying Mother had given her, never to separate her self from *Fatima*. However, the Sense of her Grief became by little and little less lively, whether the Change of her Condition diminish'd the Impression, or that it was the usual Effect of Time.

One Day, when she had tir'd her self a little with walking, she went to Bed earlier than ordinary. She fell asleep, and in the Morning, when the Ideas are more bright and lively, she had a Dream that affected her extreamly. She dream'd that she saw a young Man magnificently cloath'd, whose Mien and flaxen Hair charm'd her; and while she look'd very earnestly at him, he said to her; O *Cadiga*, what are you thinking of? Have you so soon forgot *Fatima*? Do you believe the fine Raiments that *Datty* cloaths you with, exempt you from the Obligation of searching after her? No, without doubt, and know from me, that you can-

not be happy till you go to her in the Island of Sumatra. Look on me, and you will see him that Heaven has ordained for your Husband. At these Words, the young Man disappear'd, and Cadiga waked. That Image was always present in her Mind, and she deem'd it rather as an Apparition than a Dream.

The Discourse that this amiable Phantom had directed to her, seem'd so coherent and so agreeable to the present Situation of her Affairs, that she could not enough admire the Relation between them; and though she had already sufficient Reason to believe that there was not indeed in the World such a Man as him she had dreamt of, she could not but preserve his Features in her Mind; and, that she might have nothing to reproach her self with, she resolv'd to engage Daby to take a Journey with her to the Island Sumatra. She propos'd it to him that very Day, after having told him her Dream. The old Man harken'd to it with Surprise, and, believing it too extraordinary to be regarded only as an Image form'd by the Vapours of Sleep, said to Cadiga, I would willingly give my Life to satisfy you: I consent to go with you to the Island of Sumatra, tho' there is but little Appearance that we shall be there inform'd of your Sister. I am as much amaz'd at your Dream as you are, and I have as great a Mind as your self to see you attain your Desires.

This was enough to make the young Girl resolve on the Journey of Sumatra. She hardly gave the old Man Time to get ready for it, so impatient she was to get Fatima again, or at least to be inform'd of her Fate. It was concluded between them, that they would go first

to the Cottage, to see if they could find any thing there that could make them conjecture that *Fatima* was return'd in their Absence; and that afterwards they would go to *Masulipatan*, to embark in the first Vessel that went off for the Island of *Sumatra*.

Dahy brought three Horses to carry them, and he took with him all the Gold he had, and some Jewels, which he sow'd up in a Leathern Girdle which he commonly wore. He left the rest of his Money with an old Acquaintance of his, and charg'd him to tell *Fatima*, if she came to look for them during their Absence, that they desired her to stay in that Town till they return'd. Then they set forward on the Road. *Dahy*, who was mounted on the best Horse, took *Cadiga* behind him; the Woman-Slave got on the second, and the third, loaded with all their Baggage, was led by a black Slave, who held him by the Bridle.

In this Equipage the little Caravan arrived in two Days at the Cottage of the two Sisters. They found the Key in the Hollow of the Tree, where they had laid it; and going into the Hut, they saw no manner of Alteration, nor any Mark by which they could judge that *Fatima* had been there since their Departure. This confirm'd them in their Resolution to go to the Island of *Sumatra*. They made haste to arrive at *Masulipatan*, where *Dahy* quickly understood that a Vessel of *Achem*, loaded with rich Merchandizes, was to set Sail in two Days to return. He went to find the Master immediately, and made a Bargain with him. Then he came back to *Cadiga*, provided himself with every Thing that might be of Help to them during the Fa-

tiguës

figures of a long Voyage, and sold his Horses, which would have been useless to him at Sea.

They imbarc'd in two Days, in very good Weather, and the Wind being favourable, put them forward considerably. The young Mistress of *Daby* was a little amaz'd to see nothing but Heaven and Water; but her Desire to know what was become of her Sister, kept up her Heart. The old Man did whatever he could to amuse her; sometimes he told her pleasant Stories to divert her, and sometimes he entertain'd her with serious and solid Discourses, to perfect her Mind and Manners. Seeing himself very much at leisure, he believ'd he ought not to let her be longer ignorant who he was, nor of what was uncommon in his Fate. She had judg'd right, that there was something extraordinary in the Affection he seem'd to have for her; but she look'd on it as a Caprice of Judgment, rather than a Connexion of Conjunctures. Therefore he strangely surpriz'd her, when he began his Discourse in these Words.

Tho' I seem to you to be decrepit, and doder'd with Age, know, beautiful *Cadiga*, that I am immortal. He stopt at these few Words, to observe what would pass in the Soul of the young Girl at so unexpected a Declaration. He plainly saw the Confusion it had put her in. She did not at first know whether she ought to take it in good earnest; but the Character of the old Man, who was not given to jesting on any Occasion, made her think he spoke the Truth. Sir, said she to him, being indebted to you for so many Favours, I ought to rejoice at your good Fortune; but when I consider that what you tell me cannot be of great Use to you, I know

not whether to testify my Joy would not be to disoblige you. Indeed, continued she, oppress'd with Infirmities, as you seem to be, what Pleasure can you have in Life?

It would be a troublesome Burden to me, reply'd the old Man, and I should reproach Heaven for having endowed me with an Advantage it refuses to Men, if I were indeed such as I appear to be: But you will be yet more surpriz'd, charming *Cadiga*, when you know that you see me under a Shape that is not my own. I have naturally Features more capable of pleasing the fair Sex, than of frightening them, and these Features are the more proper to inspire them with tender Passions, because they are animated by continual Youth: Jassimin and Roses shine in my Complexion. In a Word, all that can be seen of Graceful and Lovely are united in my Countenance, and spread all over my Person. Why, said *Cadiga*, interrupting him impatiently, do you not retake as soon as you can that so charming a Shape? You would certainly be a Gainer by the Change. Alas! reply'd *Daby*, sighing, 'tis not in my Power, and 'tis that that troubles me. I am no farther sensible of so great a Misfortune, than as it forces me to be seen by you in so disagreeable a Figure. And will this Misfortune last for ever, reply'd the young Girl? It is in your Power to put an End to it, answer'd he, you need but love me, and it will be over. If it be so, said she, truly I am very much afraid you will never change your Form. But, Sir, added she, how can you expect I should give Credit to such surprizing Things? Hear me only, my Queen,

Queen, answer'd he, and you will no longer doubt of the Truth of what I say.

From what I have told you, added he, you easily conceive that I am not a Man; I am a Genius. We are in all two Twin-Brothers, equally beautiful and well shap'd; equally learn'd and powerful. My Name is *Daby*, and my Brother's *Adis*. Nevertheless the Empire that our Station of Genius gives us over all natural Things, did not exempt us from being subject to the Power of a Brachman of *Visapour*, who by his Science has establish'd himself an absolute Dominion over our Kind. He took an Affection for my Brother and me; and, for a Mark of his Confidence in us, he trusted us two to take care of a Mistress, on whose Fidelity he did not much rely.

We serv'd him faithfully in this Imployment; the Lady was never out of *Adis's* Company or mine. For a considerable Time, Things went very well with her; happy, if her Frolicks and Infatuation had not chang'd that fortunate Condition. Her Fidelity had not yet bely'd it self: It did not appear to us that the Lady had the least Inclination for any one, nor even that the Desire of appearing beautiful had engaged her to do any thing indecent, when insensibly she became melancholy. A little while afterwards, her Melancholy turn'd into languishing: She sigh'd in the middle of the Pleasures that *Canson*, that was the Brachman's Name, gave her; and sometimes she look'd on *Adis* and me as if she implored our Pity for some hidden Affliction that tormented her. Amaz'd at this Change, which began to tarnish the lively Colours of her Complexion, and to impair her Health, my

Brother and I said to one another, What is the Matter with her? What can have made her so different from what she was not long since? Alas! we were far from imagining that we were the Cause of her sad Condition that surpriz'd us.

This unfortunate Lady, having us continually before her Eyes,, had observed our Charms, and that Observation became fatal to her. She could not forbear loving us; and that which ingag'd her more than all the rest to love us, was, as she confessed to us since, our long fair Hair that flow'd in large Curls on our Shoulders.

Here the young *Cadiga*, recalling her Dream to mind, look'd on the old Man with Astonishment, and found that his Story began to move her: She had never before given so much Attention to him.

Time, continu'd *Daby*, as my Brother and I observ'd, far from bringing Ease to the secret Torments of the Lady, seem'd to augment their Violence. We resolv'd to endeavour all we could to oblige her to open her Mind to us. One Day, as we were both with her, and when the Brachman was gone to preside in an Assembly of Fairies that was held on the Confines of the *Great Tartary*; Beautiful Lady, said my Brother to her, we have perceived a long while that a secret Grief troubles your Repose. We have apply'd our selves to discover the Cause of it, with Intent to offer you our Assistance; but we have not been able to penetrate into it. Hide it not from us; and if our Aid can contribute to restore Peace to your Mind, be assured of our Zeal and Readiness to serve you.

It

It would indeed have been a great Pleasure to us to have been able to recover her from the languishing State we saw she was plunged in, for we had a great Friendship for her. *Adis's* Discourse threw her into a great Confusion, Nevertheless it having furnish'd her with an Opportunity of declaring her self, which she had sought for a long Time, she would not let it slip. You are too generous, lovely *Adis*, answer'd she, in a languishing Voice, to interest your self for an unfortunate Woman, who is not worthy of your Cares. Deprive me not, I pray you, of the small Consolation of deploring in Secret my Misfortunes, which are without Remedy. What do you say, fair Lady, cry'd I, with Amazement? Is there no Remedy for the Ills you suffer? Such is the Rigour of my Fate, reply'd she, that if any thing could assuage it, it would be only the Compassion that you might have of me. As for our Compassion, reply'd I hastily, we offer it to you intirely; but we will not confine it only to bewail you. We shall not be satisfied, unless our Services can dissipate this profound Melancholy that makes you languish, and consumes you insensibly. If you feel the Pains of some unknown Disease, you are not ignorant that we possess the Knowledge of the Secrets of Nature, to correct the ill Dispositions of the Body; or if the Brachman has vex'd you by a Treatment not suitable to your Desert, and the Tenderness you have for him, you know that we have a great Influence over him. Speak then, lovely Lady, confide in us; put it in the Power of our Zeal to procure for you a better State of Health.

Farzana, that is the Name of the Lady, answer'd me in these Words; My Health is not at all disorder'd, neither hath *Cansou* given me any Cause to complain of him. Nevertheless I suffer cruel Torments, and if you knew what they are, whatever Zeal you express to serve me, I know not, charming *Dahy*, whether you would be so ready as you tell me to ease them. Oh, Madam, cry'd my Brother, you do us Wrong, put us to the Trial, and you will judge more favourably of us. And what if I should tell you, reply'd she blushing, that you two are the Cause of the Disease you would cure? What! us, reply'd I, very much confounded, tho' I did not then understand what she drove at, How can we have done any Thing so contrary to our Intentions?

I have said too much of it already, answer'd she again, not to discover to you at large all my Misfortune; and since you press me, know, too lovely Brothers, that I am not Proof to your Charms. In vain I have oppos'd the Progress that they daily make in my Heart, and my Resistance has reduced me to the miserable State I am in.

Then she painted to us, in Colours so lively and so natural, the inward Strugglings of her Soul; that they equally surpriz'd and troubled us. Is it indeed possible, said I to her, that the Consideration neither of your Honour nor Repose, nor of what you owe to the Brachman, could preserve you from the Sentiments you declare to us? Have you maturely weigh'd the little Advantage that you ought to expect from such an Infatuation? Then my Brother and I endeavour'd all we could to bring her again to Rea-

Reason; but it was too late, the Disease had taken too deep a Root.

After all our Discourse, which *Farzana* was pleas'd to hear without interrupting us, she seem'd a little recover'd from the Excess of her Dejectedness. The Declaration she had made to us was a troublesome Burden, of which she found her self eas'd. Not that she had room to conceive the least Hope from the Manner that we receiv'd the Confession of her Weakness; but it is so natural to desire that the Object of our Love should be inform'd of the Pains it causes in us, that we always regard the Occasion of discovering them as some small Relief.

The Lady flatter'd her self that we should in Time be affected by her Excess of Love and Perseverance. This Hope sooth'd her Cares for a Time; but that Time being insensibly gone without her receiving the Comfort she desir'd, her Passion, the Sense of which became more lively ever since she had declar'd it, made her a Prey to her Desires, and plung'd her again into her first Languishing. This threw us into a great Perplexity; and the *Canfon's* Orders not permitting us to leave her, we were expos'd every Day to her Reproaches, with which she incessantly loaded us.

Cruel Creatures, said she to us, will you suffer me to die without Pity, when it depends on you alone to make me cherish a Life I detest? Has the generous Pleasure of relieving the Distressed, which works so strongly in noble Hearts, no Power over you? Do you take Delight in making me suffer? Beautiful *Farzana*, answer'd I, what can you expect from us? Shall we flatter a Disease we cannot cure? Shall we

betray the Brachman who reposes his Trust in us? Will you your self betray him, after all he has done for you? He did not take you away by Force from your Parents, who us'd you ill; you consented to his Violence, and were willing to make him happy. Have Courage then, and dare to deliver your self from the Empire that an unworthy Weakness hath usurp'd over you.

The Lady bore these Words with Impatience. Is it then, cry'd she, so great a Crime to conceive a Tenderness for two Brothers, whom none can see without loving them? Why come you every Day into my Sight? Among what People in the World is not that Weakness pardon'd, which you condemn in me? Can any one suppose that I can be delighted with an old Man, whose Love I have hitherto suffer'd only as an Acknowledgment of what he hath done for me? And must I be for ever the Sacrifice of my Gratitude.

But, Madam, said *Adis* to her, say that this Weakness which you would excuse, might deserve to be pardon'd, and merit some Return on our Part; would not you be always to blame to extend it too far? My Brother and I ought we both of us to be the Object of it? I own, answer'd she blushing, that there is something extraordinary in my Passion; but I am not Mistress of it. You and *Daby* appear to me both of you so equal in Merit, that I cannot resolve to chuse one without fighting for the other, and I cannot be easy, if you do not both of you answer my Tenderness.

How, cry'd I, can you then indeed aspire to engage both of us, and can you expect that my Brother and I can consent to an odious Partition? Why not, reply'd she? So firm a Friendship

ship unites you two, that there can be no Jealousy between you. In short, added she, I have said it; 'tis Fate that disposes of my Inclinations: 'Tis to no purpose to resist it, and if you have not Compassion on an unhappy Woman, of whose Sufferings you are the Cause, expect to see her soon finish the languishing Days which she has dragg'd so long. All her Discourse to us was on this Subject; her Sentiments, I confess, seem'd new to me, and I could not enough bewail her Infatuation and Caprice.

One Evening being alone with her, and seeing her again more dejected than ordinary, I ask'd her what new Subject of Affliction she cou'd have; Cruel Creature, answer'd she, ought you to put that Question to me? Have I need of a fresh Subject of Grief, to be reduced to the Condition I am in? Are not your Cruelties sufficient to oppress me? Fair Lady, answer'd I, if my Brother be as guilty as me, why must your Reproaches be directed to me only? Confound not your Brother any more with your self, reply'd she, in a languishing Accent, he has done for my Repose all that I expected of him.

I confess, that at these Words I thought I had heard amiss. *Alis*, cry'd I, did you say, has done for you what you expected of him? Yes, reply'd she coldly, Is there any thing in that to cause in you so great a Surprize? Do you think that every body's Heart is as hard as yours? He was soften'd by my Tears, and delivering himself up to my Love, procur'd himself such ravishing Joys, that nothing troubles him, but his having lost so much Time before he secur'd them to himself. And are you not satisfy'd, cry'd I, in a sort of a Rage, with subduing him to your Charms? Must you make

another Conquest, and do you think to seduce me, as well as the too easy *Adis*? Yes, my dear *Daby*, reply'd she, looking on me with Eyes that confess'd the most ardent Passion; yes, the Conquest of your Heart is yet wanting to my Felicity. Alas! since the Time I have sigh'd for you in my Sufferings, have I not deserved one tender Pledge of your Compassion.

Oh *Farzana*! reply'd I, after what you tell me, I believe you love not *Adis*, since you sigh for his unfortunate Brother. I love him tenderly, reply'd she; I would give my Life a hundred times to serve him; and 'tis the extream Love that I have for him, that animates with greater Force that with which you have inspir'd me. I have already told you, I find you both so like in every thing, that you both make the same Impression on my Mind. The Affection that *Adis* had for me, how dear soever I hold it, cannot make me happy, unless I can inspire you with the like Sentiments for me. In short, charming *Daby*, I die, if you will not yield to the Tenderness I express for you: Will you be more inexorable than your Brother? And should you blush to follow his Example? Oh! cease to resist, or you shall see me stab before your Eyes this unfortunate Heart, which you esteem not a Prize considerable enough to induce you to desire the Possession of it.

After having spoken in this Manner, she pour'd out a Torrent of Tears; she flung herself also at my Knees, with all the Demonstrations of the most lively Passion, and after a Manner that made me fear she would indeed make an Attempt on her own Life, if I continued to oppose her Desires. How eloquent is a
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beautiful Woman in Tears ! and how difficult is it to remain unshaken in a Resolution which she then strives to overthrow ! What shall I say to you ? I was also as weak as my Brother ; for he inform'd me afterwards that the wilely *Farzana* had made use of the same Stratagem to seduce him ; that is to say, that without granting us the last Favours, she knew how to engage us both to love her.

Having thus vanquish'd our Resistance, she in a little Time resum'd all her Charms : Her Eyes became more bright, and the Satisfaction of her Heart re-establish'd her Health : Her natural Gaiety diffused it self in all her Actions. *Adis* and I were both charmed to see her so beautiful ; nevertheless her Beauty, all perfect as it was, could not excite in our Hearts the least Emotion of Jealousy : Perhaps indeed the Lady might have disturbed our brotherly Union, if she had made us more happy.

Our Treachery to the Brachman, though it did not reach so far as it might, caused sometimes in us a Remorse ; but our common Mistress, knowing in the Art of Pleasing, found out the Secret to rid us of a troublesome Scruple. She removed from us by little and little, even the Thoughts of our Crime, yet without ever consenting to make us more guilty : We had not a real Passion for her, we lived very happily, till our too great Security drew on us the Misfortune, which was the Cause of your present Astonishment.

A deform'd Negro-Slave, nam'd *Torgut*, serv'd the Brachman, and his usual Business was to curl the Mane of a Tartarian Mare, that *Farzana* mounted, when she rid out to take the Air.

Air. This mishap'd Negro had the Boldness to raise his Thoughts to his Mistress, and to make her a Declaration of his Love. He, not being mistrusted, easily found an Opportunity, when that Lady rid out without us, for *Canfon's* Orders at that Time kept us employ'd elsewhere. She was a Horseback, and he follow'd just behind her. Though Nature had given him an ill Shape, and an ugly Face, in Recompence he was of a very diverting Humour. He told *Farzana* Stories, which she took a great Pleasure in hearing; he talk'd to her that Day of several Damsels, from whom he had obtain'd Favours. How, *Torgut*, said the Lady, laughing, Could a Man of your Make have such good Fortune? Why not? reply'd the black Slave, am not I made as other Men? Truly, continued he, upon that Footing, I am far out of my Reckoning, since I am ambitious to place you in the Rank of my Conquests.

At this Discourse of the Negro's, *Farzana* burst out a laughing again. She verily believ'd that he spoke thus only to divert her; Have you any Designs on me? said she to him, I am ravish'd to know it. I shall take Care, I assure you, to provide against such a dangerous Man as you. *Torgut* answer'd her in the same Tone, and she reply'd after a Manner that gave him such fair Play, that he carried on his Insolence so far as to propose to her to make use of the Opportunity; shewing her a Meadow, which, said he, offers its Flowers to invite us to the Pleasures of Love.

She, not suspecting that he spoke in earnest, was no more angry at his last Discourse than at his former, which encouraged the Slave to push on

on his Audaciousness so far, that at last the Lady perceiv'd he was not in Jest. She flew into a Passion, took Airs of Authority upon her, bid him be gone, with Words full of Disdain, to say his fine Things to some Slave worthy of him; and threaten'd also to complain of his Insolence to *Canfon*.

This Reprimand, which she believ'd she was obliged to give him, did not produce the Effect she expected. As ugly as *Torgut* was, he had nevertheless so good an Opinion of himself, even after this Usage, as to imagine that *Farzana* wou'd not have reject'd the Offer of his Services, but that she receiv'd others privately. He was cunning and penetrating; he knew the Brachman to be an old Man, little fit to make so buxom a Lady faithful. Prepossess'd with this Thought, he resolv'd to neglect nothing to surprize her with the Lover that he suspected to be more happy than himself. He succeeded in it but too well; he was not long before he discover'd our Familiarity, and the Rage that he conceiv'd at it, made him form a Design to ruin us. He inform'd *Canfon* of the Treachery that was done him, and told him much more than he had seen, to irritate his Resentments.

The Brachman was struck to the Quick at his Report, and would inform himself fully of the Matter. He pretended a Journey for some Days, and during this feign'd Absence, he found an Opportunity to surprize *Adis* and me. *Farzana* having permitted us to bathe with her, we were all three shut up in the Baths. Put all the Precautions we had taken not to be discover'd, were of no Service to us; the Brachman's deep Science render'd all our Measures useless. All the
Doors

Doors open'd at his Approach; he appear'd to our frighted Eyes like an incens'd Judge; our Nakedness not permitting us to cast our selves at his Feet, to implore his Clemency, we plunged our selves into the Water to hide our Confusion. Happy had we been, if that Element could have cover'd our Crime, as it conceal'd our Bodies! *Farzana*, more bold than us, wou'd have excus'd her self; she endeavour'd to extenuate her Fault, by Words which did but augment *Canfon's* Anger. He darted on all three of us Looks of Fury, which were the beginning of his Vengeance. Wicked Wretches, said he to my Brother and me, the most cruel Torments would be too slight Punishments for your Crime; but your Condition, as *Genii*, not allowing you to die, I will reduce you to a State that shall be a thousand times worse for you than that Death from which you are exempt. And as for you, miserable Woman, added he, speaking to the Lady, Since neither the Honour of my Bed, nor all my Kindnesses, have been able to oblige you to be faithful to me, you also shall be punish'd for your Ingratitude. And at the same Time, without giving Ear to our Excuses and Complaints, he began his Conjurations. How frightful they were! The Air in a Moment was obscured, a thick Darkness chac'd away the Day from the Apartment where we were: We heard the Thunder grumble with a horrible Noise, the Winds bluster'd with Fury, and we felt the Ground quake under our Feet.

We were two Hours in this frightful Darkness, and in Expectation of the Chastisement reserved for us; after which, the Air becoming serene as before, the Day resumed its Brightness.

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But what was our Astonishment, when instead of being in a magnificent Palace, and in stately Baths, my Brother and I found our selves in a barren Plain; both of us cover'd with Rags, and under the Figure of two little deformed old Men, such as I appear, beautiful *Cadiga*, now to you.

Ingrateful Wretches, said the Brachman to us, receive the Punishment of your Crime. That Power, and that Knowledge, which your State, as *Genii*, gave you over all the Things of Nature, shall no longer be of any Service to you; or rather, you shall be stript of them, to reduce you to the ordinary Station of Men, such as you seem to be: You shall know nothing but what they know, nor do any thing but what they can do; and, excepting that like them, you shall not be subject to the Dominion of Death, you shall be deprived of all the Advantages you have till now enjoyed.

Canfon, after having pronounced this Sentence, wou'd be inform'd of all the Circumstances of our Treachery. We related them all to him ingenuously; we told him of the Surprize that *Farzana's* Declaration put us in, the Efforts we had made to cure her of her Infatuation, the inward Conflicts that we had sustained before we yielded; the Wile that the Lady made use of to seduce us; and afterwards we enlarged on the Remorse we felt, for having betray'd our Trust.

All this struck him, and he was mov'd at our Repentance: He judg'd that there was more Weakness than Malice in our Proceeding, and, having always had a Friendship for us, his Heart began to pity us. Children, said he to us, the
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Conjuration that I have made, is so strong, that I cannot restore you to your former Shape, but I can soften the Rigour of your Destiny. You shall resume your natural Form, and all the Advantages that are annex'd to it, as soon as you shall have found, each of you, a young Damsel under twenty that loves you. Oh! Sir, cry'd my Brother at this Discourse, to what Despair do you reduce us? Where shall we find a Damsel of so ill a Judgment, as to become in Love with Figures like ours? It is not impossible, but it may happen, reply'd the Brachman. Live in Expectation of it, and be assur'd that you cannot return to your first Condition by any other Means. My Friends, continued he, go and fulfil your Destiny; you must part, to seek each of you what is most proper for him. Then he prescrib'd to us the Place where we were to make our usual Residence; 'twas about sixty Leagues distant from one another. Afterwards he gave us fifty thousand Sequins out of his Treasure, to enable us to live creditably while our Misfortune should continue. He also made us cast off our Rags, to cloath us with Robes more suitable to our Condition. After which he embraced us, wishing us a speedy End of our Misfortunes.

In Regard to *Farzana* he was inflexible; he metamorphos'd her into a Frog, and confin'd her in a Marsh, where he gave her *Torgut* for a Companion of her Fate, after having discover'd by the Power of his Art, that that Slave had not reveal'd to him his Mistress's Crime, but for spite that he could not please her. Thus the Accuser and the Accus'd, both chang'd into Frogs, were condemned to spend the Remainder
of

of their Days in the same Marsh, where, if any thing could comfort them, 'twas the Hope of being the Punishment one to the other.

When we had left the Brachman, my Brother and I made our selves ready to go to the Places that were prescrib'd us. We shed many Tears in parting, and expected not to see one another again, till after we should have resumed our former State, which we thought would be very long, when we reflected on the Condition, without which it could never happen.

As soon as I arrived at the Town where I was to live, I apply'd my self to husband my fifty thousand Sequins, judging well that I should have need of good Management not to want Money, before I should come to the happy Time I hoped for. I bethought my self of trading, and as well by my self, as by the Correspondents I got; I saw my self in three or four Years in a Condition to live handsomly, without diminishing my main Stock.

Before the Prediction of the Brachman could be accomplish'd, I was to find out a young Person who could take a liking to me. By good Luck, the Ladies in our Town were not shut up in Seraglios, as they are in the other Eastern Countries; they enjoy'd a reasonable Liberty, I saw them every Day: I made Entertainments for them, I made one at all the Diversions. In short, I did all that depended on me, to avert the Influence of the Star that pursued me; by living after this manner, I shortly got the Love of every body. O the good Humour of the Man! said they; He seems to have been made for nothing but Pleasure. What must he have been in his Youth, since having one Foot in the
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the Grave, he still loves so much to divert himself? The Ladies more than all extoll'd me above the Stars, and propos'd me for a Model to their Husbands. There were only some ill-natur'd Spouses, that censur'd my Conduct. Is not that Man, said they, speaking of me, a great Fool, to seek after Pleasures that he is not of an Age to taste of? As for me, who had a Design in what I did, I laugh'd at all they could say, and always kept my Road; nevertheless, whatever Airs I put on, whatever Address I made use of to inspire with Love, I could not gain my Ends.

I did not confine my self to the Town where I liv'd, though there was a great Number of young Girls there; I made several Journeys above fifty Leagues round, but all the Advantage I got, was to perceive that I could not please. That Idea cast me into Despair, but without tiring my Patience. I have spent above two hundred Years in this useless Search, I was the Astonishment of all the World, they could not comprehend how I came to live so long. I had already seen all the Youths of the City thrice renew'd; I bury'd all those who had seen me so decay'd, when I first came to settle among them, and their Children's Children. Every one whisper'd to himself, What sort of Man is this? We never see any Alteration in him. The oldest Fathers, pointing at me, shewed me to their Children: There, said they to them, goes the honest old *Daby*; think not that I ever saw him young, I have always seen him as old and decrepit as you see him now; and I have heard my Grandfather say, when I was young, that he never saw him otherwise. The common
People

People call'd me by no other Name, than the everlasting old Man, and the Men of Letters call'd me the *Indian Nestor* ; saying, that I had seen more Generations than that Greek.

I knew no longer what Course to take, having to no purpose endeavour'd to make my self be loved ; and I was returning from *Masulipatan*, to the Town where I ordinarily abide, when I met you with your Sister. You know very well, charming *Cadiga*, by what I said to you, that I was enchanted at the Sight of you : But, alas ! I observ'd but too well how disagreeable I appear'd to you.

Daby in this Place made an end of his Story, and he could not finish it without shedding Tears, not so much for the Remembrance of his past Misfortunes, as for Grief that he had drawn on himself the Aversion of his young Mistress. *Cadiga* was concern'd at his Afflictions, and thought that she ought to comfort him. Generous *Daby*, said she, I am sensible of your Misfortunes, they are so very uncommon, that I could not have believ'd them, if you had not told them me your self. I am sorry I cannot comfort you : Were it in my Power, you should soon see how grateful *Cadiga* would be, for all you have done for her. You will say perhaps that it is in my Power to put an end to your Misfortunes ; that I need only love you, to restore you to your former Shape ; but can I dispose of my Heart ? Ah beautiful *Cadiga* ! said the old Man, interrupting her, Is this all the Comfort you give me ? It irritates my Ills more than relieves them. 'Tis all I can do, reply'd *Cadiga*. If I am not able to overcome the natural Aversion that I have taken against this Form that you offer to my

my Eyes, ought you to take it ill, since it is not your own? Alas! reply'd *Daby*, fetching a deep Sigh; it is become natural to me, since I no longer hope to resume my own. The Brachman, reply'd she, has foretold you however that it may very well happen, and you ought not to despair but it will. Your Courage will make you surmount this unworthy Weakness you discover for me: You will in Time be disgusted at the Indifference that a young Girl, who is not worthy of your Love, has for you. You will love some other, who, repaying your Affection with a kind Return, will restore you to that charming Figure that you have so much Reason to bewail the Loss of.

The young *Cadiga* pity'd the unfortunate old Man, to whom she could give no other Consolation; but the Compassion of his Misfortune was not her only Employment: She had private Troubles: Her Heart had never been at Ease since her Dream. That lovely Phantom, whose Mien and flaxen Hair had charm'd her, was never out of her Mind; sometimes she could not forbear sighing when she thought of it. These Words that she heard it say: *Look on me, and you will see him whom Heaven has design'd for your Husband*; seem'd to her to have something mysterious in them, and, all she could do, she could not but think her self concern'd in them.

In the mean while the Vessel sail'd; in the space of fifteen Days it had got above five hundred Leagues. The Wind at length changed, and there followed a kind of a Storm, which did our Voyagers no other Damage than driving them considerably out of their Course. They were toils'd about for some Days, and driven

ven sometimes on one Side, sometimes on the other, so that they could not hold a certain Course. At length they came in Sight of an Island that was unknown to the Captain and all the Crew : They drew nigh to it, and perceived a great Town ; which, rising up like an Amphitheatre above the Shore, form'd a magnificent and commodious Harbour. The Sea being still rough, they mann'd out their Skiff, and sent to ask Shelter, which was granted them.

Then they enter'd the Port, casting their Eyes about to look on the Structure of the Town, which by its Form of a Half-Moon, seem'd to them to open its Arms to serve them as a Place of Refuge from the Tempest. The Houses appear'd to be built with more Strength than Agreeableness ; they were high, and large Towers made with hewn Stones, and cover'd with Copper. The People swarm'd in the Streets, and the Voyagers soon perceiv'd that the City was populous ; for they had no sooner cast their Anchor, than they saw themselves surrounded by a great Number of Shallops who lay'd them on board, and out of which there came an infinite Number of Men, who fell to climbing up the Vessel. Their Faces and Bodies were almost like ours ; but their Aspect, their Gestures, and their Air, seem'd so extraordinary, or, to speak more properly, so extravagant, that there was Reason to doubt whether they were Men.

Their Habit was not less singular than their Actions : They had long Callico Gowns, on which were painted in red, green and yellow, several Figures of Demons with Flames, and other Grotesques ; and they wore on their Heads

a long peek'd Hat of Past-board, painted also with several Colours.

The first thing these Islanders did, as soon as they were on the Deck, was to put our Passengers into Files, who for the most part, not liking this familiar Way of accosting them, were stubborn, and refused to put themselves in Lines: But the People of the Town, who could not suffer that they should act contrary to their Customs, laying hold of them somewhat roughly, and in such a manner as gave them not Liberty to defend themselves, placed them as the others, in spite of all they could do. Having thus reduced these untractable Creatures, they began to run through the Ranks. They examin'd all the Persons of the Ship exactly, turn'd them backwards and forwards as they pleased, like those that buy Slaves in the publick Markets: They minded above all, to look on their Teeth and Hair, and they took a great deal of Care to count the Wrinkles of a Face.

The Travellers, who knew that they were not the strongest, resolved wisely to submit, and waited with a great deal of Uneasiness, to know what wou'd be the Issue of so particular an Examination; the Event however was quite otherwise than was expected. The Examiners set the old Mariners by themselves, and seem'd to treat them with Distinction; when they saw *Dahy*, *Cadiga*, and the old Slave appear, who having kept themselves till then in the Cabin, were not put in the Ranks among the rest. At this Sight, the Commander, who was one of the principal Lords of the City, and Captain of her Insular Majesty's Guards, was transported with Joy and Admiration. He fix'd his Eyes

particularly on the old Slave, and thinking her worthy of the Honour of his Bed, he cast himself at her Feet, confess'd to her the Passion she had inspir'd him with, and declar'd that his Design was to put her into his Seraglio, and to make her his Favourite. She yielded willingly to the pressing Instances of the Commander, for it would have been to no purpose to have deny'd him. He gave her into the Hands of his most trully Confident, commanding him to secure her for him, as he wou'd answer the contrary at the Price of his Head, and recommending him above all, not to suffer any one to take the least Liberty with her.

The wise *Dahy*, amaz'd at this Depravation of Judgment, said to himself; Sure there are no Women in this Country, since an old one is capable of making so strong an Impression. This Thought disturbed him very much on *Cadiga's* Account, whose Beauty he believ'd wou'd produce Effects of ill Consequence to him; but he soon saw his Fears dissipated. His young Mistress had not Charms powerful enough to move the Hearts of the Islanders; and if she run any Dangers among them, 'twas not that which he apprehended.

He trembled yet for her, when the same Captain, who had been so smitten with the Sight of the old Slave, cast his Eyes by chance on the young Girl. Surpriz'd to see her so richly cloath'd, he said to her after a rude manner; You are well cloath'd, little Girl, for an ugly Creature. At the same time he turn'd towards one of his Domesticks, call'd him by his Name, and said to him; Take this ill-favour'd Person home,
and

and let her have the meanest Place in my Service.

At this cruel Order, *Cadiga* could not forbear shuddering. The Grief of seeing her self so unworthily used, was above the Constancy of a Girl of her Age. She turn'd her Eyes languishing toward *Daby*, as if to implore his Protection in so terrible a Conjunction; and reading in his Looks his Incapacity to serve her, as well as his Affliction, she had recourse to Tears. But to move the Barbarians that were the Cause of them, she must have had blear'd and blood-shot Eyes.

Some of the Guards dragg'd the unfortunate *Cadiga* away, notwithstanding her Tears and Cries. At this Sight the Genius could not contain his Grief; he fill'd the Air with Complaints and Lamentations; and while he bemoan'd the Fate of his Mistress, the Islanders look'd earnestly on him; the Charms that they found in his Person, his Wrinkles, his Back, that bent beneath a Load of Age, his crooked and short Feet, his Skin, that was of an Olive Colour, and full of Warts; in a Word, all that made him odious to *Cadiga*, became the worthy Object of their Admiration; which was dumb for some time: The Excess of their Amazement would not permit them at first to express it; but all of a sudden they broke Silence, by Shouts of Joy, to which they abandon'd themselves without Reserve; nothing was heard but a confus'd Cry of Praises and Applauses. Their Chief himself forgetting the Gravity of his Character, bore a Part in these Acclamations: He did more, he went near to *Daby*, flung himself at his Feet, and laying his Hat of Past-board on the

the Ground, to shew him the more Respect. Charming old Man, said he to him, we are unworthy of your Pardon, for not paying to you sooner the profound Respects we owe you. As for me, I was, I confess, wholly taken up with the Lustre of that beautiful Lady you brought with you, and whom I have caus'd to be conducted to my Seraglio. Nevertheless, how prepossess'd soever I am in her Favour, I cannot but grant that your Beauty surpasses even hers: Give me leave to carry you to our Queen's Palace; I doubt not but that great Princess will be charmed at the Sight of you, and pay you the Honours that are your due; there is not in all her Palace an old Man worthy to compare with you.

The Captain would have continued to extol the Happiness that attended him, had not *Daby* interrupted him bluntly, and said: Instead of this impertinent Babble, restore the young Person you have taken from me. Who? reply'd the Commander, that pitiful little Creature? O beautiful old Man, have Sentiments more worthy of you, and think of nothing but how to please our great Queen *Scheherbanou*, before we conduct you to her. In saying after this manner, his Lieutenant and he took *Daby* under his Arms, and carried him to the Palace in spite of his Teeth.

The Genius, who look'd on this Violence as an Affront offer'd to him, to make a Mock of his Age and personal Defects, fell into mournful Reflections. How hard a Fate is mine! said he to himself, as they were dragging him along: Who could have believed that a Genius could be reduced to such Weakness and Imperfection as I

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am? 'Tis one of the most mortifying Circumstances of my Misfortunes, to see my self the Sport of the Sons of *Adam*.

When he was come before *Scheherbanou*, she could not look on him without admiring him, nor without feeling the Flames of Love kindling in her Heart. O wonderful old Man ! cry'd she, What Country are you of, and what propitious Divinity has conducted you hither, to be the Ornament of this Island ? Such a Happiness till now has never happen'd to our People ; therefore let us shew a thousand publick Marks of the Joy that affects us. Then turning her self towards the principal Lords of her Court ; Pursue, said she, the tender Emotions that inspire me ; be not less sensible than your Queen of the Glory of your Country.

She had no sooner said these Words, than the Courtiers, like faithful Subjects, entring into her Majesty's Designs, prostrated themselves on their Faces to the Ground before *Dahy*, holding their Hats in their Hands : They remained a long Time in that Posture, without speaking, or giving any Sign of Life ; then, all at once, raising themselves up, they burst out in Acclamations : Live ! live ! cry'd they, incomparable old Man, who seem'st to our Eyes as the Sun ; when, after having quitted the Tropick of *Capricorn*, he returns to that of *Cancer*. Let him live ! Let him be always the happy Favourite of our great Queen *Scheherbanou* ! May the Sovereign Protector of this Island, the old Ape that we adore, cast a favourable Eye on him !

After this Reception, which was not so pleasing to the old Man as the Queen imagin'd, that Princess made the Chief of her Eunuchs carry him

him into the best Apartment of the Seraglio. This Apartment was hung with Mats. [Nothing was esteem'd more rich or magnificent in that Country, than this Sort of Furniture. It even tended to Luxury; Nevertheless, *Dahy*, being out of Humour, or for some other Reasons, was not over pleas'd with them; he hardly vouchsafed to look on their Magnificence; all he saw seem'd rather to increase his Grief.

While he was bewailing the Rigour of his Fate, the Queen came into his Apartment without any Attendance, and approach'd the old Man: Will you forgive me, said she, for having left you alone for some Minutes? Yes, answer'd *Dahy*, in a melancholy Air, and I wish to Heaven, that you would leave me so as long as you live. Ingrate, replied the Princess, is it thus you return the Kindness I have for you? Be pleas'd, answer'd he again, to forbear mocking me. Do you think me so void of Sense, as to imagine that my Figure charms you? No, I know too well, that it is more proper to inspire with Horror than Love. You amaze me, said the Queen, not to know the Effects that the Sight of you produces in our Hearts. Can one too much admire this extream old Age that appears all over your Person? The like Advantages were never before the Portion of any Man. Upon this she began to particularize all the wonderful Qualities she discover'd in him; which she did in such a passionate Manner, that the Genius could not doubt, but that she was serious, and spoke in sober Sadness what she thought.

Queen, then with her Kindness, I was a new
 self to be led to the black Tower. I was a
 thought to him as black that he should be
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The Transports of *Scheherbanou* put *Dahy* in a Passion: He reproach'd her for her want of Judgment, and told her, that, not being her Subject, she ought not to detain him as a Slave. Give Orders, said he, that my dear *Cadiga* be restored to me, and give us leave to be gone from hence. Oh, barbarous Man, cry'd the Queen in a mournful Tone, can you resolve to forsake me? Are not the general Acclamations that attended your Arrival, nor the Honours that have been paid you since, capable to inspire you with the least Complaisance for the fatal Passion I have for you? At these Words, the old Man, instead of being soften'd, lost all Temper, and, his Reason no longer governing his Tongue, he had the Imprudence to tell the Queen, that she had certainly lost her Senses.

How much soever *Scheherbanou* was in Love with *Dahy*, she took Offence at his ill Manners; she had, nevertheless, the Power to dissemble her Thoughts. She even still employ'd the kindest Words to move him; but, seeing that he became not more tractable, she forbore to constrain herself. She call'd the Captain of her Guards: *Bedbaste*, said she to him, take this old Fellow out of this Apartment, and carry him to the black Tower. Let him bear the other old Man Company, who also despised the Tenderness of my Sister *Mulkara*. They shall both of them at Leisure repent their Cruelty. In saying these Words, she retired, and her Commands were presently obey'd.

Dahy, better pleas'd with the Severity of the Queen, than with her Kindness, suffer'd himself to be led to the black Tower. 'Twas a comfort to him to think that he should be
Fellow-

Fellow-Prisoner with another unfortunate old Man, and that they might both bewail together their common Misfortune. But represent to your self his Amazement, when, being come into the Chamber where he was to be confin'd, he perceiv'd his Brother *Adis* to be the Companion of his Misfortunes. When they saw each other, they flew into one another's Arms, and remain'd clasp'd a considerable While in strict Embraces, while their Eyes were bathed in Tears; nor could they express the Joy that seized them. At length, *Daby*, recovering a little from his Transport, began to speak: O Brother, cry'd he, is it possible that I have found you again: But alas! added he, in what Place are we met! Ought we to thank Heaven, for having brought us together; since it seems to have made us meet again only to be reciprocal Witnesses of our Slavery? Brother, answered *Adis*, though Time seems to increase our Misfortunes, instead of lessening them, I hope, nevertheless, we shall soon cease to be unhappy: The fantastical Judgment of the People of this Island gives me that agreeable Hope. As for me, replied *Daby*, I cannot flatter my self; the Princesses, that load us with Chains, are not of an Age to be able to make us retake our former Shapes. After this, these two Brothers ask'd one another, what had happen'd to each of them since their Separation. *Daby* related all his Adventures, how he had met with *Cadiga*, and all that had befallen him till then, nor did he omit the least Circumstance of it. As soon as he had finished his Account, *Adis* said to him; What you have told me, confirms me in my Opinion, or rather leaves me no Room to doubt of

an approaching Happiness. Yes, Brother, the happy Minute, that will restore us to our natural Features, and re-instate us in the Possession of the Privileges of our Kind, of which we have been so long deprived, is at length at Hand. You will be convinced of it, as well as my self, when you have heard what I am going to tell you.

I was living, continued he, in the Town that the Brachman *Canfon* had prescribed me for my Abode. I was continually imploy'd in searching to no Purpose for a young Beauty, that would take a Fanny for my frightful Figure, when one Night I saw in a Dream, a Country-Girl of about seventeen or eighteen Years old, that said to me; *'Tis in vain that you flatter your self with the Hope of finding in this Town a young Person that can love you. If you wou'd have that Prodigy come to pass, embark for the Island of Sumatra. Look on me, you shall be one Day subject to the Power of my Eyes.* The young Lass was wondrous beautiful, and I was smitten with her Charms. I would have spoken to her of the Love with which she had inspired me; but she gave me not Time, for she disappear'd, and I waked.

This Dream seem'd mysterious to me. I did not look upon it as a Chimæra. I got ready to go to *Sumatra*. I went to the nearest Sea-Port, and made use of the first Opportunity that presented it self. A Tempest, which I cannot believe to have been natural, drove us out of our Course, as another did you, and forced us into the Harbour of this City. Queen *Scheherbanou* was then abroad, and her Sister, the Princess *Mul-kara*, ruled in her Absence. When the People
saw

saw me, they extoll'd my Decrepitness, as much as the other Nations of the World would praise a heavenly Beauty, that should appear to them all on a sudden. The Officers of the Palace carried me in triumph to *Mulkara*, who, not Proof to the Charms of my extream old Age, declar'd her Love for me, much after the same Manner that the Queen express'd hers to you. I imagined at first, as well as you, that she made a Jest of me, and that these Islanders used me as they did, only to divert themselves at my Expence. This made me laugh at first, when the Princess began to praise me. But she press'd her Suit so home, that I perceiv'd my Error; I lost all Patience, and, in my furious Transports, I talk'd as disrespectfully to *Mulkara*, as she did extravagantly and passionately to me. Our Conversation ended very ill, The Princess, inflam'd with Rage and Indignation, order'd me to be thrown into this Prison, where she is resolv'd I shall continue, till I have more favourable Thoughts of her, and ask her Permission to expiate at her Feet the Outrage I have offer'd her Charms. I find my self but little disposed to do what she expects of me, and I prepare my self to suffer a long Imprisonment. But what comforts me in my Misfortune is, that at least I am with a Brother, whom I love tenderly, and whose Presence will render my Troubles the more supportable.

Here *Adis* left off speaking, and *Dahy* said to him; I cannot enough admire one Circumstance of your Story. The Country-Lass, that you saw in your Dream, surprizes me, as well as what she said to you. I am astonished at the Resemblance between your Dream and *Cadiga's*. That Particular seems not less wonderful to me,

than it does to you, replied *Adis*, and what, above all the rest, will perhaps heighten the Wonder, is, that the Country-Girl, I spoke to you of, is always in my Mind. Her Image is so deeply rooted in my Breast, that I believe I see it every Moment.

While *Adis* and *Dahy* were talking thus together, the Captain of the Queen's Guards came into the Tower, and said to them; Indiscreet old Men, hear, and be astonish'd both of you at the Goodness of our lovely Sovereign, and of the Princess her Sister. Instead of ordering you to be punished for your Disrespect towards them, they forgive you; they are not only willing to forget what is past, but they are also resolved to cause divine Honours to be paid you.

The Captain thought to make his Court to the Genii, by bringing them this News; but, far from thanking him for it, they treated him very ill. They refused to follow him, and he, having Orders to carry them to the Pagod, would not be disappointed. He caused them to be seized by the Guards, who carried them thither in spite of their Teeth. The Chief Priest and the Ministers of the Pagod came to receive them at the Door. They had all long Gowns that trail'd on the Ground, and on their Heads Straw-Hats that were painted with different Colours. They sung in Honour of these two new Divinities certain Verses, the Sense of which was, That these two wonderful old Men had gone through all the Islands of the Ocean, and had conquer'd them by the sole Lustre of their Charms; and that, by a Preference, would excite the Envy of all the Nations in the World, they were come to fix their Abode in the Island of Queen Scheherbanou.

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At each Couplet that they sung, they bowed their Heads very low to the Genii: After these first Honours they caus'd them, amidst the Acclamations of all the People, who were assembled together, to mount upon a large Scaffold, built six or seven Foot high, on which two small Thrones of Mat were rais'd on Purpose for them. This Scaffold was erected in the Midst of the Place, that was set apart for the Worship of the Pagod. And beneath the Scaffold was raised an Altar, upon which they were to sacrifice a Goat and a Hog. *Atis* and *Daby*, judging it would do them no Service to oppose them, prudently resolved to suffer in Silence all the Extravagances of the Islanders: They sat upon their Thrones, and look'd at all the Assembly, whose Eyes they perceived were fixed upon them; they observ'd distinctly the Queen and *Mulkara*, with all the Princesses of the Blood, who were placed upon a little Amphitheatre apart.

They cut the Throats of the Victims, and burnt with them a prodigious Quantity of Incense of Hair, Feathers, Parchment, and Dung. This fail'd not to raise so thick a Smoke, as would have choaked the two Divinities to which they were sacrificing, had they not been immortal. After these Fumigations, which made all the People cough and sneeze during the Ceremony, the Women and young Girls assembled around the Altar, and began to dance to Songs: But all of a sudden, the Dancing and Singing were stop'd, by an Event which occasion'd great Surprise in the Spectators. *Atis* and *Daby* lost their Forms of old Men, and retook their natural Figures: They were become such as they were,

when *Farzana* cast too tender an Eye upon them. What frightful Change! The Ministers of the Pagod, frighted at a Metamorphosis, from which they conceiv'd an ill presage, retired with Precipitation. The Women, who danc'd and sung, run shuddering from the Altar. The Queen, and the Princess her Sister, feeling their Tenderness changed into Horror, return'd to their Palace: In a Moment the Pagod was deserted. There remain'd no Body but the two Genii, who at first could scarcely believe their Eyes; nevertheless, being restor'd likewise to all the Knowledge belonging to their Condition, they knew that their Enchantment was unbound by two young Persons, who were fallen in Love with their Forms of old Men, and who, being disgusted with their new Figures had fled away with the rest.

As they were rejoicing at this Change, which had restored to them all the Advantages they had lost, they saw the Brachman *Cansou* appear on a sudden: He was accompanied by a young Girl, whom *Daby* knew to be *Fatima*, and *Adis* found so like the Person he had seen in the Dream, that he cried out as soon as he perceiv'd her, Ah! behold that fair Country-Girl, whose dear Memory I preserve in my Mind! Yes, *Adis*, then said the Brachman, it is the same, and it is to compleat your Happiness, that I have brought her to you. In short, my Children, continued he, looking on the two Genii, you are at last deliver'd from that cruel State, in which my Anger had plac'd you. 'Tis with Regret, that I have seen you so long in it: But I could not draw you out of it sooner. It was I, who by Dreams made you resolve to go to

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Sumatra, and it was I, who by the Tempests which I raised, conducted you hither, because I knew what would happen here to you. *Dahy*; added he, go, find out *Cadiga*, and give her the Pleasure of seeing her Sister again.

Dahy parted like Lightning, went into the Captain of the Guards Kitchen, took away *Cadiga*, and brought her to the Pagod. The two Sisters embraced several Times, with as much Tenderness as Joy. The Elder gave herself without Reluctance to the fair *Adis*, and the Younger, charm'd with the Sight of *Dahy's* Form, which, since her Dream, had always employed her Thoughts, consented willingly to make him happy. After that, *Canfon* said to the Genii: Adieu, my Children, you are no longer subject to my Power: I set you both free: Carry these young Persons where you please, and live all four together in a perfect Union: At these Words, he disappear'd, and the two Brothers retir'd with their Mistresses into an Island inhabited by Genii.

Commander of the Faithful, continued the old Man, who spoke to the Calif. This is the Story which I related to this young Man, and which made us both laugh. *Haroun Arraschid* and the fair *Sultannum* his Favourite, expressed to the old Man, that they were pleased with it, and at the same Time, bid the young Man speak in his Turn, which he did after this Manner.

Story

Story of Nasiraddole King of Mousel, of Abderrahmane, a Merchant of Bagdad, and the fair Zeineb.

A Young Merchant of Bagdad, called *Abderrahmane*, possessed immense Riches. He liv'd also like a Great Lord : Every Day the Principal Officers of the Calif, your Majesty's Predecessor, might be seen at his Table. All the People of Fashion of the City were welcome to him, as also all the Strangers that went to see him : He lov'd naturally to do good Offices to all People. Had any Body need of Credit or Money, they had Recourte to him, without fear of being denied, and the Persons, whom he had oblig'd already, never wearied his Generosity, when they implor'd his Succour anew. Nothing was talk'd of in the City, but his obliging Humour, and his generous Actions : The Qualifications of his Body answered those of his Mind ; he was handsome and very well shap'd : In a Word, he pass'd for an accomplish'd young Man.

One Day he came to a House where they sold Fyquaa ; he saw there a young Stranger of a good Mien, who was sitting alone at a Table : He went and sat down by him, and they both began to discourse of various Things ; the Stranger was much taken with the Merchant, nor was he less pleas'd with the Stranger : They were so satisfied one with the other, that they came the next Day to look for one another at the same Place : They met, and had a second Conversation together. There was such a Sympathy

pathy betwixt each other, that from that Day they struck a Friendship. The Stranger, by ill Luck for *Abderrahmane*, was obliged to be gone the next Day to return to *Monsel*, where he said he was born. Sir, said the Merchant to him, before you go, pray tell me who you are? I am to make a Journey to *Monsel* in a little Time, and I would gladly know where I may hear of you. The Stranger answer'd, You need but come to the King's Palace, and you will find me there. If you come thither, I shall be very glad to see you, and will shew you all the Civilities that lie in my Power. You shall then know who I am, and we will cement that Friendship that we have begun here.

Abderrahmane was sorry for the Stranger's going, and could not be easy but in the Hopes he had of seeing him again at *Monsel*, where his Affairs call'd him in a little Time after. He fail'd not to go presently to the King's Palace: He look'd at every body he met, to see if he could find out his unknown Friend, when he perceiv'd him in the midst of a Crowd of Courtiers, who seem'd to make their Court to him. He judg'd right that he was the Sovereign, as indeed he was the King of *Monsel*, *Nasiraddole* himself: That Monarch also saw him presently, and advanced to receive him. The Merchant prostrated himself before him, and continued with his Face to the Ground, till the King, raising him up himself, embrac'd him, took him by the Hand, and led him into his Cloier.

All the Courtiers were much amaz'd at the Reception their Master gave the young Merchant. Who is this Stranger? said they one to another: He must be a Prince, since the King treats him

him with such Distinction: The great Lords, who were most in their Sovereign's Favour, began from that Moment to fear and hate him, and the Courtiers, that waited for Preferment, had already taken a Resolution to make their Court to him.

Mean while *Nasiraddole* lock'd himself up alone with the Merchant of *Bagdad*, and gave him a thousand Caresses. My dear *Abderrahmane*, said he, I love you more than all those Men I have left to entertain you. Have not I Reason so to do? For there is nothing but Interest or Ambition that makes them observant of me, and perhaps there is not one of them that has a real Affection for my Person. Such is the Uneasiness of the Great, that they cannot be sure they are belov'd: The Favours they are in a Condition to bestow, take from them the Pleasure of not making a Question of it. But for your Sentiments, I have seen their Sincerity, and I know the Value of them. You gave me your Friendship without knowing who I was; I can therefore boast of having one Friend.

The young Merchant of *Bagdad* answer'd the King's kind Expressions in Terms full of Tenderness and Gratitude: After which that Prince said to him, During your Stay at *Monsel*, you shall lodge in my Palace, be served by my own Officers, and I will take Care that you shall pass your Time as agreeably as possible. He was as good as his Word, and neglected nothing that was capable of affording him Diversion. Sometimes he made him take the Pleasure of Hunting, and sometimes he gave him Consorts of Musick, which were performed to a Miracle, and almost every Day they eat and drank together.

It was almost a Year that the Merchant liv'd after this Manner, when he receiv'd Advice, that his Presence was absolutely necessary at *Bagdad*, if he would hinder his Affairs from falling into Disorder. He told the King the News he had receiv'd, and desir'd his Leave to return home. *Nasiraddole* consented, tho' with Regret; and in short, *Abderrahmane* forsook the Delights of the Court of *Moufel*. As soon as he was returned to *Bagdad*, he applied himself seriously to repair the Loss his Absence had made in his Affairs; and when he had restor'd them to a good Condition again, he fell once more to treating his Friends, to do Good to every Body, and to live at a greater Expence than formerly. He bought himself new Slaves, and took a Pleasure to have some of all the Nations in the World.

One Day a Merchant sold him a Female Slave that was a *Circassian*, and might be said to be one of the perfectest Creatures was ever seen. She was not full eighteen Years old, and her Name was *Zeineb*. He bought her for six thousand Sequins of Gold; but if he had given ten thousand, he had not paid too dear. Her great Beauty was not her only Merit, she was admir'd for her natural and improv'd Wit, for the Sweetness of her Humour, and a Temper that was always even and sedate, together with a tender, sincere, and faithful Heart. A Person so amiable could not chuse but charm *Abderrahmane*: He conceived a violent Passion for her, and he had the good Fortune to find *Zeineb* inclin'd to love him as well as he lov'd her.

While they were indulging themselves at their Ease in the Delights of their mutual Love, and making it their whole Business, the King of
Mou-

Monsel arriv'd without any Retinue at *Bagdad*, and alighted at the young Merchant's. *Abderrahmane*, said he, I have taken a Fancy to come once more *incognito* to see this City and the Calif's Court; or rather, I had a Desire to see you again. I am come to lodge with you: I flatter my self you will be as much pleas'd with my Company, as I was to entertain you in my Palace. The young Merchant, transported with the Honour he receiv'd, would have thrown himself at the Feet of *Nasraddole*, to shew him how sensible he was of it: But that Prince catch'd hold of him, and said, Wave all the Respect which you owe to the King of *Monsel*; look upon me no otherwise than as a Friend that is come to be merry with you; Let us live without Ceremony and Constraint; nothing is so sweet as Liberty; to tast the Charms of which, I now and then forsake the Court, and unking my self. I love to travel without a Train, that I may mix my self with private Persons, and I protect the Days which I spend after this manner are the happiest of my Life.

The young Merchant of *Bagdad*, to obey and please the King of *Monsel*, treated him with Familiarity. They began to live together as if they had been Equals: They every Day minded their Diversions: and *Nasraddole*, forgetting who he was, pass'd the Time as a private Man.

One Night, as they were at Table, and drinking the best Wines Hand to Fist, their Conversation turn'd upon the Beauty of Women. The King of *Monsel* boasted of the Charms of some Slaves in his Seraglio, and said there were not any in the World comparable to them. The Merchant of *Bagdad* could not hear this Assertion

tion without Concern; the Love he had for *Zeineb*, and the Wine which he had drunk, would not give him Leave to agree to it. Sir, said he to his Guest, I doubt not but you have very fine Women; but I cannot believe they surpass mine in Beauty. I have several Slaves which one cannot look on without Admiration, and amongst others a *Circassian*, whom Nature seems to have taken a particular Pleasure to form: That is to say, reply'd the King, that you love this *Circassian*. The Praise you give her is a Proof that you are smitten, but does not convince me that she is as charming as some of my Slaves. It is very easy to convince you, reply'd *Abderrahmane*. In saying that, he made one of his Eunuchs come to him, and whisper'd in his Ear; Go tell my Slaves to put on their richest Cloaths, and meet altogether in a light Room.

The Eunuch hasten'd to perform his Orders, and the Merchant continued at Table, saying to the Prince, Sir, you shall judge by and by your self whether you have Reason to think that your Seraglio contains the finest Women of *Asia*. I confess, answer'd the King, that I have a Desire to know if Love hath not blinded you.

They continued their Mirth and Drinking till the same Eunuch return'd again, and told his Master, That the Slaves were all together, and that they had forgot nothing that might contribute to set off their Beauty. Then the Merchant led the King of *Monsel* into an Apartment of the utmost Magnificence, where there were thirty young Slaves, beautiful, well shap'd, and all cover'd with Jewels. They were sitting upon Sofas of a Rose-colour'd Silk, flower'd with Silver. Some were playing upon the Lute, others
on.

on Tambours, and others again amus'd themselves with singing, while they waited the coming of their Master. They rose from their Seats as soon as they saw him, and, standing up, observed a modell Silence. *Abderrahmane* order'd them to sit down, and continue their Musick: They obey'd him in a Moment.

King *Nasraddole*, as great a Prince as he was, was oblig'd to own that he had not more lovely Persons in his Seraglio: He set himself to consider them one after the other: He began with those that play'd on the Lute, whom he thought very handsome. He found those that play'd on the Tambour no less agreeable; and when he came to examine the Singers, he saw one whose Beauty dazzled him. Is not this, said he to the Merchant, that *Circassian* of whom you spoke to me? Yes, Sir, reply'd *Abderrahmane*, it is the same. Am I a flattering Painter? Have you ever seen any thing fairer?

The Merchant of *Bagdad* waited the King's Answer, and he doubted not but it would be very glorious for *Zeineb*; but he was much astonish'd when he saw that the Prince, instead of praising the Beauty of that Slave, took on himself a serious melancholy Air, without telling him what he thought. This made him judge that the Monarch found *Zeineb* fairer than all the Women of his Seraglio, and that he was vexed at it. Sir, reply'd he a Moment after, in conducting him back to his Apartment, I am sensible I have presumed too much upon the Charms of *Zeineb*: I have, no doubt, extolled them too much to you. *Nasraddole* made no Answer to this neither; and when he was in his Chamber where he lay, he desir'd his Host to leave him alone,

alone, because he desir'd, as he said, to repose himself. *Abderrahmane* presently retir'd, persuaded that he was vex'd only to have found himself mistaken.

The next Day, in the Morning, the young Merchant went to the King of *Mouzel's* Rising: He believ'd he should have found that Monarch in a better Temper; but he surpriz'd him in a Sadness, which seem'd to make a strong Impression upon him. How do you do, Sir, said he to him? With what black Clouds are your Eyes surrounded? What is the Cause of this profound Melancholy, into which I see you plung'd? *Abderrahmane*, answer'd the King, I will go this Day for *Mouzel*: I carry with me an Affliction which Time perhaps will only increase. Let me go without asking me the Cause of it. No, Sir, replies the Merchant, I must beg you to tell it me. Hide it not from me, I conjure you. Have I not had the Imprudence to fail in the Respect I owe you? I have abused the Goodness which a great Prince hath shewn me; I have undoubtedly offended you. God forbid, reply'd *Nasraddole*, that I should complain of you! I complain of nothing but my ill Destiny. Once more, pursued he, do not ask what troubles me.

The more the King of *Mouzel* refus'd to declare the Cause of his Affliction, the more the Merchant of *Bagdad* press'd him to discover it. Mean while that Prince prepared for going, and had a Design to keep his Secret; but at length his Host obliged him by his Instances to reveal it. Well, *Abderrahmane*, said *Nasraddole*, as he was going away, you needs will know it, and I will tell it you: I love, or rather I adore,

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Zeineb. I could not see her, without receiving from her bright Eyes that fatal Love that disturbs my Rest. I desir'd to go without making this melancholy Confession to you; but you force it from me. Let not your Friendship reproach me with it: Alas! I shall expiate it but too much by all the Mischiefs I am about to suffer. Adieu. At these Words, he went away from the Merchant of *Bagdad*, and took the Road to *Monfel*.

This Discourse of *Nasiraddole* strangely surpriz'd *Abderrahmane*, who was a long Time after that Prince's Departure in recovering from the Disorder that affected his Senses. Ah! unhappy Wretch that I am, cry'd he, that I should shew *Zeineb* to the King of *Monfel*! Ought not I to have foreseen that he could not look upon her without being smitten with Love? He will languish in his Court: The Women of his Seraglio, how beautiful soever they are, will not be able to make him forget the fatal *Circassian* that employs his Thoughts. I judge by my self, a Heart that she hath charm'd, can never burn with any other Flame. I ought to reproach my self as long as I live that I have made a King unfortunate, who is still greater on the Score of his Virtues than his Crown: 'Tis I that, by the Transport of an indiscreet Lover, have broke the Course of his happy Days. In Return of all the Marks of Friendship that I have receiv'd from him, is it just that I should plunge a Dagger in his Heart? No, my dear Prince, no, *Abderrahmane* will not leave you in this cruel Condition to which he hath brought you. I am ready to sacrifice my self for you; I will surrender *Zeineb* to you, I am resolv'd I will.

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As soon as he had taken this Resolution, he call'd some of his Officers, and order'd them to prepare a Litter; afterwards he caus'd *Zeineb* to be brought to him, and said to her, You are no longer mine, you are the King of *Mouzel's*! 'Tis that Prince you saw last Night; he hath a violent Passion for you, he deserves your Love, you ought to submit without Difficulty, to the Gift I have made him of your Person.

At this Discourse the Slave fell a weeping; Is it possible, said she, that *Abderrahmane* can abandon me, after having sworn so many Times that he would love me eternally? Ah fickle Man! you love me no more, some other Beauty triumphs undoubtedly over the Power of my Eyes, and you would not put me from you, but to avoid the secret Reproaches that the Sight of me might give you. No, fair *Zeineb*, reply'd the Merchant, melting with Tenderness, you have no Rival, and I never loved you more than I do at this Moment. I swear by the Great Prophet's Tomb that is at *Medina*, that I never did. If that be true, said *Zeineb*, interrupting him hastily, Why must we part? My Heart bleeds for it, answer'd he, but I cannot bear that a Prince, for whom I have the most endearing Friendship, and who hath given me such Proofs of his, should languish away his Life in Love. When his Quiet is at Stake, I have no longer any Regard for my own. When I compare the Distance that Nature hath put betwixt that Rival and my self, there is nothing that I think my self not oblig'd to sacrifice to him; and besides, when I reflect that it is to make you the Favourite a mighty Sovereign; that Thought, I confess, softens the Rigour of the Violence I commit
upon

upon my self, in surrendring you. Go then, compleat the happy Destiny that waits you at *Monsel*, hasten to meet *Nasraddole*, and make the most lively Joy succeed in his Heart, to that Affliction which hath seized him.

At these Words, which he cou'd not pronounce without dropping some Tears, he order'd the Officers he appointed to conduct *Zeineb* to *Monsel*, to take her away presently from his Sight, for she too was drowned in Tears, and appear'd so afflicted, that he began not to be able to bear so moving a Scene. The Officers put her into the Litter with an old Slave, who waited on her, and took the Road which the King of *Monsel* had taken.

'Twas to no purpose that they made the best Speed they could, for the Litter went too slow to be able to overtake *Nasraddole*, who was mounted on a strong Arabian Horse; he arrived in his Capital several Days before *Zeineb*, who was no sooner come, but one of the Conductors hasten'd to the Palace, to acquaint the King, that *Abderrahmane* their Master had sent him this Slave.

It is not to be express'd how great were the Surprise and Joy of that Monarch, when he received the News. O generous Friend! cry'd he, were I not already convinced that thou art the most perfect Friend in the World, I could not now doubt of it, since thou preferr'st my Happiness to thy own.

He sent the Chief of his Eunuchs to receive her, and assign'd her a separate Apartment, that was the most convenient and magnificent in the Palace. She had not been long there, ere the Prince came to her; he approach'd her, and ob-

observing an Impression of Sadness in her Face, Fair *Zeineb*, said he, it is not hard to guess that your Heart disowns the Sacrifice which the generous *Abderrahmane* hath made me of you ; I see plainly that you come to *Monsel* rather as a Victim that is led to die, than as a haughty Beauty, that is brought to see a Sovereign kneel at her Feet ; you are more sensible of the Loss of a Man whom you love, than of the Conquest of a King who adores you. Sir, answer'd *Zeineb*, I ought to conform my Sentiments to the new Destiny that brings me hither ; I ought to applaud myself for the Happiness I have in being beloved by such a Prince as you : I will say more, I ought readily to forget the ungrateful Wretch, who hath abandon'd me, and give you his Place in my Heart. Why can I not, to revenge the Treason, conceive this very Moment for you, all that Passion which his perfidious Love could inspire me with for him ? But alas ! for my Misfortune, I am too much concern'd for the Traitor ; as long as I live, he will always be present to my Thoughts, and disturb without ceasing the Repose of my Life. The fair Slave, in speaking these Words, fell into Tears and deep Sighs, at which *Nasiraddole* was much concerned. Ah ! charming *Zeineb*, cry'd he, moderate your Sorrow, I conjure you, and permit me flatter myself, that Time, and my unfeigned Passion, may at last triumph over it ; take not from me this Hope, which can alone support my Life.

The King of *Monsel* thought it not enough to hold this Discourse to the fair Slave ; he cast himself at her Feet, and, adding to what he had already said, a thousand tender passionate Things, he made his utmost Efforts to comfort her, but
could

could not gain his Point; he even perceived, that the more he opposed her Grief, the more it increased; for which Reason he retired: He chose rather to leave *Zeineb*, than aggravate her Troubles by his Presence.

Let us now return to the Merchant of *Bagdad*. After his fair Slave was gone, he fell into a languishing Condition that nothing could drive away: It was in vain that he endeavour'd to forget her; *Zeineb* was always in his Mind, so that he could not be content: Ah miserable Wretch that I am! said he sometimes to himself, I find that I cannot live without *Zeineb*! Why then did I yield her up to the Possession of the King of *Moufel*? Is it not going beyond the Bounds of Friendship, to deliver to a Friend the Person we adore? Would *Nasraddole* have made the same Struggle in my Favour? Undoubtedly he would not: I am persuaded that he knows not the full Value of the Sacrifice I have made him; he imagines that I had no great Love for my fair Slave, since I gave him her without his asking me for her. And indeed, what happy Lover, that ador'd the Object of his Flame, ever renounced his Mistress out of Pity to a Friend? And yet I love *Zeineb* as much as Man can love. But alas! Whither does my Grief hurry me? What signifies it for me to condemn my self? I should do again what I have done, how great soever my present Afflictions be. The Prince, to whose Happiness I sacrifice my Love, bears in Mind the Value of the Offering, and is more worthy than my self to possess *Zeineb*.

It was in this Condition that *Abderrahmane* found himself; he was in Despair for the Loss

of his Slave, without being sorry for having yielded her to the King of *Moufel*. It was already three Months that he had led a melancholy Life, when the Grand Visier sent Officers to his House to secure him. They told him he was accus'd, for having in a Debauch held a Discourse very reflecting on the Commander of the Believers. And it was to no purpose that he protested he had not let the least Word drop which might offend the Calif, for they carry'd him to Prison. Two Lords of the Court, who were his private Enemies, had invented this Calumny to ruin him; and, upon their false Witness, the Grand Visier made him be imprison'd. It was also order'd the same Day, that all his Goods should be confiscated, his House raz'd, and that the next Day his Head should be struck off upon a Scaffold, which for that purpose should be erected before the Calif's Palace.

The Keeper of the Prison where he was, went in the Night time to tell him his Sentence. *Abderrahmane*, said he, I take a share in your Misfortunes, I am the more concern'd at them, because I have many Obligations to you: You have done me Service at two remarkable Times, when I had occasion for your Assistance: I have now an Opportunity of shewing my Gratitude: I resolve to set you at Liberty, to quit my Obligations to you: Go out of Prison, the Gates are open, fly, and escape the Punishment that attends you.

At this Discourse, *Abderrahmane*, transported with Joy, embraced the Keeper, and thank'd him for his Generosity; but, making a sudden Reflection on the Danger to which this Man exposed himself in letting him escape, said to him; You do not consider, that, in saving my Life,

you hazard your own. I will not abuse your Generosity, it is not just that I should let you perish for me: Trouble not your self about what will become of me, reply'd the Keeper; inform me only, are you guilty or innocent? Have you in short spoke of the Calif in disrespectful Terms? Hide nothing from me, it concerns me to know the Truth, I shall take my Measures accordingly. Heaven is my Witness, answer'd the young Merchant, that I never spoke of the Commander of the Faithful, but with all the Respect I owe him. If so, reply'd the Goaler, I know well enough what I have to do: If you were guilty, I would fly with you, but since you are not, I will remain here, and spare nothing to make your Innocence known.

Abderrahmane gave fresh Thanks to the Keeper, and went out of Prison: He took Refuge at one of his Friend's, who hid him in a Place of his House, where he believed he was safe. The next Day, the Grand Visier, being inform'd of the Prisoner's Escape, sent to find the Keeper, and said to him; O Wretch! Is it thus that thou dost thy Duty? Thou hast let a Criminal escape who was under thy Care, or rather, thou hast set him at Liberty thy self: If thou find'st him not in twenty four Hours, thou shalt suffer the Fate to which he was sentenc'd. My Lord, reply'd the Goaler, I do not refuse to die for him. I confess 'tis I that have further'd his Escape. I could not suffer him to perish. I open'd my Prison-Gates, and advised him to escape. I confess my Crime, and am ready to expiate it, by the Death that you had prepared for the honestest Man in *Bagdad*, and, I dare say, the

the most innocent. What Proof, reply'd the Visier, have you of his Innocence? The Protestations which he made me, answer'd the Keeper; *Abderrahmane* cannot tell a Lye. But you, my Lord, added he, give me leave to represent to you, that you have suffer'd your self to be too easily prepossess'd. Do you know well the young Merchant's Accusers? Are you so well assured of their Integrity, as to believe them on their Word? Are they not private Enemies to the Party accused? Are you certain that Envy and Hatred have not excited them against him? Take Care of suffering your self to be seduced by Impostors, and be fearful of shedding innocent Blood; for you know that one Day you will be obliged to give an Account of the Power with which you are invested; you will be rewarded, if you make a good Use of it, but will be punish'd for abusing it.

These Words, which the Keeper pronounced with Boldness, astonish'd the Grand Visier, and obliged him to pause a little within himself. He imprison'd the Goaler till fresh Orders, and resolved to omit nothing to discover whether the young Merchant's Accusers had made a faithful Deposition. Nevertheless, having already caused the House of the Party accused to be raz'd, and confiscated all his Estate, he would not give any Ground to suspect his Prudence; he order'd the Cady to search for *Abderrahmane* all about *Bagdad*.

Whilst the Cady's Lieutenant was searching the Country round with all his Officers, the young Merchant kept close at his Friend's, and judging by the Diligence they us'd to take him, that his Affair was very bad; and fearing least

the Cady should find him where he was, he form'd a Design to go to *Moufel*: I know there, said he, I shall be in Security, provided I can reach the Court of *Nafiraddole*, that Prince will soon make me forget my Misfortunes.

As soon as he knew that the Officers, wearied out in searching in vain for him, were returned to *Bagdad*, he left that City one Night, mounted on a good Horse which his Friend gave him, and took the Road of *Moufel*: He made so much Speed, that he was there in a short Time; he alighted at the first Inn, where he left his Horse, and then went to Court. All the King's Officers knew him again; This, cry'd they, is the Stranger that our Monarch is so fond of! He is welcome to Court. In a Moment the Noise of his Arrival spread through the Palace, and came to the Ears of *Nafiraddole*: That Prince presently sent for his Treasurer, and said to him in a low Voice; Go meet *Abderrhamane*, give him from me two hundred Sequins of Gold, tell him to go and trade with it, leave my Palace, and not return till at the End of six Months.

The Treasurer instantly acquitted himself of his Commission, which strangely surpriz'd the young Merchant. And indeed this was an unusual Way of receiving a Friend, and such as he had no Reason to expect of him. What now, cry'd he, Is it after this Manner that the King of *Moufel* receives a Man, whom he hath not disdained to look upon as his Friend? Have I done any thing to disgust him? Alas! I flatter'd my self that he would always have the same Sentiments for me, and that Hope was a Consolation to me in all my Misfortunes.

Trou-

Trouble not your self, said the Treasurer, the King loves you still, and he no doubt has some Reasons why he gives you not a better Reception; do that which he appoints you, perhaps you will have no Cause to repent it. The Merchant went from the Palace, and return'd to the Inn, not knowing what to think of *Nafiraddole*: What would he have me do, said he, with two hundred Sequins? I can carry on no great Traffick with such a small Sum; indeed if he had given me a thousand Sequins, I could have gone in Partner with some considerable Merchant, and begun my Fortune anew.

However, he took all the Measures possible to improve his Money, but it is not sufficient for a Merchant to mind his Business: To succeed in it, he must have good Fortune; if Fortune favours not his Diligence, all his Labour to enrich himself will be in vain. It was to no purpose that *Abderrahmane* gave himself much Trouble, for he lost by his Commerce; so that at the end of six Months, he had not above one hundred and fifty Sequins left. He appear'd at Court, the Treasurer came to him on the part of the King, and ask'd him, if he had still the two hundred Sequins? No, answer'd the young Merchant, I want a fourth Part of them: Since it is so, said the Treasurer, counting out fifty Sequins to him; there is your Sum compleat again, go hazard it once more, and return in six Months.

The Merchant was not less surpriz'd at this Discourse, than the last Time he had been at Court. What does *Nafiraddole* mean, said he to himself; is it thus that he pretends to reward my Services? Does he believe that by this he

makes me amends for the Sacrifice I made him of all that was most dear in the World to me? Ought he not to be asham'd to give me fifty Sequins? Is that a Present worthy of him? I will still, pursued he, do that which he orders me: I will return to the Palace in the Time limited, but it shall be the last Time, if I am not received in another Manner.

He bought fresh Goods, and began to trade; and did it with such good Fortune, that at the End of six Months he had gain'd near a hundred Sequins: He fail'd not to return to the King's Palace; the Treasurer went to receive him, and ask'd if he had the two hundred Sequins? I have almost three hundred, answer'd the Merchant; Fortune hath this Time been favourable to me. Since it is so, reply'd the Treasurer, I will conduct you to the King, he will no longer make any Difficulty of seeing you. At these Words, he took the young Merchant by the Hand, and led him to *Nasiraddole's* Closet. When that Prince saw him, he rose to receive him; and after embracing him several Times, O my dear Friend! said he, I doubt not but you were very much surpriz'd at the Reception was given you; you had Room, I own, to have expected a more agreeable one from me: But do not think the worse of me, I conjure you, you know Misfortunes are catching. I was inform'd of your Disgrace by a Merchant of *Bagdad*, of whom I inquir'd after you. I durst not give you Protection in my Palace, nor even see you, for fear of involving my self in your Misfortunes, which might have put me out of a Condition of serving you, when you should cease to be unhappy. But now, pursued

fu'd he, when ill Fortune seems to have left you, nothing hinders me from following the Emotions of my Friendship. You shall live from henceforth in my Court, and I will do my utmost Endeavours to make you forget the Ills which you have suffer'd.

Nasraddole gave effectively to the young Merchant an Apartment in his Palace, and appointed Officers to serve him. They spent the first Day together, and when Night was come, the King said to him; I will acquit my self towards you, in Recompence for the young Slave you gave me, though you lov'd her your self: I will pay you in the same Coin; I will surrender to you the Woman of the World that is dearest to me, I will send her to you this Night, on Condition that you marry her. Sir, reply'd *Abderrahmane*, I thank your Majesty for the Goodness you have for me, but suffer me to refuse the Honour you would do me, I can never love another Lady after *Zeineb*, and I conjure you not to constrain my Inclinations. Whatever Passion you may have for *Zeineb*, reply'd the King, I doubt much, whether you can see the Person I design for you, without conceiving a Love for her; all that I desire of you is, that you would have a little Conversation with her: If her Wit and Beauty have no Effect upon you, I will not press you to marry her. Sir, reply'd the Merchant, in Complaisance to you, I consent to see her, since you desire it; nevertheless be assured, that in spite of all her Charms, she will never fire my Heart with a new Flame.

In short, *Abderrahmane* retired to his Apartment, where he was no sooner come, but the

Chief of the Eunuchs, follow'd by a Lady veil'd, came to him, and said; Sir, this is the Person that the King my Master will give you, she is the fairest of his Women, he cannot at this Time make you a more valuable Present. In speaking these Words, he made a profound Bow to the young Merchant, left the Slave, and went away.

The Merchant of *Bagdad* saluted the Lady very civilly, and desired her to sit down on a great Sofa of blew Brocade, embroider'd with Gold: She sat down, and he, placing himself by her, said; O you! who under this Veil, represent the Sun cover'd with a Cloud; hear me, I conjure you. I am persuaded that the King's Design amazes you; you are afraid undoubtedly, that, willing to make my Advantage of his Generosity, I shall tie you by a lasting Band to my Condition, but cease to be apprehensive of such Violence. I love *Nafiraddole* too well, to rob him of an Object that he adores; and besides, I must confess I am insensible of the Sacrifice that that Prince would make me. Not having seen your Charms, this Confession, I hope, will not offend you.

He was silent after saying these Words, waiting the Slave's Answer, when all of a sudden she broke out into a Fit of Laughter, then lifted up her Veil, and the young Merchant knew her to be his dear *Zeineb*. Ah! my Princess, cry'd he, carry'd away by a Transport mix'd with Surprise and Joy, is it you then that I see? Yes, my dear *Abderrhamane*, answer'd she, it is your *Zeineb* who is restored to you; the King of *Monsel* is not less generous than you. As soon as he understood all my Tenderness, and
saw

saw that I would not yield to his Solicitations, he ended his Pursuit, and had not kept me here thus long, but to give me back into your Hands.

The fair *Zeineb* and the young Merchant passed the rest of the Night, in expressing mutually the Joy they had in seeing one another again, and for the Manner whereby they found themselves re-united. The next Morning, *Nasiraddole* came into their Apartment, they both cast themselves at his Feet to thank him for his Goodness. He raised them up and said, Happy Lovers, enjoy peaceably in my Court, the Pleasures of a perfect Union; to join your Hearts yet stricter, I will order Preparations for your Marriage; if I cannot cease to love *Zeineb*, at least my Love shall not appear, but only in the Benefactions with which I intend to compleat your Happiness.

In short, he was not satisfied to settle only large Pensions on them; he assign'd them above twenty thousand Acres of Land, exempt from all Duties; and, to add to their good Fortune, *Abderrahmane* received the agreeable News from *Bagdad*; that one of his Accusers, being stung with Remorse, had discover'd all to the Grand Visier, who, upon his Deposition, had put to Death the other, pardon'd the Goaler, and declared the Accused innocent. Upon this Advice, he took a Journey to *Bagdad*, went to the Visier, who restored him part of his Effects; but he gave all to the Keeper, who had so generously sav'd him, and return'd soon after to *Moussel*, where he spent the rest of his Days, with as much Tranquility as Pleasure.

The young Man who spoke to the Calif *Haroun Arraschid*, and his Favourite Mistress, finished here the Story of *Nasiraddole*, *Abderrahmane*, and *Zeineb*; and he received great Applause. The Calif praised much the Generosity of the young Merchant, and that of the King of *Mouzel*; and *Sultanum* fail'd not to commend to the Skies the constancy of the fair *Circassian*: Then the old Man, who had related the Story of the two Brother-Genii spoke, and said to the Favourite of the Commander of the Faithful. O my Princess! Since you love the Characters of faithful Women, I will, if you will give me leave, tell you the Story of *Repsima*: I believe the Recital of her Adventures will not seem tedious to you. *Sultanum* shew'd so much Desire to hear this new Story, that the Calif, bid the old Man relate it, and he, who naturally lov'd to talk much, ask'd no better, but began after this Manner.

The Story of Repsima.

A Merchant of *Basra*, call'd *Dukin*, left off his Business, to devote himself wholly to Religion: He was a Man who had been always very scrupulous in his Dealings, and consequently had got little Wealth; he liv'd in a small House in the out-parts of the City with his only Daughter, whom he had educated in the Fear of the Most High. They both fasted not only on the Days of Obligation, but often likewise to mortify themselves. In short, all their

their Time was employ'd in Prayer, and reading the *Alcoran*. They liv'd content with their Condition, and wanted nothing, because they desired nothing.

What Care soever *Rep-sima* took, that was the Name of the Daughter of *Dukin*, to avoid the Sight of Men, and to live intirely secluded from the World, she was soon disturb'd in her Solitude: The Fame of her Virtue attracted several Men, who ask'd her in Marriage of her Father, and she would have had a great Number of Admirers, had it been known that her Beauty was equal to her Virtue. *Dukin*, when he consider'd the Mediocrity of his Fortune, desired, that his Daughter would marry some rich Merchant; but she shew'd such an Aversion to Marriage, that he durst not engage her into that State, for Fear of offering too much Violence to her Desires. No, no, my Father, said she to him, as often as any Lover offer'd himself to court her, I will not leave you: Suffer me to partake with you in the sweetness of the quiet Life which you lead.

They both liv'd together for some Years, in the Manner as I have said; after which *Dukin* was taken away by the Angel of Death. *Rep-sima*, seeing her self deprived of the Support of her Father, lift up her Hands and Eyes to Heaven, praying in these Words; O thou, who art the only hope of Persons in Despair, the sole Refuge of Orphans, Heaven, that forsakest not the Unfortunate, who implore thy Succour with Confidence; thou, who hearest the Voice of the Innocent that sigh, reject not my Prayer. Thou art all Powerful; thou canst preserve me; deliver

deliver me from all the Dangers that threaten my Innocence.

After the Funeral of *Dukin*, all the Family represented to *Repsima*, that she could no longer with Decency continue in that Solitude, and that she ought to marry. At the same Time, they propos'd to her a young Merchant, nam'd *Temim*, of whose Prudence and Honesty they much boasted; she could not, at first, relish an Advice so contrary to her Thoughts; but at length, having in her Prayers consulted the great Prophet, she believ'd her self inspir'd, and this was enough to make her determine to marry *Temim*; the Marriage was consummated a little Time after.

She found in her Husband, besides the Riches they had spoken to her of, a Man inclin'd to love her passionately. *Temim* was every Day more and more fond of her, and, charm'd with having a Wife of such rare Merit, he esteem'd himself the happiest of Men. But alas! his good Fortune was not long liv'd. Tremble Mortals, when you find your selves at the Height of your Wishes; that Instant, which is to be the last of your Felicity, is perhaps just at hand.

Temim a Year after his Marriage was oblig'd to make a Voyage upon the *Indian Coast*; he had a Brother, whom he entrusted with the Care of his Affairs at Home: My dear Brother, *Revende*, said he, let *Repsima* have your good Company during my Absence, and husband well my Estate: I need say no more to you; I judge of you by my self; I believe my Interest is not less dear to you than your own. Yes, my Brother, answer'd he, you have a great

great deal of Reason to put an intire Confidence in me; and there is no need of recommending your Interests to me, the Blood and Friendship betwixt us will not permit me to neglect them.

Upon this Assurance, that *Revende* gave to *Temim*, to have a great Care of his Family; he parted from *Basra*, and embark'd upon the Gulph in a Vessel that went for *Surat*. As soon as he was gone, his Brother came into the House, and made a thousand Protestations of Service to *Repsima*, who receiv'd him very kindly. *Revende* unfortunately fell in Love with his Sister-in-law, He stifled his Passion for some Time, but it insensibly got the Mastery of him, and he declared it. The Lady, though provok'd with the Boldness of her Brother, spoke to him mildly, and desired him to speak no more of any such Thing: She represented to him the Outrage he offer'd to *Temim*, and the little Advantage he could expect from such guilty Thoughts.

Revende, seeing that his Sister-in-law took the Thing so gently, despair'd not to gain her, and became more bold. O my Queen! said he, all that you can say upon this Subject will be in vain, rather harken to my Sighs, and accept of my Service. I will bind my self with the Girdle of Bondage, and be your Slave till Death. Let us agree together, and keep our Intrigue so private, as to secure ourselves from Detraction. At this Discourse *Repsima* could not contain her Anger. Ah! wicked Wretch! said she, thou carest for nothing but to hide thy Crime from the World; thou fearest only to be ill spoken of. Thou makest no Conscience to in-
jure

jure thy Brother, and offend Heaven who sees to the Bottom of thy Soul. But cease to flatter thy self; I had rather die a thousand Deaths, than satisfy thy criminal Passion.

Another, less brutal than *Revende*, would have been startled at these Words, and had a greater Value for *Repsima*. As for him, seeing he could not seduce her, he resolv'd to revenge himself by her Ruin. And see how he set about it. One Night as she was at Prayers, he caus'd a Man to enter privately into *Temim's* House: This Man introduced himself softly into the Lady's Chamber; when *Revende*, follow'd by four Witnesses, which he had suborn'd, broke open the Door of the House, and running where his Sister-in-Law was; Ah! base Woman, said he, have I surpriz'd you with a Man? Is it thus that you dishonour my Brother? I have brought Witnesses, so that it cannot avail you to deny your Crime. Wicked Creature, that outwardly affectest an austere Virtue, when at the same Time thou committest the most infamous Actions in Private. In saying this, he made such a Noise that he awak'd all the Neighbourhood, and made the Scandal publick.

It was by this treacherous Artifice, that *Revende* made his Sister-in-law pass for an Adulteress; he was not content with that, he run to the Cady with his four Witnesses, he inform'd him of the Adventure and demanded Justice. The Judge presently interrogated the Witnesses; and, upon their Deposition, charg'd his Lieutenant to go and seize on *Repsima*, and to put her in Prison till the next Day. The Lieutenant obey'd his Orders, and the Day following, the Person accused was condemned to be buried
alive,

alive upon the high Road. This rigorous Decree was executed. They conducted the Victim a League out of the City, with a vast Concourse of People, and buried her up to the Breast in a Grave where they left her.

As the People returned to the Town, they spoke variously of *Temino's* Wife. This is Calumny, said some : This Affair hath been judg'd too rashly, said others. This Woman always appeared so Prudent and Virtuous ! There is no Trust to be put in Women, said others. They are all but outward Shew. This Woman was justly condemn'd. In short, every one reason'd as they thought fit.

Repsima was thus upon the high Road, in the Condition I have told you, when in the middle of the Night, there pass'd by her an *Arabian* Robber mounted on Horseback. She call'd to him, Passenger, said she, whoever you are, I conjure you to save my Life. I am unjustly buried alive. In the Name of God, have pity on me, and deliver me from the cruel Death which waits me ; this good Work will not be long without a Reward. The *Arab*, though a Robber, was mov'd with Compassion. I will, said he, save this miserable Creature ; I have a Conscience loaded with a thousand Crimes, this charitable Action may perhaps incline the Most High to forgive me.

In making this Reflexion, he alighted, came near to *Repsima*, and after taking her out of the Ground, he remounted his Horse, and took the Lady behind him. Sir, said she, whither will you carry me ? I will conduct you, answer'd he, to my Tent, which is not far off : You will
be

Be secure there, and my Wife, who is the best Woman in the World, will receive you kindly.

They soon arrived amongst several Tents, where some *Arabian* Robbers dwelt: They alighted at the Door, and presently came a Negro and open'd it. The Robber presented the Lady to his Wife, and told her how he came to meet with her. The *Arab's* Wife was naturally charitable, and was sorry that her Husband follow'd the Business of Robbing. She gave *Repsima* a favourable Reception, and desir'd her to tell her Story.

The Wife of *Temim* began to relate it in Sighs. She spoke after a Manner so touching, that it melted her Hearers to Pity. The Robber's Wife was particularly affected. Fair Lady, said she to *Repsima*, with Tears in her Eyes, I am as sensible of your Misfortunes as your self, and you may depend upon it I am inclin'd to do you all the Service that lies in my Power. My good Lady, said the Wife of *Temim* to her, I thank you for your Goodness; I see clearly that Heaven will not forsake me, since I meet with Persons that take a Share in my Misfortunes. Give me leave to stay with you: Order me some solitary Retreat, where I may employ my Time in praying for you.

The *Arab's* Wife led her into a little Chamber, and said, You may be here very quiet; no Mischief will disturb your Prayers. It was a great Comfort for *Repsima* to have this Refuge: She constantly gave Thanks for it to Heaven. But alas! she was not at the end of her Troubles, other Misfortunes were destin'd to befall her.

A Ne-

A Negro, who belong'd to the *Arab*, and whose Business it was to dress the Horses, and to drive the Cattel to Field, and bring them back, cast one Day a profane Eye on *Repsima*. How beautiful she is, said he to himself, and how happy should I be if I could gain her Love! *Calid*, for that was his Name, who was one of the most frightful Monsters of his Kind, entertained Hopes that he might become the happy Lover. This Hope, and the Beauty of the Object beloved, which he often saw, increas'd his Love, and inflam'd it to such a Degree, that he resolv'd to declare it upon the first Occasion that presented. This soon offer'd: He laid hold of it one Day when the *Arab* and his Wife were gone out of their Tent. He enter'd into the Chamber of *Repsima*. 'Tis a long Time, said he, that I have waited for an Opportunity to speak with you in private, to tell you, that I die for Love of you: I shall certainly lose my Life, if you deny me Relief. Ah Wretch! answer'd she, canst thou imagine thy self to be worthy my Notice? Wert thou the handsomest and best form'd of all thy Sex, thou couldst not reap any Advantage from thy foolish Passion, and yet thou flatter'st thy self with Hopes of pleasing me? Be gone hence, Impudence, for I cannot but with Horror cast my Eyes upon thee. If ever, pursued she, thou happen'st to speak to me of Love, I will acquaint thy Master, who shall punish thy Insolence.

She spoke these Words with so much Earnestness, that he plainly perceived so fair a Conquest was never reserv'd for him. But, being not less wicked than *Revende*, he thought of revenging himself of a Woman who despis'd his Love.

He set about it in a very extraordinary Manner. The *Arab* had a Son in the Cradle, and this Child was the Delight of his Father and Mother. One Night *Calid* cuts off the Head of this Infant, and, carrying the Dagger with which he committed this barbarous Action into *Repfima's* Chamber, the Door of which he open'd without making any Noise, he laid it all bloody under the Bed of that Lady as she lay asleep. Besides, he sprinkled some Drops of Blood from the Cradle wherein the Infant lay to the Bed of the innocent *Repfima*, upon whom he design'd the Suspicion of the Murder should fall; and at the same Time he blooded her Cloaths.

The next Morning, as soon as the *Arab* and his Wife perceived the Child in the Condition wherein the Negro left him, they made terrible Shrieks, tore their Faces, and put Ashes upon their Heads. *Calid* ran to their Cries, and ask'd what was the Matter, as if he had been ignorant of it. They shew'd him the Cradle, bath'd in Blood, and their Son without Life. At this Sight he feign'd an extream Fury: He tore his Cloaths, and, howling, wrung his Hands, and cry'd; O unheard of Cruelty! O detestable Treason! Could I but know the Author of this horrid Deed? If I had hold of him this Moment, I would tear him to pieces. But, added he, perhaps it may be discover'd, and we may follow the bloody Steps of the Murderer. At these Words, his Master and he follow'd the Drops of Blood, which conducted them to *Repfima's* Chamber. The Negro takes the Dagger from under the Bed where he had put it, and at the same Time observed to the *Arab*, that the Lady's Cloaths were bloody; then said,
O Ma-

O Master, you see after what Manner this Wretch repays the Favours you have shewn her.

The *Arab* stood astonish'd, when he saw there was room enough to suspect *Repsima* of having committed such a cruel Action. O miserable Woman, said he, is it thus thou keep'st the Laws of Hospitality? Why hast thou shed the Blood of my Son? What had that poor Innocent done to thee to arm thy cruel Hand against his Life, which was scarce begun? O inhumane! the Services I have done thee deserved another kind of Reward. In saying this, he burst out in Tears, and fell into the utmost Despair. O my dear Master, said *Calid* to him, ought you to speak in these Terms to this abominable Stranger? Are you satisfied with reproaching her? Rather bury in her Breast the fatal Ponyard which she has made use of to murder your only Son. If you will not revenge your self, leave it to me; I will punish this cursed Woman, who has bath'd her self in the Blood of an Infant. Speaking these Words, he took the Dagger, and offer'd to plunge it into the Heart of *Repsima*, who was so surpris'd with what she was accus'd of, that she was perfectly silent.

She had not Strength to speak to justify her self, and the Negro was going to strike, when the *Arab* held back his Arm: What do you do? said *Calid* to him: Would you hinder me from chastizing a wicked Creature, who has thus impiously transgressed the Laws of Hospitality? Ah! forbear to oppose my Design! Suffer me to clear the Earth of a Monster, who will hereafter commit yet greater Crimes, if she be forgiven this. At these Words, he lifted up his Arm a second time,

time, to give a mortal Blow to *Repsima*; but the *Arab* still held him, and forbid him to kill her. The Robber was Master of his Reason in this Despair; and, tho' the Circumstances were against the Wife of *Temim*, he could scarcely think her guilty. He wanted to know what she would say to justify her self: He asked her why she had assassinated the Infant? She answer'd, That she knew nothing of the Matter, and cry'd so bitterly, that the Robber pity'd her. The Negro perceiving it, would, in spite of his Master's Command to the contrary, have stab'd the Lady. The Eagerness he observed in him to kill her, displeas'd the *Arab*, so that he commanded him to retire. Go *Calid*, said he, you carry your Zeal too far; I see no Reason to take away the Life of this Woman: I believe her innocent, notwithstanding the Circumstances condemn her.

The Robber's Wife, how deeply soever she was afflicted for the Death of her Son, could not likewise persuade her self that *Repsima* was capable of committing the Crime laid to her Charge. It would be better, said she to her Husband, to send away this Woman, without doing her any Mischief, than to kill her, without being assured that she is guilty. The *Arab* approved that Opinion, and said to *Repsima*, Whether you are innocent or guilty, I shall give you no farther Shelter here. As often as my Wife and I should see you, we should remember this Loss of our Son, and your Presence would every Day renew our Affliction. Go from this Tent, and seek for Refuge where you please; you ought to be satisfied with our Moderation. Instead of taking
away

away your Life, I will give you Money to subsist on.

Repfima prais'd the Justice of the *Arab*, and said to him, That Heaven was too just not to let him one Day know the Author of that Crime; then she thank'd him for the Goodness he had shewn her: But, when he presented her a Purse, in which were a hundred Sequins, she said to him, Keep your Money, and leave me to Providence, that will take care of me. No, no, reply'd he, I will have you take these Sequins, they will not be useless to you. She accepted them, and, after begging the Robber's Wife not to think any Ill of her, she went from the *Arab's* Habitation.

She marched all Day without resting, and at the Close of the Day she arrived at the Gates of a City which was not far from the Sea. She knock'd by chance at the Door of a small House, where an old Woman liv'd, who came to open it, and ask'd her what she wanted. O Mother! answer'd *Repfima*, I am a Stranger, I am just come into this Town; I know no body here; I beg of you to be so charitable as to let me lodge with you. The old Woman consented, and let her have a little Room. Then the Wife of *Temim* took out of her Purse a Sequin, and gave it her Hostess to provide Supper for her. The old Woman went into the Town, and returned in a little Time with some Dates, and wet and dry'd Sweetmeats, of which they both eat. Then *Repfima* told her Story to the old Woman, who was much concerned at it, and after that they both went to Bed.

The next Day the Wife of *Temim* had a Desire to go into the Baths: The old Woman went with

with her. As they were on their Way, they saw a young Man who had his Hands ty'd, and a Rope about his Neck, with the Executioner leading him to Punishment, and a Crowd of People following him. *Repsima* ask'd what Crime that young Man had committed. They said it was a Debtor, and the Custom of that City was to hang those who could not pay their Debts. How much does he owe? said the Wife of *Temim*. Sixty Sequins, said one of the Inhabitants to her. If you will pay it for him, you will save his Life. Very willingly, reply'd she, taking out her Purse of Money. To whom shall I give it. Immediately they let the Cady, who was attending the young Man to Execution, know, that a Lady offer'd to pay the young Man's Debts. The Creditor came, and *Repsima* paid him sixty Sequins, and the Debtor was discharged immediately. All the People, charin'd with the Generosity of the Stranger, busied themselves to know who she was, which was the Reason that, instead of going to the publick Baths, she took Leave of her old Hostels, and went out of the City to avoid the importunate Curiosity of the Inhabitants.

Nevertheless, the young Man, who had escap'd Death, inquir'd after his Deliverer, to return Thanks to her; and when it was told him that she was gone out of the City, he inform'd himself of the Road she had taken, and march'd after her. He overtook her by the Side of a Fountain, where she had stopt to rest her self: He saluted her very respectfully, and offer'd to be her Slave, as a Proof of his Gratitude. No, said she to him, I would not have you buy so dear the Service I have done you. You have
not

not so much Obligation to me as you imagine. It is not for the Love of you that I have sav'd you from Death, it is only for the Love of God.

While she was speaking in this Manner, the young Man had his Eyes fix'd upon her, and, being struck with her excellent Beauty, became in Love. He declared instantly his Passion, and, being persuaded he could not find a fairer Opportunity of shewing himself lively and urging, he cast himself at the Feet of *Repfima*, and conjur'd her in the most passionate Terms to answer to the Ardour she had inspir'd him with. But the chaste Spouse of *Temim*, instead of looking with Pleasure on a kneeling Lover, flew into Rage, and treated him not more favourably than she had the Negro. O Villain! said she to him, thou knowest well that but for me thou had'st not been now in the World: The most infamous Hand had taken away thy Life, and darest thou attempt my Honour? Thou art very insolent to entertain me with thy Desires. Fair Lady, answer'd the young Man, I cannot think I give you any Cause of Offence, by declaring all the Sentiments which Gratitude and your Beauty have created in my Heart. Is it such a great Affront to tell you that you have charmed me? Hold thy Tongue, Wretch, cry'd *Repfima*, cutting him short, think not that thou shalt incline my Virtue to hear thee: 'Tis in vain that thou hid'st thy ill Designs under submissive and respectful Words: I discover them well, in spite of thy Flattery. Away, be gone, oblige me not to repent of the Service I have done thee.

The Air, with which she pronounced these Words, made the young Man know, that he had
nothing

nothing to hope for. He rose without saying any thing more, and advanced to the Sea-Side. He saw a Vessel stop, and the Ship's Crew a landing. 'Twas a Merchant of *Basra* going to *Ceylan*. He came to them, and ask'd for the Captain. I have, said he to him, a Female Slave perfectly handsome, which I would sell: She loves me not; I am resolved to be rid of her: I left her by a Fountain-Side a little Way off. Buy her, I will sell her a good Penny-worth; you shall have her for three hundred Sequins. I'll take you at your Word, reply'd the Captain, provided she be as young and handsome as you say she is.

Upon this, the young Man led the Captain near the Fountain, where *Repsima*, after having made the Ablution, was at Prayers. The Captain had no sooner seen her, but he paid the three hundred Sequins to the young Man, who return'd back to the Town.

The Merchant, who had bought *Repsima*, came near her, and said, O ravishing Beauty, I am overjoy'd at my Bargain; I am a Judge of Slaves; I have bought above a thousand in my Life-time; but I confess you exceed them all. Your Eyes are more brilliant than the Sun, and your Shape is incomparable.

This Discourse much surpris'd *Repsima*; but she was much more amaz'd when the Captain reach'd out his Hand, saying, Let us go, my Princess, I will put you on board, and you shall be in my own Cabin. We shall put to Sea immediately: You shall go with me to *Serendib*; and, at our Return to *Basra*, you shall be Mistress of my House and Riches, for I intend not to sell you. If I have bought you of that young

Man you could not love, only to make you the happiest Person in the World. I will have all the Tenderness and Complaisance imaginable for you. At these Words, which *Repsima* heard very impatiently, she interrupted the Captain: What is that you say to me? cry'd she. I was never a Slave: I am free, and no Person hath a Right to sell me. In speaking after this manner, she thrust back the Captain's Hand very angrily.

He was naturally rough and violent; and, shock'd at the manner of her receiving those obliging Things he fancied he had said to her, he chang'd his Language all of a sudden, and took another Tone: What now, little Woman, said he, is it thus thou speak'st to thy Master? I have bought thee with my Money: Thou art my Slave; I will carry thee by Force or Inclination. Speaking thus, he took her under his Arm, and, in spite of her Resistance, he bore her away, as a Wolf bears a Sheep that is stray'd from the Shepherd. It was in vain that she made the Air resound with her Cries; he put her on board, and immediately the Ship set Sail.

The Captain let *Repsima* alone for some Days to come to her self; but not seeing that she regarded more favourably any Marks of Tenderness that he could give her, he lost all Patience, and would oblige her one Day to shew more Complaisance to his Love. She found her self no ways inclin'd to yield to the Efforts of her Tempter, who, on his Side, having no longer any Command of his Passion, would have obtained by Force the Satisfaction she refus'd him; when a terrible Storm surpriz'd them, and put the Ship's Crew in Dismay. There arose all of a

Sudden so furious a Wind, that in an Instant the Masts of the Vessel were brought by the Board, the Tackle broken, and the Sails carry'd away. The Sailors not knowing what to do, and the Pilot leaving the Vessel to the Mercy of the Wind and the Waves, cry'd out upon the Deck, O Passengers, if any of you hath committed any heinous Crimes, and violated the Laws of *Mahomet*, let him ask Pardon of Heaven; there is no Time to be lost; we are all going to perish. Accordingly the Tempest increased, and the Ship, after having some time struggled against the Waves, sunk at length to the Bottom.

All the People of the Ship perish'd but *Rep-sima* and the Captain: They were both saved upon Planks, and each made the Land at different Places. The Wife of *Temim* was carried by the Waves upon the Coast of an Island well inhabited, and which was governed by a Woman. There were then by chance a great Number of Inhabitants upon the Sea-Side. As soon as they perceived *Rep-sima* upon the Waters, and then fortunately cast ashore on their Island, they look'd upon it as a Miracle. They flock'd about her, and ask'd her a thousand Questions. The better to satisfy their Curiosity, she related her Adventures to them, and beg'd them to grant her a Refuge, where she might live in Peace. The Islanders, charmed with her Beauty, Wit and Virtue, gave her a Retreat, where she spent several Years in Prayer.

The Inhabitants of the Island could not sufficiently admire the austere Life she led. They talked of nothing but the Stranger, and the Purity of her Life. She became in a little Time their Oracle. When any of them were to go a
long

long Voyage, or undertake any other Business; before they put it in Execution, they fail'd not to consult her, and she foretold them the Success of it. In short, she gain'd the Esteem of all the People; or rather, she was look'd upon as a Divinity: The Queen of the Island entertained such a Friendship for her, that she believed she could not do better, than give her to her People for their Sovereign, and accordingly she declared her her Heir, which was universally approved by all the Islanders; the Queen was then old, and died soon after. *Rep-sima* made some Difficulty to ascend the Throne, but the People obliged her, and they had no cause to repent of it, for she made them so happy, that they bless'd in Time that Shipwreck which had cast her on their Coast.

As soon as she was on the Throne, she applied her self entirely to the well governing of her Country. She made Choice of Visiers, whose Integrity equall'd their Capacity, and she took particular Care to do Justice to all People. She employ'd in Devotion, all the Leisure Minutes she cou'd spare from the Duties of her Station; she often fasted, and the more she saw her self honour'd by Men, the more she humbled her self to the Most High. Whenever a sick Person had Recourse to her, and besought her to supplicate Heaven to restore him to his Health, she redoubled her Prayers, and Heaven gave Ear to them. The Inhabitants of her Kingdom could not hold out against the Miracles they themselves were Witnesses of, but, renouncing the Worship of the Sun, which they till then had adored, they embraced the Mahometan Religion. She established the holy Laws of the

Prophet, and built Mosques upon the Ruins of Idolatry.

She likewise erected Hospitals for the Poor, and Imas for Travellers that came into the Island. She expended great Sums to provide those Places with all Things necessary; and this Establishment became so considerable, that in a little Time after there arrived in this Island, infirm People from all the Nations of the World, who upon the Fame of this Queen came to be cured of their Diseases.

One Day it was told *Repsuma*, that there were six Strangers in an Inn, that ask'd Leave to speak with her, that one of them was blind, another had the dead Palsy on one Side of his Body, and that another was Dropsical: She order'd them to be brought before her instantly; at the same Time she seated her self upon a magnificent Throne; she had on one Side of her fifty or sixty Slaves richly cloath'd, and on the other all the Grandees of her Court.

When the Strangers arrived in the Palace, two Lords introduced them to the Queen, who had her Face cover'd with a thick Veil, as also had all her Slaves. The Strangers prostrated themselves, and continued with their Faces to the Ground, till *Repsuma* order'd them to rise. Then she ask'd them what they desired of her, and where they liv'd. One of them spoke for the rest and answer'd; O Great Queen! may God make your Arms triumphant, may the Earth obey you, and Heaven bless you: We are miserable Sinners, and are come hither to beg, through your Majesty's Intercession, that the Almighty would pardon our Offences. Speak more clearly, reply'd the Queen; after she had
con-

consider'd them, I can do nothing for you, unless you relate your Adventures publicly, without stifling the least Circumstance. Upon this one of the Strangers answer'd, Princess, you shall be obey'd. I am a Merchant of *Basra*, I marry'd a young Woman, who had not then her Equal in the World; she was perfectly beautiful, meek, complaisant and virtuous. Being once obliged to take a Journey, I left her in my House: Mistress of her Actions, only I desired my Brother, who is this blind Man you see, to take Care of my Domestick Concerns. At my Return, he told me that he had found my Wife faulty, that she had dishonour'd my Bed, and, in short, that she was interr'd alive: That this Accident had so much afflicted him for my Sake, and that he had wept so much for Grief of it, that by that Means he had lost his Sight. Thus, Great Queen, added he, you have heard my Story, I humbly intreat you to restore my Brother to his Sight; I came hither to make your this Request, and have brought him with me. Here *Temim*, for it was him that spoke to *Repsma*, without knowing her, gave over speaking. He waited for the Queen's Answer, who was so surpriz'd to see her Husband, that she could not answer suddenly; but shaking off the Disturbance it gave her, she said to him: Is it true, that this Woman who was interr'd alive, was false to thee? What thinkest thou? I cannot believe it, reply'd *Temim*, when I call to mind all her Virtue; but alas! I have a blind Confidence in my Brother, and that makes me doubt of her Innocence.

When the Merchant of *Basra* had spoke after this Manner, the Queen said to him; 'Tis e-

nough, I know better than you if your Wife was justly condemn'd. I will inform you of it To-morrow, and we shall see whether your Brother can recover his Sight. Then another of *Temin's* Company spoke after this Manner. I have a Negro Slave, whom I bought and brought up from his Childhood; he hath been for some Years Paralytick on one Side, no Physician can cure him, therefore I came hither to recommend him to your Majesty's Prayers.

After the Queen had heard him, and knew him to be the Arabian Robber, with whom she had liv'd, and that the Paralytick was the black Slave who had attempted her Virtue, she said, Enough: I am well appriz'd of your Business, it shall be decided To-morrow; and for you, continued she, turning towards another; how came you Dropsical? O Queen! answer'd he, I know not what to attribute my Distemper to, except it be the Violence which I wou'd have offer'd to a fair Slave, whom I bought some Years ago of a young Man, who sold her me by the Seaside.

The Queen at these Words look'd upon the Hydropick, and knew him to be the Captain to whom she her self had been sold; she did not make as if she knew him more than the rest, and left him to pursue his Discourse. I look upon my Misfortune, added he, as a just Punishment from Heaven. And for me, cry'd out one of the Strangers, I take the Madness that seizes me now and then, as a Punishment which I well deserve, for having sold you the same Slave whom you forc'd aboard against her Will. I am indeed more blameable than you, for she was a free Person, to whom I ow'd my Life, and in Ac-
know-

knowledge of it, I sold her to you as a Slave.

These Words made *Repina* likewise understand, that the Man who spoke last, was the very same, whose Life she had purchas'd for sixty Sequins. Then she said to the six Strangers, I shall offer up my Prayers for you, and do all I can possibly to procure your Relief. Return to your Inn, and come here again To-morrow at the same Hour. The Blind and the Paralytick may be cured, provided that they make a sincere Confession of the Crimes they have committed. I know their Adventures, but I absolutely require of them to be sincere, and that they mix not in their Relation the least false Circumstance; for, if they should, they will repent of it; instead of interesting my self in their Behalves, I will punish them rigorously: For the others, continued she, I promise them I will from this Moment intercede for them, for they have spoken Truth.

The six Strangers went to their Inn, four of them being already well satisfied; the Brother of *Temim*, and the Negro-Slave only remain'd troubled. They would rather have continued all their Lives in their present Condition, than be obliged to make a publick Confession of their Treachery and their Malice; they strove to hide their Chagrin from the Eyes of those they had offended; they pass'd the Night without finding the least Repose.

Nevertheless the next Morning they were forc'd to follow the rest; they all came to the Palace together, and appear'd before the Queen, who was upon her Throne as the Day before. Well, said she, as soon as she saw the Blind and the

Paralytick, Are you resolved to hide nothing from me? Woe to either of the two that speaks not the Truth! Then the Negro advanced, all confounded with Shame and Fear; he found a Lye would not answer his Purpose, and therefore resolved to risque all that could happen, by making a sincere Relation of what happen'd at his Master's upon the Account of *Repsima*. He own'd that he had entertain'd a violent Passion for that Lady; and at last finding himself despis'd by her, he, to ruin her, had kill'd the Arab's only Child.

When the Negro had own'd all, This, said said he, is my Crime, and Heaven is my Witness that I repent of it. Ah Traytor! cry'd the Arabian Robber, transported with Rage, Is it to thee then that the Death of my only Child is owing? O Queen! added he, addressing himself to *Repsima*, permit me to strike off his Head this Moment: A wicked Wretch, capable of such an Action as this, is not worthy to live. No, answer'd the Queen, I will not give you Leave to take away his Life. I understand you, Princess, reply'd the Arab, you justly oppose my Rage; it is much better that the Wretch should remain Paralytick, Death will too soon put an End to his Torments. You are mistaken, reply'd *Repsima*, 'tis not to prolong his Miseries that I will have him live; since he repents of his Crime, I will pray to the Most High to forgive him. Then she cast her self at the Foot of the Throne, and they presently saw the Body of the Negro regain its former Motion.

All the Spectators were surprized at a Thing so wonderful, and gave a thousand Thanks to God and the Queen: She pray'd likewise for the Drop.

Dropfical and the Madman, and they were both perfectly cured. Then *Temim*, not doubting but his Brother would receive his Sight, said to him, O *Revende* ! it is your turn to speak; the Queen only waits for that, to perform another Miracle, and that too in your Favour. Yes, said *Repsima*, but upon Condition, that in telling his Story, he take Care of saying nothing but what is true; for I know all his Adventures, and if he mix the least Falshood, his Punishment waits him. *Revende*, judging by these Words, that if he was so obstinate as to say nothing, or if he should attempt to lye, he should then be immediately punish'd, and not be able to avoid the Confusion that hinder'd him from speaking, at last resolv'd to own all. Repenting in good earnest of having betray'd his Brother, and, believing his Sister-in-Law to be dead, he made a very moving Relation of his Perfidies, without seeking to excuse them.

When he had done speaking; the Queen said, He is very sincere, and hath advanced nothing but what is agreeable to Truth. *Temim*, at these Words, which made him understand all the Malignity of his Brother, and the Innocence of *Repsima*, shriek'd out, and fell down as dead. Some Officers of the Queen ran to his Assistance, and when by their Care they had brought him to the Use of his Senses, he went and prostrated himself before the Throne; saying, O my Princess! Suffer me to carry this perfidious Brother back to *Basra*, I no longer desire his Cure, I can breathe nothing but his Death; I will carry him to the Place where my Wife was interr'd alive; and there strike him dead; you see his Crime is too black for me ever to pardon it.

The Queen continued some Time without answering, because she wept under her Veil, being so touch'd with the Condition in which she saw her Husband; after she had wip'd away her Tears, she spoke to *Temim* thus. O Merchant of *Basra*! I beg of you to allay your Anger for my sake: Your Brother hath indeed committed a great Offence, but since he hath made a publick Confession, and taken the Shame to himself, consider you are both of the same Blood, and forgive him the Chastisement which you wou'd inflict upon him.

To this *Temim* answer'd, Let it be as your Majesty orders; you desire I should forget the Fault, I consent to do it, provided that he make a sincere Repentance, and accuse no body falsely hereafter. Scarce had the Merchant of *Basra* told the Queen that he pardon'd *Revende*, but the Princess lay down with her Face to the Earth, and pray'd that Heaven would restore Sight to the Blind; her Prayer was heard, and the same Moment *Revende* recover'd the Sense of seeing.

At this Spectacle the Applauses were renew'd: All the Assembly began to praise God and the Queen, who sent back the Strangers to their Inn, saying, Return hither again To-morrow, you shall see Things that will perhaps surprize you more than those that cause your present Astonishment. The Day following, they fail'd not to return to the Palace, the Queen call'd *Temim*, and oblig'd him to sit down in a Chair of Gold, that she had caus'd to be plac'd by the Throne for that Purpose. Then she said to him, O Merchant of *Basra*! thou hast gone through many Troubles and Afflictions, I pity

thy Misfortunes, and to make thee forget them, I resolve to give thee the most beautiful of my Maiden-Slaves in Marriage, and thou shalt live at my Court if thou wilt.

Instead of accepting the Queen's Proposal, *Temim* burst into Tears, and said, Your Majesty loads me with your Favours, and I am sensible of all your Bounties, but intreat you not to take it in ill Part, that I must refuse the Offer you make me of one of your Slaves; as long as I live, no other Wife but *Repsima* can possess my Thoughts. My dear *Repsima* is always in my Mind, I can never comfort my self for the Loss of her; and I am resolved to pass the rest of my Days in lamenting upon the Spot where she was so unjustly buried alive.

Repsima was ravish'd to find her Spouse so faithful, and, charm'd with his Refusal of the young Slave, she said to him; If I should pray to the Almighty to raise again that Woman, whose Loss so dearly afflicts you, should you be glad to see her restor'd to you; and if you should see her restor'd to Life, should you know her again? In saying these Words, she lifted up her Veil, and *Temim* knew her to be *Repsima*.

The Joy he resented in finding his Wife again, cannot be equal'd, but by the Astonishment of the Arab and his Slave, the Hydropick Captain, and the young Madman, to find in the Queen the Features of the Person that they had injured. The Princess embraced *Temim*, and told her his Adventures in Presence of all the Lords of her Court, who were amazed at these Wonders. She commanded that there should be given to the Arab ten thousand Ducats of Gold, with a rich Suit of Brocade, and a magnificent

nificent Robe for his Wife, a thousand Ducats to the Captain, and as much to the young Man who had sold her. After this, she rose from her Throne, took *Temim* by the Hand, and led him into her Closet, where they went both to Prayers, to thank Heaven for bringing them together again. Afterwards *Repsima* said to her Husband, Since the Laws of this Kingdom do not permit me to divest my self of the Sovereign Authority, to bestow it upon you; at least, you shall remain in my Palace, and share with me the Sweetness of an agreeable Life. We will provide for your Brother after such a manner, as may be to his Satisfaction. In short, *Revende* was soon made Prime Minister; and behav'd himself so well in that Employ, that he gain'd the Friendship and Esteem of all the People of the Island.

The old Man, who related this Story to the Commander of the Believers and his Favourite, ended here. The fair *Sultanum* seem'd to like it extreamly; and the Calif, to shew how well he was satisfied with this, and the Story of the two Genii, gave him a thousand Sequins of Gold. The young Man, who had told the Adventures of *Nasiraddole*, also received the same Sum of *Haroun Arraschid's* Treasurer.

The Sequel and Conclusion of the Story of the Princess of Caschmire.

AFTER *Farrukhnaz's* Nurse had told her Stories, *Farrukhronz*, the Brother of that Princess, fell sick. King *Tagrul-bey*, who was fond of his son, sent

sent for the most able Physicians of *Indostan*, but they cou'd not cure him. The Consternation that this dangerous Disease diffus'd throughout the Court, put a stop to all manner of Diversions. The Princess of *Caschmire* would hear no more Stories, *Togrul-bey* left off hunting; the Prince took up all their Thoughts, and every Body was afraid he would die.

One Day the King, who often went to see the Superiour of the Temple of *Kesaya*, said to that High Priest: You know that I love my Son more than my own Life; the Physicians have tir'd their Art, without being able to restore him to Health; I have no Hope left from their Remedies, and I have recourse to your Prayers; I flatter my self, that by your Intercession, I shall obtain what I desire. We ought to hope for every thing, Sir, answer'd the Chief Priest, when we implore the Bounty of Heaven; I will go pass the Night in the Temple, I will pray *Kesaya* to intercede for the Prince, and To-morrow I will tell you if his Prayers have been heard.

The next Morning, the Chief Priest went to *Togrul-Bey*, who being in great impatience, run to meet him, and said: Well, Holy Dervise, have you obtain'd the Recovery of my Son? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Chief Priest, *Kesaya* ask'd it of the Most High, who has been pleas'd to grant it him. At this Answer, the King seized with Joy, embraced the holy Man, and conducted him himself to the Prince *Barrukronz's* Appartinent; the Dervise sat himself down on the sick Prince's Bed, and repeated a Prayer after a mysterious Manner. He had no sooner done, but the Prince, who for some Time had
lost.

lost his Speech, gave a great Cry, and said: O my Father, be comforted, I am cured. At these Words he rose up, and there was nothing talk'd of in the City of *Caschmire*, but the Holiness of the Chief Priest.

Farrukhnaz could not hear them boast of so devout a Person, without a Desire to speak with him. For this Effect, she went out of the Palace attended by her Women and her Eunuchs, and came to the Door of the Monastery of the Priests of *Kesaya*. But she was much surprized, when they told her, that the Chief Priest refus'd her to come in; the Princess, vex'd at this Refusal, went immediately to complain of it to the King, who would know the Cause of it: He repair'd to the Chief Priest's, and ask'd him, why he made Difficulty of receiving a Visit from the Princess. Sir, answer'd the Dervise, because that Princess is disobedient to the Most High, she shuns Mankind, she looks on them as her Enemies, and marches in the Paths of Idleness: Unless she changes her Opinion, it is not lawful for me to speak to her. *Kesaya* has forbid me; but added he, if she alter her Resolution, I will do her all the Service I can: The King, having nothing to reply to this Discourse, return'd to his Seraglio.

Some Days after this, *Togrul-Bey* made another Visit to the Dervise, who said to him: I have at last obtained Permission of the Great *Kesaya*, to speak to the Princess. I will tell her her own: Perhaps I may put her in the Way of Salvation: The King, over-joy'd that the holy Man had taken that Resolution, inform'd *Farrukhnaz* of it, who did not fail the Day following, to offer her self at the Gate of the Mon-

Monastery and to ask for the holy Dervise. The Porter let her in and led her by the Chief Priest's Order into a great Hall, where he desir'd her to stay a Moment.

There was to be seen painted on the Wall, in three different Places, a Hind in a Snare, and a Stag who did all he could to deliver her. And in one Place only, there was represented a Stag taken, and a Hind that saw him in the Snare, without endeavouring to help him. The Princess soon cast her Eyes on the Paintings, and look'd on them with Amazement. What do I see? said she; Just Heaven, This is the contrary of my Dream! These three Stags do all they can to deliver the Hinds, and I perceive a Hind who abandons a Stag. What ought I to think of these Objects? Oh! without doubt, I am deceived in my Opinion of Men! They are more grateful than I believed them to be. And I am sorry that I have done them this Injustice.

While the Princess was making this Reflection, the Chief Priest came into the Hall with an Air of Gravity. She would have cast herself at his Feet; but he hinder'd her, and having made her sit down, he said to her; O *Farrukhnaz*, the King your Father is very much afflicted to see, that you have Inclinations so contrary to Nature, and the Laws of the Most High. You are under the Power of the evil one. 'Tis he that has prepossessed you against Men. I have prayed the great *Kesava* to have Compassion on you. But for all his Power, think not he can draw you out of the Abyss in which you have plung'd your self; if you, on your Part, make not some Effort to get out of it.

The

The Dervise in this Place, observing that the Princess began to weep, so much was she dismay'd at this Discourse, said to her; Daughter, dry up your Tears, I see your Heart is inclin'd to alter. I promise to deliver you out of the Power of the Demon, upon Condition that you will follow my Advice. *Farrukbnaz* promised to do all that he should prescribe her. Then she kiss'd the holy Man's Hand, and return'd to the Palace.

The Day following, she went again to the Monastery, and when she was alone with the Dervise, he said to her: Princess, I have seen this Night in a Dream the great *Kesaya*, who said to me. O Holy Father, *Farrukbnaz* is not hated by the Most High. She has no more an ill Opinion of Men, but she must have pity on a young Prince that burns and languishes Night and Day for her. For the Almighty hath written it on the Table of Predestination, that she shall be his Wife.

The Princess was amazed at these Words. how can I, said she, give Relief to that young Prince, if I do not know who he is. *Kesaya*, answer'd the Chief Priest, told me that it is the Prince of *Persia*. That his Name is *Farrukschad*. That he is so beautiful, so charming, that never Mother brought a more accomplish'd Man into the World. O Father, replied *Farrukbnaz*, this Discourse surprizes me, can a young Prince that never saw me, be in Love with me? I will, replied the Dervise, tell you, after what Manner this happen'd; for *Kesaya*, who had very well foreseen all the Questions you could make me about it, took Care to inform me of all the Circumstances of this Adventure. Insomuch,

14. that

that to satisfy your Curiosity, I'll tell you, that Prince *Farrukshad* dreamt that he saw you in a Meadow. Charm'd with your Beauty, he would have spoken to you of Love; but that you left him rudely, telling him that all Men were no better than Traitors. The Trouble that your leaving him in that abrupt Manner caused in him, awaked him; and at his waking, far from endeavouring to chase away the Images of this melancholy Dream, he took a Pleasure in recalling them to his Mind. They are continually in his Thoughts, and tho' he despairs of possessing your Charms, he cherishes the dear Remembrance of them.

At this Discourse of the Chief Priest's, the Princess of *Cashmire* fetch'd a deep Sigh, and lifting her Eyes up to Heaven; O God, cry'd she, is it possible that that Prince should dream the same as I did! Holy Dervise, continu'd she, *Kesaya* has not told you all. I dreamt also, that I saw in a Meadow deckt with a thousand Sorts of Flowers, the most beautiful Prince in the World; that he declar'd his Love for me, but that I rejected his Suit, and that at the same Time that I treated him ill, I perceiv'd that my Heart began to be concerned for him, and I was obliged to fly from him with Precipitation, for fear that by his good Mien and flattering Tongue, he should triumph over the Hatred I had for Men. This Hatred was the Effect of another Dream, which these Paintings that I see contradict. I acknowledge my Error. I have a better Opinion of Men, I believe them capable of Friendship, and if it is the Will of Heaven that I should marry the Prince of *Persia*, I submit to do so without Regret.

The

The Chief Priest was overjoy'd at what the Princess said to him, and taking Advantage of the Disposition in which he perceiv'd her to be ; Daughter, said he, I will go pass this Night in the Temple, and consult *Kesaya* upon what you must do to attain the Height of your Desires, I will tell you his Answer to-morrow. *Farrukbnaz* retir'd, with her Thoughts wholly employ'd on Prince *Farrukshad*. She call'd to Mind a hundred Times, the Dream in which he appeared so much in Love. She retrac'd in her Memory all his Features, as much as it was possible for her to remember them : The more she perceived she had an Inclination for him, she imagin'd him still the more charming. She was very uneasy the rest of that Day, and she could not rest one Moment all that Night.

As soon as Day appear'd, she rose to go once more to the Dervise, who found, when he saw her, that she was not easy in her Mind ; she waited not till he told her *Kesaya's* Answer. Well, Father, said she, Has Heaven order'd my Fate ? Has it let you know what it asks of my Obedience ? Yes, Daughter, answer'd the holy Man ; the great *Kesaya* has spoken to me. He would have you engage your self by an Oath, to do all I should order you. The Princess swore, that she would exactly observe his Orders. We must then, said he, be gone this Night, I will conduct you into the Dominions of the Prince that loves you, and who will give you with his Faith, a richer Crown than that of *Caschmire*. You are without doubt, amazed at my proposing to take you away ; but *Kesaya* will have it so.

What

What, said *Farrukhnaz*, interrupting him, and much surprized, does he order me without the Knowledge of the King my Father, to leave the Court of *Caschmire*, in Search of a Prince who is not yet my Husband? I say not so, answer'd the Chief Priest; *Togrul-Bey* shall know of our going. I take it upon me to obtain his Consent; but *Kesaya* thinks fit to have this Method observ'd, to make you expiate your past Haughtiness and Disdain. This I confess, replied the Princess; is a Step I am not inclin'd to take; nevertheless, I am ready to follow you, upon Condition that my Father consents to it. I'll answer for his Consent, reply'd the Dervise. Trust to me for that; return to the Palace, and prepare your self to go. *Farrukhnaz* did what the holy Man prescribed her. And as for him, he went the next Moment to the King.

He found *Togrul-Bey* talking with the Princess's Nurse. As soon as the King saw him, he said: Come near, Dervise, you are concern'd in our Discourse. We are speaking of the quick Change that is made in my Daughter's Heart; you are the Author of this Prodigy; she hated Men, and you have this Moment triumph'd over this Hatred. One single Conversation with you, hath done more than all *Sutlumene's* Stories. Sir, answer'd the High Priest, I have push'd Things yet farther; *Farrukhnaz*, has not only no longer an Aversion for Men; she is also in love with the Prince of *Persia*.

Then the Dervise related all that had pass'd between the Princess and him, and declared the Commands of *Kesaya*. *Togrul-Bey*, after having thought on it some time, said to the Chief Priest,
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It is with Regret, that I see my Daughter reduced to go after this Manner ; but since *Kesaya* will have it so, far be it from me to oppose it. Besides, she will be under your Conduct, I ought to fear nothing. Thus the King consented to *Farrukhnaz*'s Departure, who left *Cashmire* that very Night, with her Nurse and the Dervise only ; for the holy Man assured them, that *Kesaya* would have the Princess travel without Attendants.

They were all three a Horseback, and they travelled all that Night without stopping ; they arriv'd at break of Day in a Meadow, where a thousand kinds of different Flowers delighted both the Sight and Smell. The Meadow border'd on a Garden whose Walls were of black Marble ; at the End of the Wall, there was a Summer-house of red Saunders Wood, with a gilt Balcony ; and underneath, there ran a Rivulet of the finest Water in the World, which diffus'd it self into the Meadow, and water'd the Flowers. The beauty of the Place invited them to stop there, they got off their Horses, and sat themselves down on the Side of the Rivulet.

They were charm'd with so delicious a Place ; but while they were admiring it, the Dervise changed Countenance all of a sudden ; his Face was as pale as Death, and his Body trembled. *Farrukhnaz* and her Nurse, frighten'd at this Change, ask'd him the Cause of it. O my dear Princess, replied the Dervise, casting his Eyes, which confess'd his Terror, on the Daughter of *Togru-Bey*, what Demon has conducted us hither ? This Summer-house which is above us, this Meadow, the Walls of this Garden,
all

all declare that this is the dreadful Abode of the Witch *Mehrefza*. If she sees us, we are undone. Alas! I call Heaven to Witness, I tremble only for you: If I were here alone, I would attempt a noble Enterprize, and I perceive that I have Courage enough to execute it. Do what you think fit, said *Farrukhnaz*, as if we were not with you, If our ill Destiny has decreed us to perish in this Place, at least I will meet my Fate, with a Courage worthy of the nobleness of my Blood.

Oh! beautiful Princess, cry'd the Dervise, this generous Resolution of yours dispels all my Fears: I will acquire immortal Glory, or perish in the Pursuit of it. Stay you two in this Place, if I return not to you in an Hour, let that be a certain Token that I have not succeeded in my Design. In saying these Words, he drew his Scymitar, and went into the Garden of the Magician.

After he was gone, *Farrukhnaz* and her Nurse found themselves terribly agitated. Oh! unfortunate Dervise, said *Farrukhnaz*, what will become of you? I fear you will lose your Life. My Princess, said *Sutlumeme* fear nothing. Can the Chief of *Kesaya's* Temple be overcome by a Magician? No, no, how dangerous soever the Enterprize be that he has formed, doubt not but he will come off with Honour.

And indeed, about an Hour after, they saw him come again. He accosted them with a smiling Air and said; Thanks to the Almighty, *Mehrefza* can no longer hurt us, and this Abode, which the cruel Witch render'd terrible by her Inchantments, has nothing but Pleasures now to offer us. But it is Time, fair Princess, to let
you

you know who I am. Take me no longer for a Dervise, or the Chief Priest of the Pagod of *Cashmire*. You see in me Prince *Farrukhschad's* Confident. I will tell you his Story, and mine in a few Words, and then we will go into *Mehresza's* Palace, where you will be received as you deserve, and see Things that will surprize you.

The great King, to whose Power *Persia* is now subject, and who keeps his Court at *Chiraz*, has for his Heir an only Son, called *Farrukhschad*, that is to say, *Happy Joy*. That young Prince, who is of an accomplish'd Merit, happen'd to fall sick. His Father, who lov'd him with all the Tenderness imaginable, was much afflicted. The most able Physicians were sent for, and all of them, after they had well consider'd his Distemper, gave their Opinions, that the Cause of it could not be discover'd but from himself. The King pressed him very earnestly to reveal it; but, not being able to get the Secret out of him, he sent for me. *Symorgue*, said he to me, I know that my Son hides nothing from you: Go see him, ingage him to open his Heart to you, and make no Scruple to come and reveal to me what he shall tell you. Yes, Sir, answer'd I, since his Sickness proceeds only from his Obstinacy in concealing the Subject of his Grief, I will be sure to tell it you. I desire his Life too much, not to deceive him on this Occasion. Go then, reply'd the King, talk with him, I wait your Return with a great deal of Impatience.

I ran to the Prince's Apartment, who seem'd to be overjoy'd to see me, and made me many obliging Reproaches. O my dear Friend, said he,

he, I have Reason to complain of you : Since I have been sick, I have never seen you. Why have you been so long without coming to see me ? I have already received a thousand importunate Visits. Alas ! none but yours alone can be agreeable to me in my present Condition. I have been a hunting, said I to him, and am but just come home : But what ails you, my Prince ? What languishing Disease is this that I find you in ? How comes it about that your Complexion hath already lost Part of its Lustre ? *Symorgue*, answer'd the Prince, after having made all the Officers that were in the Chamber withdraw, I never kept a Secret from you. Far from designing to hide the Cause of my Disease from you, I waited for your coming to tell it you. Can you believe, my Friend, that the Condition in which you see me is the Effect of a Dream ? Heaven ! what do you tell me, cry'd I, very much surpriz'd ? Can a Dream, a Chimera, make such an Impression on a rational Soul ? I foresaw your Amazement, reply'd *Farrukhschad* ; but I own my Weakness. I hide it with Care from all the World, and it is in you alone that I can put this Confidence. Hear then the extravagant Cause of my Illness : I dreamt that I was in a Meadow, that was studded all over with Flowers. There came thither a young Lady, more beautiful than a Houri. I could not resist her Charms : I prostrated my self at her Feet, and confessed my Love to her ; but instead of giving Ear to my Passion, the cruel Fair shook her Gown, and said to me in a disdainful Air, Be gone, Men are all treacherous, for I have seen in a Dream a Hind, who, after she had, with much ado, deliver'd a Stag from a
Snare

Snare he was fallen into, fell into another her self; and the Stag, far from doing the like for her, had the Ingratitude to forsake her. I judge by that of Men's Hearts; I believe them all ungrateful, and I have renounced their Love.

I would, continued the Prince, have taken the Part of Mankind, and have deceived her; but the cruel Creature ran away from me. Ah! my Goddess, cry'd I immediately, say rather it is the Hind that forsakes the Stag. In pronouncing these Words, I lost Sight of her, and wak'd. This, my dear Friend, was the fatal Dream which disturbs the Repose of my Life. I know well enough that Reason ought to draw me from these vain Fancies, and that it is a Folly to preserve - - - No, Sir, said I, interrupting him abruptly; You ought not to let it slip out of your Mind. I begin to give Credit, like you, to these agreeable Phantoms: I believe them not so much raised by Dreams, as by some kind Genius, who has thought fit to present to your Eyes the Portraiture of that Princess, whom Heaven has destin'd for your Wife. Let us go, my Prince, from Kingdom to Kingdom, to find out this lovely Person: We may perhaps find her, and see her more really than you saw her in your Dream. I will go and tell the King your Father, that your Disorder proceeds from no other Desire than to travel, and I am sure he will give you Leave, to satisfy your Longing.

Farrukschad, ravish'd with this Discourse, embrac'd me, and I left him to give an Account to the King of what had passed between us. I repeated to him Word for Word all that the Prince had said to me, and then added as follows: I would not oppose or contradict those Illusions, which

which are the Cause of his Distemper: I rather flatter'd them, and found that my Complaisance gave him Relief. To finish the Cure, it will be convenient for your Majesty to give him and me Leave to travel: 'Tis the Way to banish his Melancholy, and to make him forget the chimerical Object that prepossesses him. The King was of my Mind, and order'd a magnificent Equipage to be got ready for the Prince his Son, who, attended by a great Number of Officers, soon departed from *Chiras*, taking me with him.

After having travel'd some Time without following any certain Road, we arrived at the City of *Gaznina*, where there reigns an old King, who loves his Subjects as well as he is belov'd by them. That good old Man sent the Captain of his Guard to *Farrukhschad*, to express the Joy he conceiv'd for his happy Arrival, and to desire him at the same Time to excuse him, that he could not come out of his Palace to receive him. My Prince received the Captain with great Civility, and ask'd him concerning the King's Health. Sir, said the Officer, the King my Master is in great Affliction; he lost some Days ago his only Son, who was a Prince of great Hopes, and he is not yet recover'd of his Grief for that Loss.

We were concern'd to hear of this Disaster, and went to the King's Palace, who did all imaginable Honours to *Farrukhschad*, and who, perceiving in him some Resemblance of his Son, could not refrain from Tears. What is the Matter, Sir?

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said

said my Prince: Is the Sight of me the Cause of your Tears? Am I so unhappy as to give Occasion to this mournful Remembrance? Yes, Prince, answer'd the King, the Likeness betwixt you and my Son renews this Sorrow; but I look upon you as a new Child, that Heaven hath sent to afford me Consolation for the Loss of the other. I already begin to have the same kind of Tendernefs for you that I had for him: I beg the Favour of you to stay with me. Possess the same Rank that he had in my Court, and you shall be my Heir. *Farrukhschad* thank'd the King for his Goodness to him, and resolved to make a considerable Stay at *Gaznina*, rather out of Compliment to the old Prince, than to secure to himself the Possession of the Throne which he offer'd him.

The Grief of the King was observed to lessen every Day, and he took by degrees such a Friendship for the Prince of *Persia*, that he could not live without him. One Day, as they two were discoursing together, *Farrukhschad* happen'd to ask of what Disease the Prince of *Gaznina* died. Alas! said the King, the Cause of his Death was very extraordinary; it was Love that brought him to his Grave: I will tell you that fatal Adventure. My Son had heard of the Princess of *Caschmire*, and on the Description that was given him of her Beauty, he fell in Love with her. I immediately sent rich Presents to King *Togrul-Bey* by an Ambassador, who ask'd in my Name the Princess his Daughter for my Son. The King of *Caschmire* answer'd, That he had a great Honour for my Alliance; but

but that he had sworn by *Kesaya*, that he would not marry his Daughter against her Will: That the Princess mortally hated Men, and that that Aversion was the Effect of a Dream: That one Night she dream'd that a Hind, after having deliver'd a Stag out of a Snare, in which he was taken, fell into one her self; that the Stag had been so ungrateful as to deny his Assistance to her: That since this Dream, she regarded Men as Monsters, which Women ought above all Things to avoid. My Ambassador related this Answer; and my unhappy Son, losing all Hopes of marrying the Princess of *Caschmire*, fell into a languishing Condition, and wasted away, in spite of all the Medicines that the Physicians could give him.

Farrukhschad heard not this Story without being variously affected. Tho' he had the Pleasure to think, with Reason, that his Dream was no Chimera; yet, on the other hand, the Cruelty of the Princess made him dread the Fate of the Prince of *Gaznina*. The King perceived his Concern: My Son, said he, why are you disturbed? You seem to me quite out of your self. Sir, reply'd the Prince, I had not left my Country but for this inhuman Princess.

Then he related his Dream, and the King, after he had heard it, sighing, said, Just Heaven! Why must my Life be made up of Troubles and Disappointments? I educated my Son with great Care: I have lost my Son; and now, when I begin to comfort my self for his Loss, a new Sorrow is come to make me sensible of its Bitterness.

terness. O fantastick Destiny! But, my dear *Farrukhschad*, continued he, take Courage, and give not Way to your Melancholy; it is not impossible to conquer the Aversion which the Princess of *Caschmire* hath for Men. Alas! my Son's Distemper was not without Remedy: If he had had the Patience to wait the Effect of Stratagems that might have been us'd for him, he might have been still alive.

The King of *Gaznina*, after having given some Hopes to the Prince of *Persia*, went to his Vissers, who attended in Council; and *Farrukhschad*, impatient to talk with me, sent for me to acquaint me with all that had happen'd. O my dear Prince! said I, your Happiness is certain, since we know with what Princess we have to do. If the King will grant me Leave, I will go into the Kingdom of *Caschmire*, and undertake to bring hither the Object of your Wishes. Ask me not how I design to bring it about, for I know not that my self: I will advise and act as Occasion prompts me. The Prince, ravish'd to see with what Assurance I promis'd to make him happy, embraced me, and we pass'd the rest of the Day very merrily together.

The next Day, in the Morning, I took Leave of my Prince, and, with Permission from the King of *Gaznina*, I went for the Kingdom of *Caschmire*, well arm'd, and mounted on a good Horse. After several Days Journeys, I found my self in this Meadow, on the Side of it, where we see the Palace, to which I will presently conduct you, Charm'd with the Beauty

of the Place, I alighted from my Horse, left him to feed, and let my self under a shady Tree, by the Side of a Fountain of clear transparent Water, that invited me to quench my Thirst. I could not forbear drinking: Then I laid my self down upon the Grass, and slept.

When I wak'd, I saw five or six white Hinds, which had Housings of blue Sattin, and Gold Rings on their Feet. They came to me: I began to make much of them: But as I was dallying, I observed that they shed large Tears. That surpriz'd me, and I knew not what to think of it; when, turning my Eyes towards the Palace, I saw at a Window a charming Lady, who made me a Sign to come nearer. I presently left my Horse in the Meadow, and advanced to go to her, tho' the Hinds seem'd desirous to hinder me, by biting the Bottom of my Robe, and placing themselves before me.

Not but that, being astonished at the Motions as well as the Tears of those Animals, I that very Moment reflected that there might be some Mystery in all this. I came to the Gate of the Palace, and went in. The Lady, who appear'd very beautiful when I came near her, gave me a favourable Reception, took me by the Hand, conducted me into a stately Apartment, and made me sit down with her on a Sofa. After the first Compliments, several Slaves brought Fruit in a China Basin. The Lady took of the fairest, and presented it to me; but scarce had I tasted of it, when all of a sudden she chang'd Countenance, and said to me; Rash Stranger,

take the Chastisement destin'd to all those who, like thee, are so bold as to enter into the Palace of *Mehresza*: Quit thy natural Form, and take that of a Stag: Lose the Use of Speech, but preserve thy human Understanding, that thou may'st always reflect on thy Misfortune.

She had no sooner said these Words, than I found my self metamorphos'd into a Stag. At the same Time they brought a Housing of green Sattin, which she put upon my Back. Then they carried me into a great Park, where there were above two hundred other Stags, or rather Men, whose ill Fortune had brought them to that Place, and whom the cruel *Mehresza* had changed into Deer.

I had leisure enough to make Reflexions on my Unhappiness, which troubled me less in respect to my self, than for the Sake of *Farrukhschad*. Alas! said I to my self at every Moment, what will become of my dear Prince? How will he obtain the Accomplishment of his Desires? He expects that I should bring him the Princess he adores, and he will never see me more. I was constantly employ'd in this Thought, which gave me an inconceivable Affliction.

One Day I saw coming into the Park eight or ten Ladies, among which there was one perfectly handsome, and who, by the Richness of her Dress, seem'd to be Mistress of the rest. She had with her a Governess, to whom, looking upon all the Deer, she said, Indeed I pity all these Wretches. How inhuman is the Princess
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Mehresza, my Sister! Heaven hath given us very different Inclinations: She is continually imploy'd in tormenting Mankind, and seems to have learnt the Magick Art only to make them miserable: And for my Part, tho' I am Mistress of some Secrets that Way, I have never made an ill Use of them; I have always imploy'd them to do Good. I take a Pleasure to do Actions of Charity, and I have a great Mind to do one to Day, since my Sister is absent. Go, my good Mother, added she, go take one of these Stags, and bring him to me into my Apartment. In speaking these Words, she returned into the Palace.

The Governess by chance apply'd her self to me, and led me to her Mistress, who charg'd one of her Maids to go and gather a certain Herb which she named to her. The Damsel obey'd, and return'd with a large Handful of that Herb. The Lady took one half of it, and squeezing out the Juice, she made me swallow it. Then she pronounced these Words; *O young Man, quit the Form of a Stag, and reassume thy natural one.* Presently I became what I was before: I threw my self at the Lady's Feet to thank her: She ask'd me my Name and Country, and what had brought me into the Kingdom of *Caschmire*. I answer'd all her Questions. and disguised nothing from her.

When I had done, she said, I am the Daughter of a Prince of the Court to which you are going: I am called the Princess *Ghulnaza*. She that changed you into a Stag is my elder Sister,
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and her Name is *Mehresza*. She is a Magician, whose Power is formidable: No body but I could have deliver'd you out of her Hands; and tho' I am her Sister, if she finds out what I have done, I fear I shall feel her Resentment. But whatever happens, I shall not be sorry that I have released you out of the Condition you were in. Nay, you shall be indebted to me for a yet greater Obligation; I will assist you to make the Prince your Friend happy. I own it is very difficult to be done, for you must first gain the Confidence of the Princess he loves; which you can never do but by passing in the Court of *Caschmire* for a holy Person.

What say you, my Princess, cry'd I, at these last Words? Alas! how shall I gain this Character? You have nothing to do, said she, but to follow exactly all the Instructions which I shall give you. In speaking thus, she went into a Wardrobe, from whence she came again presently, bringing with her the Habit of a Dervise in her Hand, a Girdle, and a little Box of Ebony. Here, said she, is all that is necessary for you to compass your Ends. Take this, and go to the City of *Caschmire*, which is not far from hence: But before you go into the Town, take off your Cloaths, and rub all your Body with the Ointment which is in this Box: Then take this Habit of a Dervise, and this magick Girdle, with which bind your Reins. After this present your self at the City-Gates: You will there meet with the Guard, who will say to you, O venerable Father! whence come you? Answer them, I am a Priest, and I come from
the

the farthest Parts of the West in Pilgrimage to *Caschmire*, to see the great *Kesaya*.

You must know, continued she, that this *Kesaya* is a celebrated Idol, which the People of this Kingdom worship. You must tell them you are come thus far to adore that Idol. As soon as you have told them this, they will fall at your Feet, and carry you with Respect before *Togrul-Bey* their King, who will put you into the Hands of the great Priest *Abran*, chief of the Temple of *Kesaya*: That High Priest, and all the other Ministers of the Idol, will conduct you to the Temple of the *Pagod*, which, for Beauty and Magnificence, surpasses all the Palaces of the World; but it is surrounded with a Ditch twenty Cubits deep, and full of Water, that boils without ceasing, and beyond the Ditch is a Platform of Steel, that is always red hot; so that the Temple seems inaccessible. Then *Abran* will say to you, O Phoenix of the Age, thou hast gone through many Perils and Fatigues before thy Arrival here. The great *Kesaya*, for whom thou hast taken so long and dangerous a Journey, resides in this Temple: He is hid in his Sanctuary. Thou hast nothing to do but to offer him thy Adorations from the Place where thou now art, and then thou may'st return to thy own Country.

To this you must answer, That you are come to visit *Kesaya*, and that you would enjoy the Sight of his ravishing Countenance. But the Chief Priest will tell you, that to have that Honour, you must go thro' that boiling Water, and

walk over that burning Platform. You must then give a Shout of Joy, and march boldly forward. The Ointment, with which you shall have rubbed your self, has the Vertue to make the Water as hard as Stone, and it will prevent you from being burnt. When you are in the Pagod, you will see *Kesaya*, and you must adore him for a whole Day. Then you must go again to *Abran*, who will adopt you for his Son. You must spend fourteen Days with him, and the fifteenth, while he is asleep, you must rub his Nose with a white Powder that I am going to give you. As soon as he has smelt the Odour of it, he will die, and the King will not fail to make you Chief Priest in his Place. When you are invested with that Dignity, go see the Prince of *Caschmire*, who has been sick a long while, and given over by the Physicians. Say a Prayer over him, and he will presently recover. The Noise of this Cure will spread it self among all the People of *Indostan*, who will regard you as a Saint; and *Farrukhnaz*, that is the Name of the Princess of *Caschmire*, charm'd with your Reputation, will desire to see you. I need say no more to you; the rest depends on your Management.

I promis'd to follow exactly the Instructions of *Gbulnaza*, who put another little Box into my Hand, in which was the white Powder, and a folded Paper, on which was written the Prayer I was to say over the Prince of *Caschmire*. After this, she bid me go my Ways. Get away, Sir, said she, from this Palace with all possible Expedition, for I am afraid of my Sister's coming home.

home. Alas! added she, sighing, the Hurt that she can do me for destroying her Inchantment, is not what I most apprehend.

I perceived in these last Words how much I was obliged to her. I return'd fresh Thanks to *Ghulnaza*, in Expressions that confess'd a sincere Acknowledgment. We were both very well satisfy'd with one another, and we could have wish'd to have been longer together; but fearing that *Mehrefza* would come and surprize us, we were obliged to part. I then took the Road of *Caschmire*. As soon as I was near that City, I pull'd off my Cloaths, and put on the Habit of a Dervise, after having rubbed my Body with the Ointment I had in the Box of Ebony. I then offer'd my self at the Gates; the Guards carried me to the King, who put me in the Chief Priest's Hands. I went through the Water, and over the Platform of Steel, without receiving the least Hurt; then I went into the Temple, where I saw the Great *Kesaya* placed on his Throne. 'Tis, as you know an Idol of Saunders Wood; his Eyes are two great Carbuncles; he has on his Head a Crown of Rubies, and round his Waste a Girdle of Turquois.

I stay'd with *Kesaya* till the next Day; then I went to the Chief of the Ministers of the Temple, who adopted me for his Son, and kept me with him. At length, for fear of losing the Fruits of my Labour, by omitting any Circumstance, I got my self rid of *Abran*, by the Method *Ghulnaza* had prescribed, and I was constituted Chief Priest in his Place. I cured a
little

little while afterwards Prince *Farrukhnaz* ; which gave me so great a Reputation, that you desir'd to see me. You know the rest, and what Impression was made upon you by the Pictures that I got painted in the Hall where I received you. I took Notice of you before I shew'd my self to you, and perceived the Effect they had had.

This, charming *Farrukhnaz*, added *Symorgue*, is what I believ'd I ought not to let you be longer ignorant of. Pardon me for the Artifice I made use of, to remove from you the false Opinion that you had of Men, and to join your Fate to that of the most accomplish'd of all Princes.

The Princess of *Cashmire* blush'd during all this Relation, which let her know that she had been impos'd upon ; but the Love that she began to have for the Prince of *Persia*, hinder'd her from taking it ill of the false Dervise. Finish, said she to him, your Relation, by telling us what Enterprize you have been putting in Execution in the Magician's Palace? Beautiful *Farrukhnaz*, answer'd he, after I had left you, I advanced towards the Palace, I found the Door open, and went in ; I saw no Body, I only heard a complaining Voice, whose sad Accents drew me to the Chamber whence it came. I there found on a Sofa a young Lady, who had an iron Collar about her Neck, and iron Fetters on her Feet ; her Arms were bound up in a Leathern Bag, ty'd with Thongs ; and this unhappy Creature, oppress'd with the Weight

Weight of her Destiny, lean'd down her Head towards her Knees in a sorrowful Manner. I went nigh her out of Pity, in design to comfort her; she lifted up her Head, and I knew this unfortunate Person to be my Deliverer, the lovely *Ghulnaza*.

At this moving Object I was transported with Rage; O my Queen! cry'd I, in what a Condition do I find you? What barbarous Hand can have loaded you with Irons? O my dear *Symorgue*! answer'd she, is it you that I see? Alas! you will shortly be the Victim of my cruel Sister: She discover'd that I had deliver'd you, and to punish me, she keeps me in Chains: I have been in them a long while; but what afflicts me more than all the rest, is the Danger in which you have thrown your self. Be gone with all speed, endeavour to get away from the inhuman *Mehresza*. What, my Sultanness, cry'd I, wou'd you have me fly and abandon you in this Distress? Do you think me capable of so black an Ingratitude? Ah! I had a thousand Times rather suffer the Resentment of your Sister. The most frightful Death has nothing terrible in it, when your Deliverance from the unhappy Condition you are in lies at Stake. Be pleas'd to tell me what must be done to set you at Liberty, and, if it is possible, I hope to bring it about.

Since you have so much Courage, reply'd *Ghulnaza*, my Liberty depends on you. Go into the West Part of the Garden, you will there find my Sister asleep on a Couch of green Turfs
stud-

studded with Flowers ; she has under her Head a sattin Bag, which serves her for a Bolster ; if you can take away that Bag without waking her, the Key of my Chains is in it. You may thus deliver me ; but if you wake *Mehresza* in taking the Bag, you are lost for ever ; there is no other Means to break my Chains, all the Endeavours of Mankind cannot bring it about. Leave it to me, said I to *Ghulnaza*, I'll bring you the Key.

Immediately I went out of the Palace, and being advanced into the West Part of the Garden, I perceived the Magician asleep on the Turf, with her Head lying on the Bag which I had undertaken to get from her. I stay'd some Time, uncertain of what Course I shou'd take ; but the Fear of waking *Mehresza*, made me resolve to cut off her Head with a Blow of my Scimeter. My Design succeeded, I kill'd the Magician, and carried the Bag to her Sister, who waited for me in great Uneasiness. I told her all that I had done, and she seem'd overjoy'd at it. After that I took the Key out of the Bag, and set my Princes at Liberty.

'Twas thus, continued *Symorgue*, that I got rid of the most wicked Woman of the Earth. We may now, divine *Farrukhnaz* go into the Palace, we shall find *Ghulnaza*, who is making her self ready this Moment to receive us ; she is as glad at your Arrival here, as at her own Deliverance. At these Words, he presented his Hand to the Princes of *Caschmire*, and conducted her to the Palace. They met *Ghulnaza*, who
was

was coming to meet them. This Lady cast her self at the Feet of the Daughter of her King ; but *Farrukhnaz* lifted her up , embraced her with Tenderness, and shewed her all imaginable Civilities. Fair *Ghulnaza*, said she to her, it rejoices me beyond Expression, that the brave and generous *Symorgue* has done you this Service. It is true, added she, smiling, that he had too many Obligations to you, not to expose himself to the greatest Dangers, rather than you should be left in Chains. O my Princess, answer'd *Ghulnaza*, with Smiles likewise in her Face, you see that the Stag forsakes not the Hind, when she needs his Assistance.

After some Moment's Discourse, they went into the Palace, which *Farrukhnaz* found very beautiful ; then they walk'd into the Park, where they found about three hundred Stags : The Magician's Sister made them take their natural Shapes again, by the same Means she had us'd to restore *Symorgue* to his. As soon as they became Men again, they cast themselves at the Feet of their charming Deliverer, to return the Thanks they ow'd her. They were all for the most part young and handsome.

Some said they were Tartars, others Chineses, and others *Carizmians*. There were some from all Parts of *Asia* ; but the Conductor of *Farrukhnaz* was much surprized , and caused a great Astonishment in all the Princesses, when, all of a sudden, distinguishing in the Crowd of Deer, who were become Men again, the Prince *Farrukhschad*, he ran to throw himself at his Feet, and

and said, O my dear Prince! Is it possible that I have found you again? O my Friend! answer'd the Prince of *Persia*, Is it *Symorgue* that I see? Yes, Sir, reply'd the Confident, it is the same; and, to compleat your Joy, he hath brought you the Princess of *Caschmire*. At these Words, he conducted his Master to *Farrukhnaz*, who read in the Prince's Face the Features she had seen in her Dream; as on his Side likewise, *Farrukhschad* knew, as soon as he saw her, that she was the Princess, whose dear Image he had preserved so long in his Memory.

Whilst the Prince of *Persia* was endeavouring to express to his Mistress all the Joy with which he was inspired, *Ghulnaza* went into the Meadow, where the white Hinds were wandring. She likewise restored them to their first Forms, and found them to be beautiful young Women, whom the Magician her Sister had transformed; she presented them to *Farrukhnaz*, who made them tell their Stories. All these Ladies had their Lovers there, who were ravish'd with Joy to see them deliver'd as well as themselves, from the Magick Power that detain'd them under the Forms of Animals. To add to their good Fortune, each Knight who had been chang'd into a Stag, found his Horse again in the Stable of the Palace; so that after they had again given a thousand Thanks to *Ghulnaza*, all the Men whom she had set at Liberty, took their Leaves of her, and went with their Ladies, each to his own Country.

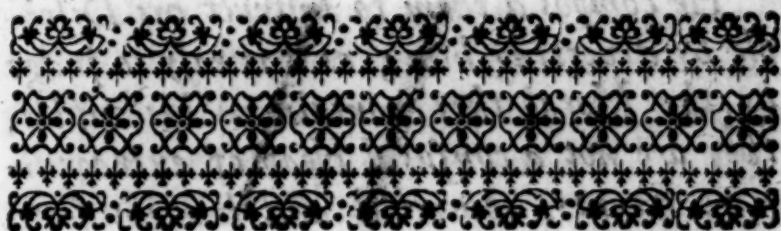
None remain'd in the Palace, only *Farrukhnaz*, *Ghulnaza*, *Sulimene*, the Prince of *Persia*, and his

his Confident : They continu'd there some Days, and then went for the Court of *Gaznina*, where they happily arrived. The King, to celebrate the Return of *Farrukhschad*, caus'd the City to be adorn'd, and appointed publick Rejoicings. He married the Prince with the Princess of *Caschmire*, and *Symorgue* with *Ghulnaza*. During the Time that the Court was rejoicing upon account of these Marriages, the old Monarch would hear the Story of *Farrukhnaz* at large. *Symorgue* related to him, how he came to gain the Confidence of the Princess ; and when he had done, *Farrukhschad* told how he fell into the Hands of *Mehresza*.

A little Time after, the King of *Gaznina* fell sick, and finding himself at the Point of Death, he named Prince *Farrukhschad* Successor to his Crown, who accordingly mounted the Throne, as soon as the old King was dead. But having a Desire to return into *Persia*, he left the Scepter of *Gaznina* to *Symorgue*, which was approv'd and confirm'd by the Grandees and People. Thus *Symorgue* reign'd in *Gaznina* with the Princess *Ghulnaza* : And *Farrukhschad* conducted *Farrukhnaz* to the Court of *Persia*, where he soon succeeded the King his Father, who seem'd as if he had deferr'd Dying, only till the Return of his Son.

End of the Persian Tales.

T H E



THE
French Translator's
P R E F A C E

To the following
T A L E S.

T H E S E Tales, which the Turks, by Way of Derision, call, The Malice of Woman, were found in the Library of M. Petis, who translated them some Time ago. They are not the Work of a French Imagination, that, under Colour of a foreign Title, presumed to impose his own Fictions on the World: For the illustrious Chec Zady, Preceptor of Amurath the Second, was indeed the Author of them.

He

P R E F A C E to the

He compos'd them to instruct his Disciple by diverting him; as it is easy to judge by the Moral they contain. 'Tis visible, they are not a confus'd Heap of extraordinary Events, conceiv'd and brought forth without the Assistance of Judgment. We find throughout the Whole, that good Sense was the Rule that guided him, and that his Design was to render Virtue desirable, and Vice hateful. Nevertheless he sometimes runs Riot, and abandons himself to his own Ideas; but he soon returns to his first Design. In short, these Tales have all the Solidity of the Fables of Rillpay, without their Dryness, and all the Agreeableness of our Tales of the Fairies, without any of their Extravagance.

The Reader would be in the wrong to object against some Customs, that may perhaps seem foreign to the Countries where the Scene of these Tales is laid: Let him consider, that it is one Turk, who, after his own Manner, relates to another Turk the Adventures of Princes, Kings, &c. of different Nations.

Nor ought our French Ladies to take it amiss, that Chec Zady has written Tales, that reflect so highly on the Fair Sex: He

is

TURKISH TALES.

is a Turkish Author, and the Character of his Nation excuses him. Besides, he compos'd them thus on purpose, to prepossess the young Amurath against Women, because he perceiv'd that Prince to be somewhat too much addicted to them.

Add to this, that the Women in Turkey, being shut up, and depriv'd of all the publick Diversions that amuse the European Ladies, make it their whole Study to find out Means of procuring their own Pleasure : To arrive at which, they scruple not in the least to imploy all the Artifices, that their Constitution of Body and idle Way of Living suggest to them. They are under no manner of Restraint by the Fear of revealing their Weaknesses to the Priests of their own Religion : They stand in Awe only of the Temporal Punishments, that the Laws prescribe against Adultery ; and are not at all alarm'd at the Threats denounc'd by Mahomet and the Alcoran, against the Incontinent.

T A B L E

and the Character of
her Nation extends him. He is
not then that on purpose to possess the
young Amurath against whom I am
generally that he is to be considered too
much a subject to fear.

Added to this, that the women in Tur-
key, being shut up, and deprived of all
the publick Diversion that was the Em-
perour's, make it their whole Study
to find out Means of procuring their own
Pleasures: To which they form

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not in the least by the strictness
that their Constitution of Body and Mind
is of. Having found it to be so, they are
under no manner of Reproof by the Em-
perour, for they are not to be
of reproaching their Pleasures to the Publick
of their own Religion: They are in the
company of the Emperor's Pleasures, that he
I am sure the whole Ministry; and are
not all absent at the Theatre of the
of Amurath and the Amurath, against the
Inventions.



T A B L E

O F T H E

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Turkish Tales :

OR THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Sultaness and Vifiers

OF

P E R S I A .



It is related in the Book intit-
 tul'd *Arbain Nasa*, That, a-
 mong the Emperors of Persia,
 there was one, who was
 nam'd *Hafkin*. All *Asha* was
 subject to his Laws : He was
 the richest and most potent Monarch of the
 Earth : His Courage was equal to his Power ;
 and, had he been ambitious enough to
 aspire at the Empire of the World, he might
 have made the Conquest of it : But he
 contenting himself to reign over his vast

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and

and flourishing Dominions, sought not to possess himself of those of his Neighbours: His sole Aim was the Welfare of his Subjects, who found themselves so happy, that they bless'd each Day of his Reign: All the neighbouring Nations envy'd them; and wish'd themselves too of the Number of his Subjects.

— This Great Emperor had a Son, who was the Wonder of all that saw him: His Name was *Nourgehan*, that is to say, Light of the World: He was a young Prince, very well shap'd, and of a heavenly Beauty; and who, besides those natural Advantages, had many acquir'd Qualifications, that render even private Men agreeable. He understood several Languages perfectly well, and could write the different Characters of them: He was an excellent Archer; and there are few Sciences of which he was not Master; or had not at least a competent Knowledge of them.

He was the living Image of the Sultaneſs his Mother, who was esteem'd the greatest Beauty in * *Cachemire*. *Hafikin* was passionately

* *Cachemire* is a small Kingdom, that lies between the Dominions of the Great Mogul and *Thabet*, to the North of the *East Indies*: It is a delicious Country; and the Women, tho' tawny, are so witty and agreeable, that the *Persians*, *Turks*, and *Arabians*, prefer them before all the other Women of the World.

nately fond of this Princess : Of this he gave sincere and sorrowful Proofs, when, by the cruel Decrees of Destiny, she dy'd after a long Malady : For his Affliction for her Death was so great, that no Words can express it. Time, however, produc'd its usual Effect ; the Emperor comforted himself at length, and the Charms of a new Consort made him forget her he had lost.

He marry'd the Princess *Canzada*, Daughter of a Neighbour King : She was beautiful and witty, but she could refuse nothing to her Passions. She could not see the young Prince without conceiving a violent Love for him ; and, far from struggling to vanquish her impious Flame, she abandon'd her self wholly to it ; and resolv'd to reveal it to *Nourgehan*, as soon as she could find an Opportunity.

Mean while that Prince apply'd himself to the Sciences ; and made a great Progress in Astrology, which was taught him by his Preceptor * *Aboumaschar*, a Man of profound Learning, and the most expert Astrologer in *Asia*. This learn'd Person took one Day the Ascendant of the Prince his Disciple's Nativity : And having by his infallible Observations discovered, that he was threaten'd with a dreadful Misfortune, said to

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him

* The Europeans by Corruption call him *Abumazar*.

him: Prince, I have consulted the Stars concerning your Destiny, and find them little propitious to you: The disastrous Fate attends you, afflicts me to the very Soul. At this *Nourgehan* turn'd pale: But his Preceptor reviv'd his Courage by saying: Believe not, nevertheless, that my Tenderness for you, and my Experience yield to the malignant Influence that threatens you; Your Destruction is indeed written in the Stars; but 'tis not impossible to prevent it: My Science has taught me the Way; which is this: You must be forty Days without speaking: Whatever Questions are ask'd you, return no Answer to them: Whatever happen to you, be careful not to break a Silence on which your Life depends. The Prince promis'd him to be silent for forty Days: After this Promise his Preceptor writ certain * divine Names, which he hung about his Neck, and then retiring into a Cave, that was known to no Man but himself, conceal'd himself there, that he might not be oblig'd to satisfy the Emperor's Curiosity, and disclose Things to him that he had no Mind he should know.

Hafikin, who could not be long without seeing his Son the Prince, sent for him, and

* A Sort of Amulet, which they wear to preserve themselves from Misfortunes.

ask'd him several Questions, to which the Prince return'd no Answer. At this the Emperor was extreamly surpriz'd: My Son, cry'd he, why do you not speak? Have you lost the Use of your Tongue? What has been done to you? What has befallen you? Free me from the Uneasiness your Silence causes. These Words wrought no more on the Prince than the former: He look'd dejectedly on his Father; then cast down his Eyes without speaking one single Word. At this the King turn'd towards his Son's Governor, and said: The Prince has some secret Melancholy that devours him: Go with him into the Apartment of the Sultaness his Mother-in-Law; perhaps he will open his Heart to her.

The Governor obey'd the Emperor's Command, and conducted *Nourgehan* into the Apartment of the Sultaness *Canzada*. Madam, says he to that Princess, the Prince seems to have lost his Speech: His Soul is overwhelm'd with some fatal Affliction, the Cause of which he obstinately conceals. His Majesty has sent him to you, hoping that in your Presence he will banish his Melancholy. at this Discourse the Sultaness felt a pleasing Emotion. I must, says she to her self, take Advantage of this happy Occasion, which I have so long expected: I shall run no Hazard in discovering my self. If *Nourgehan* have lost his Speech, he cannot then tell his

Father what I shall say to him : And if he should be so indiscreet as to reveal my Love, I will pretend that I talk'd thus to him only to oblige him to speak. In a Word, *Canzada*, regarding this Opportunity as the most favourable she could ever hope to find, made all her Attendants withdraw, and remain'd alone with the Prince.

She began by throwing her self about his Neck, and embracing him in her Arms : Dear Prince, said she, what Reason have you to afflict your self? Hide it not from me, who love you with more Tenderness, than if you were the Son of my own Bowels. The Prince, mov'd at these Marks of Affection which his Mother-in-Law gave him, endeavour'd by his Looks and Gestures to make her comprehend, that he was concern'd he could not speak to her. She interpreted amiss those Regards and Actions : She imagin'd, that he too was burning in the same Fire with her self; she made no Question but that he could not help loving her, who could not but love him; and that out of respect to his Father he durst not discover his Passion.

Charm'd with this Mistake, she pursu'd her Design with all the Transport, that a Woman, whom Virtue and Reason have abandon'd, can be capable of. O my King! O my Soul! said she, break this cruel Silence, that thus torments us both : You know,

know, that all the Emperor possesses is in my Power: If you will agree, and consent to what I am going to propose, you shall in a little Time attain the Height of your Desires: You are a young Prince, and I am a young Princess: I am more fit for you than for your Father, whose unperforming Age renders my Life grievous and irksom. Speak only, and engage your self by an inviolable Oath, to take me for your lawful Wife, and I promise to make you King in a short Time by hastening your Father's Death. I swear by all the Powers above, that there is no Artifice, no Dissimulation in what I say. Bind your self then likewise by the same Oath, and assure me that you will marry me, who design to put a Crown on your Head.

Nourgehan return'd no Answer to this Discourse, but seeming astonish'd at it, the Sultaneſs continu'd: I see well, Prince, that my Project surprizes you: You doubt that I am not able to execute it: But hear in what manner I intend to take away the Emperor's Life. Amongst his Treasure there are Poisons of all Sorts; there are some that kill a Month after they are taken; some not 'till the End of two Months; and others again that work their Effect yet more slowly: We will make use of this last Sort: The King will fall sick, and languish out his Days insensibly; so that the People will never sus-

pect us to have been the Authors of his Death: After which you shall ascend the Throne: All the Kingdom will acknowledge you for their Sovereign, and the whole Army will obey you.

If the Emperor's Son would have spoken, he would not have been able; so great was his Astonishment at this Proposition. Prince, added the Sultaneſs ſeeing him ſtiffening, and even fixt, in Thought like a Statue, I find you are ſtartled at the Scandal of marrying your Father's Wife, but hear how I propoſe to overcome that Difficulty: After the Emperor's Death, you may pretend to ſend me into my own Country, but at the ſame Time give private Orders to one of your Captains, in whom you can confide, to follow us with a few Soldiers: Let them attack us as if they were Robbers, and take me away: Then let it be given out that I was kill'd upon the Road; and, in a few Days after, you may buy me of the Captain, in the ſame manner as we buy our Female Slaves: By this Means you may become my Husband, and we may live together in that moſt happy Union.

Here the Princeſs left off ſpeaking to give the Prince an Opportunity to break his long Silence: But he not making her the leaſt Answer; ſhe loſt all Senſe of Modesty; and, embracing him eagerly in her Arms, kiſs'd him with Transport. Then

Nourgehan

Nourgehan, enrag'd at the Impudence of his Mother-in-Law, flung out of her Arms, and even gave her such a Blow on the Face, as made her Mouth gush out with Blood.

Instant Rage succeeded Love in the Heart of the Sultaneſs: Her Eyes, that but the Moment before sparkled only with the Fire of Love, now blaz'd with the Fury of Revenge. Wretch! She cry'd, is it thus thou treat'ſt a Princess that adores thee? Barbarous Man! Does thy savage Virtue reject with Indignation the Offer I make thee, of supplying thy Father's Place both in his Bed and Throne? And doſt thou regard me with Horror, for what I have propos'd to thee? Ought'ſt not thou to excuse the Transports of a Woman, whom the irresistible Rage of Love has compell'd to ſpeak? I rather deſerv'd thy Pity, than this brutal Treatment thou haſt given me. Monster of Cruelty! Redouble, if thou can'ſt thy Averſion for me. Thou can'ſt never hate me ſo much as I hate thee already: Be gone: Fly from my Preſence; and dread the Reſentment of a Woman, whoſe proffer'd Favours thou haſt dar'd to deſpiſe. It was needleſs to command the Prince to be gone: He went his Way the very Inſtant that he ſtruck the Sultaneſs; ſo that he heard not one half of her Threats and Reproaches.

And now the furious *Canzada* Breath'd nothing but Vengeance: She reſolv'd what-

ever came on't to destroy *Nourgehan* : To this End she tore her Robes, unbound her Hair, and smear'd her Face all over with the Blood that ran from her Mouth, making her Apartment resound with her Cries and Lamentations. The Emperor soon came thither, earnest to know whether his Son had broken his Silence : But how great was his Surprize to find the Sultaneſs ſitting on a *Sopha*, her Hair diſhevel'd, and her Face all over Blood ! His Fondneſs for her tranſported him at once with Grief and Rage. O thou deareſt Life of my Soul, ſaid he, what do I ſee ? What audacious Wretch has us'd you thus ? Name him quickly : You ought already to be reveng'd.

At this the artful Queen redoubled her Tears, and answer'd in theſe Words : O King ! O unhappy Father ! Why may I not hide from you, what you deſire to know : If you are ſurpriz'd to ſee the Diſorder I am in, how great will be your Amazement to hear that your Son is the Author of it : My Son ? Great God ! interrupted the Emperor ; Ah ! Madam, what is't you tell me ? Could his Hate of a Mother-in-Law carry him to commit this Outrage ? And could not the Reſpect he owes me reſtrain him ? My Lord, reply'd the Queen, he is yet more guilty than you imagine. Alas ! what Woman could have ſuſpected his modeſt Looks, or miſtruſted thoſe Airs of ſeeming Innocence

cence, that are so strongly imprinted on his Face? I was sitting on this *Sopha*, when he came into my Apartment. I made all my Attendants withdraw, that I might oblige him the more freely to discover to me the Cause of his Silence, and he has reveal'd it to me but too fully. He no sooner perceived himself alone with me, than he sat himself down beside me. My Princess, said he, I must now break the Silence I have so obstinately kept; and of which you are the only Cause: You, whom I adore: And my Despair of not conversing with you in Private plung'd me into a Melancholy, that has well nigh cost me my Life. How happy am I to have found this Opportunity of conversing alone with you! If you approve my Passion, I am resolv'd to take away my Father's Life, and marry you. His Subjects, as well as my self, begin to grow weary of the Length of his Reign. Excuse me, continu'd the Sultaness, from repeating to you Word for Word all that he said: Even yet I shudder at the bare Remembrance of it. Let it suffice you to know, that you have given Life to the most execrable Prince in the World. When he saw, that, instead of prevailing with me, his Discourse struck me with Horror, he rudely laid Hands on me, and would have forc'd me: I resisted: He tore my Cloaths; struck me, and would no doubt have kill'd me; that he might justify

justify himself, by loading my Memory with the Crime of which I accuse him: But he fear'd that my Women, whom I had sent away, would come and surprize him: inso-much that he fled out of my Apartment leaving me in the deplorable Plight in which you now see me.

She said this with all the Demeanors of a Woman greatly afflicted. The Emperor gave Credit to her; and what Tenderness soever he had for his Son, he suffer'd himself to be wholly govern'd by the Transports of his Rage. He left the Princess in her Apartment, sent for the Executioner, and commanded him to get all Things ready for the Death of Prince Nourgehan.

But the Vissiers, who were soon inform'd of the cruel Order the Emperor had given, were astonish'd that, without consulting with them, he had taken the Resolution of putting his Son to Death. They met together, and went all in a Body to find out their enrag'd Monarch, to whom one of them spoke in this Manner. O King of the World! We beseech you to grant us for one Day only the Life of the Prince; and to let us know what heinous Crime he can have committed to arm against his Life the Hands of a Father, who ought to be slow in punishing his Children. The Emperor related to them all that the Sultaneſs had

had told him : And then the eldest of the
 Vissers began to speak : O King, said he,
 have a Care how you follow the Transports
 of Fury, which a Woman has kindled
 in your Breast : And beware to do any
 Action against the Commandments of God,
 and contrary to that Justice, which the Pro-
 phets have taught us. The Queen accuses
 the young Prince without producing any
 Witnesses against him : She requires his
 Death, because he loves her, and would,
 says she, by Force have satisfy'd his Desires.
 How long is it that Women have had their
 Chastity so much at Heart, as to desire the
 Death of those that dare to tempt it ? I
 own there may be some virtuous enough
 to reject with Indignation a Lover who
 should offer Violence to their Honour : But
 at the same Time that their Virtue con-
 demns, their Vanity forgives him ; and they
 willingly pardon Crimes, of which their
 Beauty is the Occasion. Take good Care,
 Sir, how you sacrifice your Son to the Ca-
 lamny, and perhaps to the Fury, of a Per-
 son, who is bent on his Ruin, because she
 has not been able to seduce him : Be your
 Majesty pleas'd to consider that Women are
 full of Artifice and Dissimulation. The
 Story of * Chec Cababeddin is a sufficient
 Instance,

* Chec in the *Arabian* Language signifies Doctor.

Instance, how much their Malice ought to be dreaded. The Emperor desir'd to hear that Story, which the Visier related as follows.

Story of Chec Cahabeddin,

THE Sultan of *Egypt* having summon'd all the learned Men of his Kingdom to meet on a certain Day in his Palace, there arose a Dispute among them: It is said that the Angel *Gabriel*, having one Night taken *Mahomet* out of his Bed, shew'd him whatever is in the Seven Heavens, in Paradise and in Hell; and that the same great Prophet, after having had Fourscore and ten Thousand Conferences with God, was brought back again into his Bed by the same Angel: Some of the Doctors advanc'd that all this was done in so short a Space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed still warm; and that he took up a Pot of Water, which was not yet run out, tho' the Pot had been thrown down the very Moment that the Angel *Gabriel* carry'd *Mahomet* out of his Chamber.

The Sultan, who presid'd in this Assembly, maintain'd, that this was impossible; You teach, says he, that there are seven Heavens; between each of which there is no less a Distance than a Man can well travel in Five hundred Years; and that each Heaven is as thick as it is distant from the

next

next to it: How then is it possible, that *Mahomet*, after having pass'd through all these Heavens, and after having had Four-score and ten thousand Conferences with God, should at his Return find his Bed still warm; his Pot thrown down, and the Water that was in it not spilt? Who can be credulous enough to believe so ridiculous a Fable? Do you not know that if you throw down a Pot full of Water, though you take it up again the same Moment, you will find no Water in it? The learned Men answer'd, that this indeed could not naturally be; but that all Things were possible to the Divine Power. The Sultan of *Egypt*, who was of an obstinate Temper, and had made it a Maxim, never to believe any Thing contrary to Reason, would not give Credit to this Miracle; and the learned Men broke up their Assembly.

This Dispute made a great Noise in *Egypt*; and the News of it came to the Ears of the learned *Chec Chahabeddin*; who, for some Reasons that are not set down in the History, could not be present at the Assembly: However he went to the Sultan's Palace in the midst of all the Heat of the Day: The Sultan, inform'd of the Doctor's being come to Court, went to him, carried him into a stately Chamber, where, after having made him sit down, he spoke to him in this Manner: You need not have given your self the
 Trouble

Trouble of coming hither : It had been enough to have sent one of your Servants : For we should willingly have granted him any Thing he had ask'd us in your Name : Sir, answer'd the Doctor, I am come on Purpose to a have Moment's Conversation with your Majesty. The Sultan, who knew the *Chec* was fam'd for behaving himself * haughtily in the Presence of Princes, shew'd him many Civilities, and made him abundance of Compliments.

The Room they were in had four Windows ; on each Side one : The Doctor desir'd the King to order them to be shut : This being done, they continu'd for some Time their Conversation : After which the Doctor made one of the Windows, which had the Prospect of a Mountain call'd *Kzel-daghi*, that is to say, the red Mountain, be opened, and then bid the King look out. The Sultan put his Head to the Window, and saw on the Mountain and in the Plain a Body of Horse, more in Number than the Stars of Heaven, arm'd with Bucklers and Coats of Mail, with their Swords drawn, advancing full speed towards the Palace. At this Sight the Prince chang'd Colour, and

* The contemplative cabalistical Doctors of the East are so proud, that they pretend to be respected by their Kings : And indeed they are so.

and in great Dismay cry'd out: O Heaven! What dreadful Army is this that is coming to attack my Palace? Be not afraid, Sir, says the Doctor, there's nothing in it. In saying this he shut the Window himself, and opening it again the same Moment, the King look'd out, but saw not one single Person on the Mountain or in the Plain.

Another of the Windows had the Prospect of the City, and the Doctor made that be open'd. The Sultan saw the City of *Cairo* all on Fire, and the Flames ascending even to the middle Region of the Air: What dreadful Burning is that? exclaim'd the King. See there my City, my fine City of *Cairo* reduc'd to Ashes. Be not afraid, Sir, said the *Cheic*, there's nothing in it. At the same Time he shut the Window; and when he had opened it again, the King saw no more the Flames he had seen before.

The Doctor made the third Window be opened; out of which the Sultan perceiv'd the *Nile* overflowing its Banks, and its Waves rousing with Fury to drown his Palace. Now though the King, after having seen the Army and the Flames disappear, had no Reason to be terrify'd at this new Prodigy, yet he could not help being dismay'd at it. Alas! cry'd he once more, all is lost; we are now undone indeed: This dreadful Inundation will bear away my Palace, and drown me and all my People.

People. Be not afraid, Sir, said the Doctor, there's nothing in it. And indeed the *Chec* had no sooner shut and open'd the Window again, than the *Nile* appear'd pursuing its Course within its Banks as usual.

He then made them open the fourth Window, that look'd on a parch'd barren Defart: The other Wonders had not more terrify'd the King, than this delighted him. His Eyes, that were accusom'd to see nothing at this Window but a barren Waste, were agreeably surpriz'd to behold Vineyards and Gardens, hung with the most delicious Fruits in the Universe, Rivulets that gently murmur'd as they glided; and whose Banks, that were adorn'd with Roses, Basils, Baulms, Narcissus's and Hyacinths, at once presented a pleasing Object to the Sight, and charm'd the Smell with Variety of fragrant Odours. Among these Flowers were hopping up and down an infinite Number of Turtles and Nightingales, some of which were already fallen in a Trance with overstraining their little Throats, while the others made the Air resound with their sweet and mournful Songs. The King was so charm'd with all the Wonders which now offered themselves to his Sight, that he believ'd he beheld the Garden of * *Eram*.

* The Name of the Terrestrial Paradise, according to the *Turks*.

What

What a Change is this ! cry'd he in the Excess of his Admiration : O the beautiful Garden ! the charming Abode ! Be not so transported, Sir, said the *Chec*, there's nothing in it. At these Words the Doctor shut the Window, and then open'd it again; and the Sultan, instead of seeing these delightful Phantoms, saw nothing but the Desert.

Sir, then said the *Chec*, I have shewn you a great many Wondets : but all this is nothing in Comparison of the astonishing Prodigy, of which I will make your Majesty a Witness. Give your Commands for a Tub full of Water to be brought hither : The King ordered it to be done ; and when the Tub was brought into the Chamber, the Doctor said to the Sultan : Be pleas'd to suffer your self to be stript stark naked, and let a Towel be girt about your Loins. The King consented to have all his Cloaths taken off ; and when the Towel was girt about him ; Sir, said the *Chec*, be pleas'd just to plunge your Head into the Water, and draw it out again :

The King plung'd his Head into the Tub, and in an Instant found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on the Sea-Shore. This unheard-of Prodigy astonish'd him more than the others : Ah Doctor ! cry'd he in a Transport of Rage, perfidious Doctor, that hast thus cruelly deceiv'd me ! If I ever return

turn into *Egypt*, from whence thou hast forc'd me away by thy black and detestable Art, I swear I will revenge my self of thee. O may'st thou miserably perish! He continued his Imprecations against the *Chet*: but, reflecting that his Menaces and Complaints would nothing avail him, he took Courage, and went to some Men whom he saw cutting Wood on the Mountain, resolv'd not to discover to them who he was. For, thought he to himself, if I tell them I am a King, they will not believe me; but rather take me for an Impostor or a Madman.

The Wood-Cutters ask'd him who he was: Good People answer'd he, I am a Merchant: My Ship bulg'd on a Rock, and was dash'd to Pieces: I have had the good Fortune to save my self on a Plank: You see the Condition I am in, which ought to excite your Pity: They were concerned for his Misfortune, but the Poorness of their Circumstances would not allow them to relieve him: However one of them gave him an old Gown, and another an old Pair of Shoes; and when they had put him in this Condition scarce fit to be seen in, they conducted him into their City, that was situate behind the Mountain: But they were no sooner arriv'd there, than they all took leave of him, and abandoning him to Providence, went away, each to his own Home.

The

The Sultan was left alone ; and though Men take Delight in seeing Objects that are new to them, yet he was too much taken up with the Thoughts of his Adventure, to give Attention to any Thing he saw : He walk'd up and down the Streets, not knowing what would become of him : He was already weary, and, looking for a Place to lie down and rest himself, stopt before the House of an old Farrier, who, judging by his Looks that he was fatigu'd, desir'd him to come in. The King did so, and sat himself down on a Bench that was near the Door. Young Man, said the old Farrier, may I ask you what Profession you follow, and what has brought you hither. The Sultan gave him the same Answer he had given to the Wood-Cutters : I met, added he, with some good People, who were cutting Wood on the Mountain ; and having told them my Misfortune, they were so kind as to give me this old Gown, and these cobbled Shoes. I am glad, said the Farrier, that you escap'd being drown'd : Comfort your self for the Loss of your Goods : You are Young, and will not perhaps be unhappy in this City, where our Laws and Customs are very favourable for Strangers, that come to settle among us. Do not you intend to do so ? I desire nothing better, answer'd the Sultan, provided I could have any Prospect of retrieving my Affairs.

Affairs. Well then, reply'd the old Man, follow the Advice I am about to give you: Go this Moment to the Publick Baths of the Women: Set your self down at the Gate, and ask each Lady that comes out, if she have a Husband: She that shall answer you, No, must be your Wife according to the Custom of this Country.

The Sultan, being determin'd to follow this Advice, bid farewell to the old Man, and went to the Gate of the Baths, where he sat himself down. It was not long ere he saw coming out a Lady of a ravishing Beauty. Ah! how happy shall I be, thought he to himself, if this lovely Person be not marry'd! Were she but mine, I could forget all my Misfortunes. He stopt her and said; Fair Lady, have you a Husband? She answer'd; Yes, I have: I am sorry for't, reply'd the King; You would have made a fit Wife for me. The Lady went her Way, and soon after came out another, who was frightful ugly: The Sultan shudder'd at Sight of her: What a Piece of Deformity is this! said he; I had rather be starv'd to Death than live with such a Creature: I will let her pass without asking her if she be marry'd, for fear I should hear she is not. Nevertheless the old Farrier bid me ask this Question of every one of the Ladies: In all appearance the Custom is so, and I must submit to it:

How

How do I know but she has a Husband ? Some unfortunate Stranger, whose ill Destiny has brought him hither, as mine has me, may perhaps have marry'd her. In short, the King resolv'd to ask her if she was marry'd : She answer'd, Yes : and this Answer pleas'd him as much as that of the first Lady had troubled him.

There next came out a third Lady as ugly as the other. O Heavens ! said the King as soon as he saw her, this is more horrible than the last : No matter ; since I have begun, I must go through with it : If this have a Husband, I must own there are Men more to be pity'd than my self. As she was going by him, he address'd himself to her, and trembling said : Fair Lady, are you marry'd ? Yes, young Man, answer'd she, without stopping, I am glad of it, reply'd the Sultan ; I bless my Stars, continued he, that I am got free of these two Women : But 'tis not yet Time to rejoice : All the Ladies are not come out of the Baths ; nor have I yet seen her that is destin'd for me : Perhaps I shall get nothing by the Change.

He was expecting to see one as ugly as the other two, when a fourth appear'd, who surpass'd in Beauty the first that he thought so charming : What Difference ! cry'd he : There is not so much Disparity between Day and Night, as between this
fair

fair Person, and the two last that came out before her. Are Angels and Devils to be seen in the same Place? He advanc'd to her with a deal of Eagerness: Lovely Lady, said he, have you a Husband? she answer'd, No, looking on him with as much Disdain as Attention: Then she went away leaving the King in a deep Surprize. What am I to think of this? says he: The old Farrier has certainly put upon me. If according to the Laws of this Country, I am to marry this Lady, why did she leave me in so rude a Manner? Why put she on that haughty and disdainful Air? She view'd me from Head to Foot; and I saw in her Looks the Marks of Contempt and Scorn. The Truth is, she is not much in the wrong. In Justice I cannot blame her. This threadbare Gown, full of Holes, sets not off my good Mien to the best Advantage; and is not over-proper to engage a Lady's Heart. I forgive her for thinking she may chance to mend herself in a Husband.

While he was making these Reflections a Slave accosted him. Sir, said he, I am sent to find a Stranger all in Tatters; and by your Air methinks it should be you. If you please to give your self the Trouble of following me, I will lead you to a Place, where you are expected with great Impatience. The Sultan follow'd the Slave, who lead him to a great House, and shew'd him into
an

an Apartment very handsomely furnish'd, where he bid him wait a Moment, The Sultan stay'd full two Hours without seeing a Soul but the Slave, who ever and anon came and desir'd him not to be impatient.

At length there came in four Ladies very well dress'd, who accompanied another, that glitter'd all over with Jewels, but was yet more resplendent by her matchless Beauty. The Sultan cast his Eyes upon her, and immediately knew her to be the last Lady that he had seen coming out of the Baths. She drew near him with a soft and smiling Air: Forgive me, Sir, said she, that I have made you wait a little. I was loth to appear in my Undress before my Lord and Master. You are in your own House, all you see here belongs to you: You are my Husband: Command me what you please, I am ready to obey you. Madam, answer'd the Sultan, not a Moment ago I complain'd of my Destiny, and now I am the most happy of Men. But since I am your Husband, why did you just now look so disdainfully upon me? I fancy'd you were shock'd at Sight of me; and, to confess the Truth, I could not much blame you. Sir, reply'd the Lady, I could not do otherwise: The Ladies of this City are oblig'd to carry themselves haughtily in Publick: It is the Custom: But to make amends, they are very familiar in Private. So much the better.

C

reply'd

reply'd the King, they are the more agreeable : But since I am Master here, continu'd he, to begin to exercise my little Sovereignty, let some Body go fetch me a Tailor and a Shoemaker : I am ashamed to be seen in your Presence with this tatter'd Gown and these cobbled Shoes, which suit but ill with the Rank I have hitherto held in the World: I have taken Care of that already, reply'd the Lady. I have sent a Slave to a Jew, who sells Cloaths ready made ; and who will furnish you at once with all you want: Mean while let us refresh our selves. In saying this, she took him by the Hand, and led him into a Hall, where there was a Table cover'd with all Sorts of Fruits and Sweet-meats. They both sat down, and while they were eating, the four Attendant Ladies, who stood behind them, sung several Songs, written by the Poet *Baba Saoudai*. They play'd also on several Instruments ; and at length their Mistress took a Lute, and accompanying the Musick with her Voice, acquitted her self so well, that the Sultan was charm'd with her Performance.

This Consort was interrupted by the Arrival of the *Jewish* Tradesman, who came into the Hall with some young Men, who brought Bundles of Cloaths of different Colours : They look'd on them all one after another, and made Choice of a white Satin Vest flower'd with Gold, and a Gown of
Purple

Purple Cloth : The Jew furnish'd them with the rest of the Apparel and went his way. Then the Lady admir'd the good Mien of the King ; she was very well satisfied to have found such a Husband ; and he well pleased to have met with so beautiful a Wife.

He lived seven Years with this Lady, by whom he had seven Sons and as many Daughters. But both of them taking Delight in an expensive Way of Life, and loving to feed high and divert themselves, they got the better of the Ladies Estate : They were oblig'd to put away their waiting Ladies and their Slaves, and to sell their Household-Stuff, Parcel after Parcel, for Subsistence. The Sultan's Wife, seeing her self reduc'd to great Want, said to her Husband : As long as my Estate lasted, you never spar'd it : You liv'd an idle Life, and enjoyed your self. It behoves you now to think of some way or other to maintain your little Family.

These Words sadden'd the King, who went to the old Farrier to ask his Advice. O my Father, says he, I am now in a worse Condition, than when I came first to this City : I have a Wife and fourteen Children, and nothing to keep them with. Young Man, reply'd the aged Farrier, were you not brought up to some Trade ? The Sultan answer'd, No : The Farrier put his

Hand in his Pocket, and, taking out two
 * *Aqtchas*, gave them to the King, bidding
 him go immediately, and buy himself some
 † *Ypes*, and wait in the Place where ply'd
 the Porters. The King bought himself some
Ypes, and went to ply among them.

Scarce had he been there a Moment, when
 a Man came and ask'd him if he would carry
 a Burthen? I am here for that Purpose,
 answer'd the Sultan. Then the Man loaded
 him with a great Sack, which the King
 had much ado to carry; besides the Cords
 wrung the Skin off his Shoulders. He received
 his Hire, which consisted of one *Aqtcha*,
 and carry'd it Home. His Wife, seeing he
 brought no more Money, told him, that if
 he earn'd not ten Times as much every Day,
 his whole Family would soon be starv'd to
 Death.

The next Morning, the King overwhelm'd
 with Grief, instead of going to ply among
 the Porters, went to the Sea-side, reflecting
 on his miserable Condition. He look'd very
 earnestly on the Place, where he had unexpectedly
 found himself by Means of the Science of
Chec Cahabeddin; and, recalling to Mind that
 strange and fatal Adventure,

* *Aqtcha* is a Piece of Money of the Value of
 one Penny.

† *Ypes* are Cords that Porters use instead of their
 Knots.

ture, he could not refrain from Tears. Now the Ceremony of * *Ablution* being indispensable before Prayers, he plung'd himself into the Sea; but as he rais'd his Head out of the Water, he was in the utmost Astonishment to find himself again in his own Palace, in the middle of the Tub, and surrounded by all his Officers. O barbarous Doctor, cry'd he out, perceiving the *Chec* in the same Place where he had left him, dost thou not dread that God will punish thee, for having play'd this Trick with thy Su'tan and thy Master? Sir, said the *Chec*, why is your Majesty angry with me? You but this Moment plung'd your Head into this Water. I tell you nothing but Truth: If you do not believe me, ask your Officers, who are Eye-Witnesses of it. Yes, Sir, cry'd all the Officers with one Voice, the Doctor says true: The King would not believe them. 'Tis full seven Years, said he, that this cursed Doctor has detain'd me in a foreign Country by the Force of his Enchantments; I was married; I got seven Daughters and as many Sons: but 'tis not this I complain of so much, as of my being a Porter. Ah Villanous *Chec*! could'st thou be so cruel as to make me carry *Ypes*: Well,

C 3

Sir,

* The *Mahometans* wash their Bodies before they say their Prayers.

Sir, reply'd the Doctor, since you will give no Credit to my Words, I will convince you by my Actions : In saying this he stript himself naked, ty'd a Towel around his Loins, got into the Tub, and plung'd his Head into the Water. While his Head was covered with the Water, the Sultan, who was still enrag'd against him, and remembered how he had sworn to punish him, if ever he return'd into *Egypt*, took a Sabre to cut off the Doctor's Head the Moment he rais'd it up out of the Tub : But the *Chec*, by the Science call'd * *Mekachefa*, knew the King's Intention ; and by the Science of † *Algaib-an-alabsar*, disappear'd all at once, and was transported to the City of *Damascus*, from whence he writ to the Sultan of *Egypt* a Letter in these Words. Know, O King, that you and I are both of us but poor Servants of God. During the Time that you plung'd your Head in the Water, tho' you drew it out again the same Moment, you made a Journey of seven Years : You marry'd a Wife : You underwent many Hardships ; You got seven Daughters and as many Sons : You labour'd hard for a Livelihood ; and yet you will not believe, that our great Prophet

* This is a Science by which the *Santons* pretend to discover the most secret Thoughts of Men.

† This is the Art of rendering ones self invincible.

Prophet *Mahomet* found his Bed warm and his Pot of Water not empty. Learn, that nothing is impossible to him who out of nothing created Heaven and Earth by the single Word * *Koun*.

The Sultan of *Egypt*, after having read this Letter, began to believe him: Nevertheless he could not appease his Wrath against the *Chec*. He writ to the King of *Damascus*, desiring him to seize the Doctor, put him to Death, and send him his Head.

The King of *Damascus* gave into the Resentment of the Sultan of *Egypt*, and us'd all his Endeavours to satisfy him. He was inform'd, that the Doctor had taken up his Abode in a Grotto at a good Distance from the City. He order'd his *Capigis* to go thither, to seize the *Chec* and bring him before him. The *Capigis* went, nothing doubting but that they should easily execute their Orders: But they were not a little surpriz'd to find the Entrance of the Grotto guarded by an infinite Army all well mounted, and arm'd with Swords and Coats of Mail. They return'd to the King, and gave him an Account of what they had

C 4 seen.

* *Koun* in *Arabick* is *Fiat*.

† Guards of the Palace-Gate.

seen. The Sultan, enrag'd at this Resistance, assembled all his Forces, and went in Person to besiege the Doctor, who oppos'd him with an Army so much superior to his, that the Prince retir'd in Dismay.

Vex'd at this ill Success, and resolving not to sit down by the worst on't, he sent for his Visiers, and ask'd their Advice what to do in this Conjunction. The Visiers answer'd, that, tho' he was a great King, he ought not to hope to vanquish a Man assisted by the Divine Power. But, Sir, said the most antient Visier, if you would be Master of the Person of the Doctor, send to tell him, that you desire to make Peace with him. Chuse out the most beautiful Slaves of your Seraglio, and make him a Present of them. Give them Orders before hand to endeavour to get out of the *Chec*, if there be a Time when he has not Power to work his Miracles. The King approved of this Advice, and dissembling his real Design, offer'd to be Friends with the Doctor, and sent him some of his most beautiful Slaves. The Doctor believ'd that the King of *Damascus* was sorry for having persecuted him without Reason. He fell into the Snare and receiv'd the Slaves, among whom there was one that he became desperately in Love with.

As

As soon as this Slave had discover'd that the Doctor had conceiv'd a violent Passion for her, she said to him : My dear *Chec*, I am very desirous to know, if there be a Time when you cannot work your Miracles. Fair Lady, says he, I beseech you to ask me this Question no more. Let us mind nothing but how to lead a Life of Pleasure. It can be of no Moment to you to know what you ask me. The Slave pretended to be much mortify'd at this Excuse. She counterfeited a deadly Melancholy, and whenever the *Chec* offer'd to caress her, she fell a weeping. All these Marks of Love, said she, that you give me are false : If you lov'd me indeed, you would hide nothing from me. In short, her Importunities prevail'd, and he was so weak as to tell her, that after having seen a Woman he was destitute of that Power, till he had perform'd the Ceremony of *Ablution*.

The Slave, having pump'd this out of him, acquainted the King of *Damascus* with it, who commanded his *Capigis* to repair privately one Night to the Doctor's Grotto, and secure him the very Moment that the Slave should open the Door to them.

It was the Doctor's Custom to have every Night a great Pot of Water standing by his Bed-side, that he might make use of it whenever he had Occasion for an *Ablution*. The Slave, as she went to Bed, threw down

*the Water without his perceiving it ; inso-
much that when he would have wash'd him-
self he could not do it. The wicked Slave,
pretending to be Officious, took the Pot,
and under Pre-text of going for Water, open'd
the Door to the *Capigis*, who rush'd in-
to the Grotto. The Doctor then, perceiving
the Slave's Treachery, took in his Hands two
Candles that were burning in Candlesticks,
and, turning himself swiftly round with
them, pronounced the mean while some
barbarous Words, which the *Capigis* did
not understand : But, being frightened at
the Action as well as at those Words of the
Doctor, and imagining that he was going
to work some Miracle that would prove fatal
to them, they fled out of the Grotto.

The *Chec* immediately shut the Door upon
them and made the *Ablution*. Then, to re-
venge himself of the perfidious Slave, he
chang'd himself into her Figure, and her into
his : This done, he ran out of the Grotto, after
the *Capigis*. Ah ! Cowards, said he, is it
thus that you execute the Orders of the King
your Master ? He will put you all to Death,
if you return to *Damascus* without his Ene-
my the Doctor. What made you run away ?
Did you see any Monsters or even Soldiers
and yet you appear

* Whenever he had Occasion for the *Ablution*,
he could not make use of the Science of *Mokachefa*
to know the Thoughts of the Slave.

appear to defend him? Come back, return into the Cave and fear nothing, I my self, more brave than you, will go up to him, lay hold of him, and deliver him to you with my own Hands.

The *Capigis* stopt at this Discourse, and took Heart: They return'd back, and, following the Doctor under the Form of the Slave, re-enter'd with him into the Grotto, where they seiz'd the Person of the Slave, believing her to be the Doctor. They bound her Hand and Foot, without her speaking a Word; for the *Chec* had depriv'd her of the Use of Speech. They brought her to the King of *Damascus* who caus'd her to be beheaded immediately. But as soon as her Head was divided from her Body, the Doctor, restoring to that Body its first Figure, let the King and all his Officers see, that it was the Slave who was beheaded. And he, who was there under the Form of the Slave, retaking his natural Figure, said to the King of *Damascus*: O King, who, to comply with the Request of the Sultan of *Egypt*, have us'd your utmost Endeavours, to destroy me; know, that you ought not to have espoused his unjust Resentments and give Thanks to God that I am satisfied to limit my Vengeance with the Punishment of this miserable Woman who betray'd me. In saying this the *Chec* disappear'd, leaving the King of

of *Damascus*, and all that were Witnesses of this miraculous Event in the greatest surprise imaginable.

Thus, Sir, I have told you the Story of *Chec Chahabeddin*, pursu'd the Prime Visier of the Emperor of *Persia*. Your Majesty sees by it, that Men cannot be too much on their Guard against the Wiles of Women. Therefore, before you put Prince *Nourgehan* to Death, permit us to examine him, perhaps he will convince us of his Innocence. Be it so, said the King, I consent to defer the Death of my Son till to Morrow.

While the Visiers went to the Prince, who was in Prison, the Emperor rid out to take the Diversion of Hunting. At his Return in the Evening, the Queen *Canzada* and he supped together. After the Repast, she said to him : I fear, Sir, that you will repent the having suspended the Prince's Punishment : Man, says the *Alcoran*, has two Sorts of Enemies, whom nevertheless he loves ; his Children and his Riches. Yes, Sir ; your Son is your Enemy ; otherwise he could not have entertain'd a Thought of that detestable Crime he would have committed. Make haste to punish him : Hearken no longer to that Tenderness and Pity which plead in his Behalf. His wicked Inclinations ought to stifle in you the Voice of Paternal Affection. Be not guilty of the Weakness

Weakness which heretofore a King of *Deli* in the *Indies* discover'd, for Fear, left you, like him, should repent of it too late. Give me leave to tell you the Story.

Story of the Son of the King of Deli.

MEhemed Tekisch King of *Deli*, and Schehabeddin King of *Gazna*, were both of them valiant and wise Princes; and like you, Sir, the Delights of their People.

These two Kings had each of them a Son born almost at the same Time. The King of *Gazna* gave his an austere Education: He appointed him Governors, who were capable to arm his youthful Mind against the Maxims of Libertinism and Impiety: And gave him for his Preceptors wise Philosophers, who apply'd themselves to form the Judgment of their Disciple.

They taught him at first three Things; to speak Truth; to shoot with a Bow; and to ride a Horseback. He was endued with a happy Genius, and in a short Time made an incredible Progress in the Sciences: They fortify'd him early against the Love of Glory, by means of which, Pride and Ambition often introduce themselves into the Hearts of the Great. They pardon'd him nothing, and for the slightest Faults the King made him be whipt like a Slave, and sent him to Prison.

The

The People were amaz'd at this severe Usage; and one of the King's Ministers presum'd to ask him, why, of all his Subjects, his Son was the only one that was not happy? Because, said the King, my Son being one Day to reign over a People whom I love, I will make him feel the unhappy Condition of a Man who is ill us'd and oppress'd, to the End he may be compassionate, and not punish with too much Rigour. The severe Education of the young Prince had the wish'd Effect: For he succeeded to the Throne after the Death of his Father, and was during a long Reign the Instrument of God's Mercy to Men.

The King of *Deli* educated his Son in a quite contrary Manner. He found some Excuse for all his Faults: He call'd his Follies an easiness of Temper: His Passion seem'd to him but a reasonable Vivacity that became those of his Age: His Pride, a judicious Confidence in his own Merit, stript of all Prepossession: His Capriciousness, a wonderful Return from Gaiety to the most serious Reflections. The Governors of the young Prince labour'd in vain to convince the King of his Mistake: He would not permit them to give any Correction to his Son, whose evil Inclinations strengthen'd themselves from Day to Day.

The Voice of the People came to the Ears of the King: Some complain'd that he
had

had taken away their Wives : Children came to the Foot of the Throne to mourn the Death of their Parents, whom he had assassinated, that he might enjoy some of their beautiful Slaves : Several Virgins demanded Justice for his Violations, and the Priests for his Impieties : The King open'd his Eyes, but too late. He made his Son come before him in the Presence of the People; and threaten'd him with the Death which his Crimes deserv'd. His Son ran roaring away like a Lion : He got together a Number of profligate Wretches, the Companions of his Debauches, enters into his Father's Closet, and pierc'd his Heart with two Stabs of a Ponyard. At the same time he mounts the Throne, and puts the Crown on his own Head, while his impious Favourites massacre all those who refuse to proclaim him King.

Following the Bent of his merciless Temper, he caus'd to be cut off the Heads of the Grandees whom he suspected, and their Wives and Children to be drown'd. Nothing was seen but tragical Objects : Not a Soul but mourn'd the Death of some one of his Family; but this too in private; for even a Sigh or a Tear forfeited the Life of the Wretch who could not conceal them. The Way not to fall a Victim to his Cruelty, was to present him some Sacrifice for his Avarice. He went on Market-Days to the publick Place of the City to kill the first Comer with

with his Bow and Arrows. This barbarous Pleasure was his Diversion instead of Hunting: He would have thought his Shafts dishonour'd with killing any Thing but Men. At Table, in the Midst of his Courtiers, he made their Wives be brought to him, and dishonour'd them in publick. If any one durst complain, he caus'd him to be strip'd stark naked, chain'd to a Pillar, and then prick'd all the Parts of his Body with an Awl till he was dead.

But * a Wind from the East brought to this unhappy People good News from the Garden of their Belov'd; for God, having heard their Cries, that ascended to the Vault of Heaven, inspir'd the Doctors, who, after having assembled the Grandees, resolv'd, with their Concurrence, to invite the young King of *Gazna* to accept of the Crown. They dispatch'd privately a Person to him, who gave him a Letter from them; wherein they desired him to advance with his Army to the Frontiers of *Deli*, assuring him, they would join his Troops, and deliver their Tyrant into his Hands. The King of *Gazna*, compassionating the Miseries of the People of *Deli*, march'd towards their City at the Head of Six thousand of his Guards, who were soon got together. At his Approach, the *Delians* secur'd the Person of their King,
and

* An Expression often us'd in the Alcoran.

and proclaim'd the King of *Gazna*, whom the People, with all the Demonstrations of perfect Joy, conducted to the Throne, where the Tyrant, loaded with Irons, serv'd him as a Footstool.

The King of *Gazna*, being in Possession of the Sceptre of *Deli*, began his Reign by avenging his new Subjects of the Cruelties of their Sovereign. Wretch, said he to that Prince, to punish thee as thou deserv'st, I should be able to call thee back a thousand times from Death to Life. Then he order'd him to be deliver'd into the Hands of the Hangman: But a young Lord, whose Father the Tyrant had kill'd, would take Vengeance of him with his own Hands, and be himself his Executioner: He was deliver'd to him, and he caus'd him to be chain'd to a Post in the Market-Place, that every one might be at Liberty to add new Punishments to those which he had contriv'd for him. This young Man put out his Eyes with an Awl: Others bor'd his Arms and Legs with red hot Irons: All those, whose Relations or Friends he had assassinated, endeavour'd to imprint on his Body the like Wounds with which he had put them to Death. The Tyrant begg'd for a little Respite from those cruel Torments, and having obtain'd some Moments, he spoke to this Purpose: O my People! I am sorry only for the Ills I have done you, and complain not of those you do to me: The

The Stings of my Conscience are as so many Hangmen, that surpass you, and even my self in Cruelty : O detestable Father ! whose blind Affection for me nourish'd my wicked Inclinations ; O may I see thee in the other World in the Hands of the * black Angels as well as my self ! He died as he pronounc'd those last Words, and no Man would wash his Body, nor bury him after his Death. The King of *Gazna* reign'd fourscore Years over the People of *Deli*, and his Reign was call'd the Reign of the Just.

The Story I have related to you, continu'd the Sultaneſs, contains an excellent Instruction, which you ought to follow, Your Son, this Son, whom you love too well, will be your Murderer, and the Tyrant of your People : He will excel in Cruelty even him of *Deli*, who grew wicked by Degrees, and might have been reclaim'd : But *Nourgehan* begins by a Crime, that was the most enormous of his : He would have debauch'd me, me, who am his Father's Wife : He struck me, even me, who am his Queen : Tremble, Sir, tremble for your own Life. His Silence, which you believe an Effect of his Melancholy, is a profound Diffimulation, by which he prepares himself a certain Way for his intended Crime. Do you not dread that he will break

* Their Name is *Zoubanya* : They torment the Damn'd in Hell : Their Chief is call'd *Dabekb* :

break this Silence when he stabs you to the Heart, as he has broken it once already, when he attempted to violate my Chastity? Prevent the Stroke that threatens you: Consider that Time flies; and you have nourish'd a Vulture that will gnaw your Heart while you are asleep.

The Emperor *Hafikin* was so terrify'd at this Discourse of the Sultaneſs, that he promis'd her not to fail to have the Prince beheaded the Day following. He went to bed, and rising the next Morning by Break of Day, assembled his Council: He conferr'd for some time with his Viſiers concerning the Affairs of his Kingdom; then ask'd them, if *Nourgehan* had broken his Silence to juſtifie himſelf. They answer'd, No; and that whatever they could ſay to him, he would not ſpeak to them. Then the King flew into Rage, and bid the Executioner fetch *Nourgehan* to him, that he might be put to Death that Moment. But the ſecond Viſier ſtanding up, began to ſpeak in this Manner. O King of the World, proceed not with ſuch Precipitation to ſhed a Blood ſo dear to you: Be cautious how you take away the Life of an innocent Prince: Have ſome Diſtrult of the Perſon, † who raiſes the Tempeſt in this Sea of Sedition, and who kindles the Fire in this Paſture.

Wo-

† A Text of the Alcoran.

Women teem with Falshoods: Sitting on a Sopha with their Arms across, they spend the whole Day, in contriving Falshoods, and inventing Wiles to deceive Mankind. I beseech your Majesty to call to mind the dying Words of *Mahomet*. I leave behind me, said he, no Cause of Mischief to Men, except Women. I have endeavour'd, by exacting a rigorous Observance of my Laws, to extirpate from the World all Manner of Vices; but I could not eradicate the deepest Root of Ills, which is this Sex, who are no less fatal to the Repose of Mankind, than necessary to the Preservation of it. If I should tell you, Sir, the Story of the Master of the Horse *Saddyq*, which one of our Authors has written, you would not be so forward to follow the bloody Advice of the Sultaneſs. The Emperor, who, all inrag'd as he was, felt nevertheless in his Heart some Emotions of paternal Affection, took Pleasure in hearing all that cou'd be said to him, to persuade him that his Son might yet be innocent: Therefore he bid the Visier relate the Story of *Saddyq*, which that Minister did as follows.

Story of Saddyq, Master of the Horse.

TOgaltimur-Can, King of Tartary, was one Day told, that there was in his Dominions a Man, who was so great an Enemy

my to Lying, that he always told Truth. The King had a Mind to have him near his Person, and made him his Master of the Horse. A Courtier of so extraordinary a Character soon found Enemies, who watch'd all Opportunities to ruin him : But the King, who was not a Prince easy to be impos'd upon, and who trusted to his own Judgment in all Things, made Trial of his Master of the Horse on several Occasions, and having always found him frank and sincere, gave him the Surname of * *Saddyq*.

Of all *Saddyq*'s Enemies, the Visier *Targibirdi* was the most inveterately bent on his Ruin. He employ'd all Sorts of Stratagems to disgrace him in the Mind of *Togaltimur* : But not being able to compass his Design, he disclos'd one Day to his Daughter † *Hoschendan* the Uneasiness it gave him to be still disappointed. How unfortunate am I ! said he to her : I have been the Cause of the Disgrace of a thousand old Courtiers ; yet I cannot destroy this Man, who, tho' but newly settled at Court, triumphs over all my Efforts to ruin his Fortune. *Hoschendan*, who equal'd her Father in Malice, instead of exhorting him no longer to oppose the good Fortune of *Saddyq*, said to him ; My dear

Fa-

* *Saddyq* signifies Teller of Truth.

† *Hoschendan*, in the Persian Tongue, signifies Excellent Shape.

Father, cease to afflict your self: If you are absolutely determin'd to bring *Saddyq* into the King's Disfavour, leave the Care of it to my Management. Ah! reply'd the Visier, what Method will you take to compass it? Ask me not that, Sir, said she: Give me Leave only to go to the Master of the Horse, and I promise you I will bring him to a Necessity of telling a Lie to the King. Do whatever you will, Daughter, said the Visier, transported by his Hatred to *Saddyq*; I give you free Leave: Provided you prove as good as your Word, no Matter what it costs.

Hoschendan was wholly intent to prepare her self for the Execution of the Project she had form'd: She cloath'd her self in her richest Apparel, adorn'd her self with all her Jewels, dy'd her Eyebrows with * *Vesme*, and her Eyelashes with † *Surme*: Neither did she omit to rub her Hands with †† *Cna*. In short, after having added to her natural Beauty all the Advantages that Art could give her, she went from her Father's one Night, attended by some Slaves, that convoy'd

* *Vesme* is the Indigo of *Agra* us'd without Mixture, and consequently it dies black.

† *Surme* is a Preparation of Antimony.

†† *Cna* in the *Turkish*, and *Henna* in the *Arabian* Language, is a Sort of *Phyllirea* of the Indies and of *Arabia*, that produces a red Fruit, which, when dry'd, may be pounded into a Paste.

voy'd her safely to the Master of the Horse's House. When she was come thither, she sent back her Slaves; then knock'd at the Door; and told the Servant that open'd it, that she desired to speak with *Saddyq* about an Affair of very great Importance. They made her go in, and conducted her into the Master of the Horse's Apartment. She found him sitting on a Sopha, saluted him, went up to him, threw off the Veil that cover'd her Face, and sate her self down on the same Sopha, without saying one single Word.

Saddyq, who had never seen, not even in a Dream, so beautiful a Person, was struck to the very Heart, insomuch that he became motionless with Surprise. The Lady, who was come thither only to inspire him with Love, spar'd not the Means to compass her Design. She caress'd him with a thousand Dalliances; and when she was perswaded that his Passion was become violent, and that he would be the fond Fool to risk any Thing to deserve of her to satisfy his Desires, she broke Silence in these Words: O *Saddyq*, be not surpriz'd that a Lady, who loves you, is come in the Night to see you. I will be kind; but first you must grant me one Favour. Soul of my Soul! cry'd out the Master of the Horse; you need only name it: What can I refuse to these powerful Charms, of which I am so enamour'd? Command your Slave; tell him what you desire.

I have

I have a Mind, reply'd *Hofchendan*, to make a little Debauch with you : I die with longing to eat some * Horse-Flesh. You must kill me immediately the fattest of all the Horses in the King's Stable : We will take out the Heart and the Liver, get them roasted; and eat them together. Charming Lady, answer'd *Saddyq*, rather ask me my Life, and I will give it you : I ought to have a Respect for every Thing that belongs to the King my Master. Let us put off this Frolick till to morrow : I will then buy a Horse as fat as a Bacon Hog, and we will regale our selves like Princes. No, no, reply'd *Hofchendan*, I must eat of one of the King's Horses: 'Tis a Fancy I have taken, and, to oblige me, you must let me have my Will. I cannot comply with your Request, said *Saddyq* : I love the King my Master too well, to give him the least Uneasiness ; for, should I prove so weak as to yield to your Request, I am certain he would not fail to punish me. You need not fear that, said *Hofchendan* : If the King should ask you what was become of that Horse, you need only tell him, that having found him sick, and past all Hope of Recovery, you thought it best to kill him, lest he should have infected the other Horses with his Disease. The King,

* It is the Custom in *Tartary* to eat Horse-Flesh, and to drink the Milk of Mares.

who by way of Excellence has given you the Surname of *Saddyq*, will take your Word for it, and even commend your Precaution.

These Words made the Master of the Horse begin to waver. What shall I do? says he to himself. On the one Hand, the Respect I have for the King, and the Fear of Punishment, keep me in Awe: On the other Hand, the Charms of this heavenly Face allure me. *Hoschendan*, perceiving the Uncertainty he was in, renew'd her Attacks, and caress'd him in so moving a Manner, that he condescended at length to her Request. They went both of them to the King's Stables. Then *Hoschendan* said to *Saddyq*; O my Prince! since you have granted me this Favour, let me have it entire: Pray cut the Throat of this black Horse, which is here apart from the rest. O my Queen! my Sultaneſs! cry'd out the Master of the Horse; you know not what you ask: You put my Love to too severe a Trial. This black Horse is of all the others that which the King loves best. It is impossible for me to comply with your Desire. Pitch upon any one of the rest, and I will cut his Throat immediately: This is all that I can do for you; or rather all that you ought to expect from my Complacency. The Lady would not be refus'd: On the contrary, throwing her Arms about his Neck,

D

O my

O my King! said she; my dear Master of the Horse, I conjure you not to refuse my Suit: I know very well that this Proof of Tenderness, which I ask of you, clashes in some Measure with your Duty: But Women (you know) are whimsical and capricious; whatever they ardently desire, they are obstinate to obtain: Comply therefore, and satisfy my Humour. I will for ever love you in Return of this Favour, and always hold you dearer even than my own Life.

These Words were attended with so many Marks of Tenderness, and with such Transports, that the Master of the Horse could resist no longer. He took a Knife, and cut the black Horse's Throat with his own Hands. He took out the Heart and the Liver, made them be roasted, and eat them in his Bed-Chamber with *Hoschendan*, who continu'd with him all the Night. When it was Day, the Lady took Leave of the Master of the Horse, return'd home to her Father, and told him all had pass'd. The Visier was so overjoy'd at it, that he had no time to think how dear it had cost his Daughter to play the Part she had acted; but he went directly to the Palace, and told the King this Adventure: Yet he took care not to say that *Hoschendan* was the Lady in Question, or that it was to satisfy his Hate and his Envy, that she had dar'd to tempt the Integrity of *Saddyq*.

While the Visier *Tangribirdi* was making this Recital to the King, with all the Malice of a stanch Courtier, who would ruin his Enemy, the Master of the Horse was come to himself, and made most bitter Reflections on the sweet Enjoyments he had tasted in the Night. How void of Sense are Men, said he, to give themselves up with so much Fury to their Passions! I should have done much better, had I sent away the Lady with a flat Denial, than, to please her, in killing a Horse that was the Delight of the King my Master. I should not then have been agitated with all the cruel Thoughts which now disturb my Quiet. What shall I say to the King when he asks me for his Horse? I, who hitherto have made it a Law to my self always to tell Truth; must I fly to Falshood for Shelter, and shall I dare to lie in the Presence of my King? This would be adding a new Crime to that I have committed. On the other Hand, if I make a true Confession, my Sincerity will cost me my Life: What then must I determine to do? To lie? Well, be it so then. Let me suppose that I am at Court, continu'd he, taking his Cap off his Head, and laying it on the Floor before him: Let me suppose my Cap to be *Togaltrimur*: Let me see if I can have the Confidence to insist upon a Lie in the Face of the King. Entering into his Presence, I salute him. *Saddyq*, says he

to me, let my black Horse be got ready, I mean to ride him to-day. Sir, an Accident has befallen him : Yesterday in the Evening he would eat nothing, whatever we offer'd him, and he died at Midnight ; nor can I imagine what has kill'd him. How ! my black Horse, that carry'd me so well but yesterday, is he dead ? Why must it be him rather than so many others that are in the same Stable ? What Story's this thou tell'st me ? Be gone ; thou art a Liar. Thou hast either sold my Horse to some Foreigner, who went away with him last Night into his own Country, or else thou hast kill'd him thy self in some Freak or other : Think not to escape my Vengeance : Thou shalt be punish'd according to thy Deserts : One of you stab that Villain to the Heart this Moment ; hash him in Pieces.

Togaltimur, no doubt, pursu'd *Saddyq*, will speak to me in this Manner ; and such will be the Meed of the first Lie I ever told in my whole Life. Now let me see, if, by telling the Truth, I shall be better us'd by that Prince. *Saddyq*, let my black Horse be got ready : I will ride abroad. O King ! you see your Servant in the deepest Affliction. There came to my House last Night a Lady, who ask'd me to have the Heart and Liver of that Horse, and I had not the Power to refuse her. What ! could you kill my fine black Horse to gain a Lady's

Favour? One of you go for the Hangman; he shall do his Office before me.

Behold, said the Master of the Horse, what Reception I am to expect from the King: Whether I lie, or whether I tell Truth, I am sure to lose my Life. Wretch that I am! Cursed be the Object whose Charms have thrown me into this Perplexity. While he was taken up with these dismal Thoughts, there came one to tell him the King would speak with him. He instantly obey'd the Order, and went to that Prince, with whom he found the Visier his Enemy.

Master of the Horse, says the King, I intend to divert my self to-day with Hunting: Go saddle me my fine black Horse. These Words struck poor *Saddyq* with a mortal Dread. He answer'd in great Confusion: Sir, there happen'd last Night a Misfortune to your Servant: If your Majesty commands me, I will tell it you. Tell it then, reply'd the King. Last Night, said the Master of the Horse, as I was sitting in my Chamber, there came to me a Lady in a Veil: She sat her self down by me on a Sopha, unveil'd her self, and shew'd me a Neck and Ears of a ravishing Beauty: She caress'd me a thousand times, and when she perceiv'd she had inflam'd my Desires, she promis'd to satisfy them, provided I would give her before hand the Heart and Liver of your black Horse. Though I ardently desired to content the

Longings of my Love, yet I answer'd without Hesitation, that I could not consent to kill a Horse that your Majesty was so fond of. Then the Lady threw her self about my Neck, and besought me in Terms so moving, that I had not Power to resist her Importunity. This, Sir, is an ingenuous Recital of my Adventure: I confess my Crime, and am so far from desiring to escape the Punishment I deserve by telling a Lie, that I come of my own accord to submit to it: There, Sir, is the Sabre, and here my Head.

The King turn'd towards the Visier, and ask'd him in what Manner he thought it best to deal with *Saddyq*. Sir, answer'd the Visier, overjoy'd to be consulted in this Affair, I am of Opinion, that he ought to be burnt in a slow Fire. A Man, who has dar'd to sacrifice to his Pleasure a Horse that you were fond of, is unworthy of Mercy. I am not of your Opinion, Visier, reply'd *Togaltimur*: I think it more reasonable to pardon a first Fault, than to punish it. Then he address'd his Discourse to the Master of the Horse, and said; O *Saddyq*! I am astonish'd at thy Sincerity, and excuse thy Weakness: Had I been in thy Place, I should not only have given my black Horse, but, rather than fail, all the Horses in my Stables. The Allurements were too mighty to be resisted: No Man could

could have been safe against them. Therefore I forgive thee the Death of my Horse; and take it so well of thee, that thou hast told me the Truth on this Occasion, that I order that a Robe of Honour be brought for thee immediately.

When the Visier *Tangribirdi* saw that the Master of the Horse was rewarded, instead of being punish'd; and that his Daughter had prostituted her self to no purpose, to satisfy the Hatred he had conceiv'd against him, he was seiz'd with such a Melancholy, as threw him into an Illness, of which he died in a few Days, and the fortunate *Saddyq* was made Choice of to succeed him in his Post of Visier.

Sir, pursu'd the second Visier of the Emperor of *Persia*, be not you less merciful than King *Togaltimur*. Pardon a first Fault: But why do I say a Fault? What Proof is there that the Prince would have committed the Crime of which he is accus'd? You credit all the Queen tells you, and on her bare Word you are going to embrue your Hands in the Blood of your Son! May the Almighty turn you aside from this fatal Design! At least, O King of the World! at least, before you put it in Act, command that Search be made every where for *Abou-maschar*: He will tell us the true Motive of *Nourgehan's* mysterious Silence; for it cannot be doubted but he has some Hand in it.

The Emperor thought this Advice very judicious: He gave Orders to find *Aboumaschar*, if possible, and put off the Prince's Death to the Day following.

In the Afternoon *Hafikin* rode out a hunting, and when he came back, supp'd with the Sultaneſs; who, after Supper, ſaid to him; Sir, you delay too long to put *Nourgehan* to Death: You will repent of your Clemency, as did the Sultan *Bajazet*. This Prince, ſeeing a little Puppy, that had the Mange, and was almoſt ſtarv'd to Death, was ſo kind to the worthleſs Beaſt, as to take it up and carry it to a Place, where he order'd it to be well fed and brought up with Care. When the Whelp was grown to be a large Dog, he one Day bit *Bajazet*, who ſaid to him; O too happy Animal! I have been kind to thee, why doſt thou bite me? At that very Inſtant, God was pleas'd that the Dog ſhould ſpeak, and answer him thus: O *Bajazet*! A vicious Nature is never to be mended. Give Ear, Sir, to what I tell you, added the Sultaneſs; and prevent by a ſpeedy Punishment the ſad Fate that beſel an unhappy King, whoſe Story I am going to tell you.

Story

Story of the adopted Child.

ONCE upon a Time, a certain † *Coja* had a Fancy to travel: He took his Wife, who was both young and handsome, along with him, and they carry'd with them their whole Estate. They met a Highwayman on the Road, who forc'd them to go with him to a Mountain, that serv'd him as a Place of Refuge. As soon as they were arrived there, he bound the *Coja's* Hands behind his Back, and ravish'd his Wife, who became with Child: He detain'd them a great while in the Mountain, and gave them not their Liberty, till the Woman was ready to lie in.

They went to a Town, and took up their Lodgings in an Inn, where the Doctor's Wife was in a little time brought to bed of a Son. What shall we do with this Child? said she: Shall we bring it up? Not I, answer'd the *Coja*; 'tis not mine, and I will take no Care of it. In saying this, he took the Child, wrap'd in swaddling Cloaths, and carried it himself to the Door of a Mosque, where he left it.

It happen'd that the King of the Country came to that Mosque: He perceiv'd the Child, and ask'd why it was laid there?

D 5

They

† *Coja* in the Turkish Language signifies Doctor.

They told him, it was an Infant that no body would own, and that it was laid there, to the end some charitable Person might take Compassion of it, and bring it up in Hopes of a blessed Eternity. The King felt all the Emotions of Pity, that a Prince naturally merciful could be capable of. He did more: He alighted from his Horse, took up the Child, and drew it thro' the * Bosom of his Shirt, (that is to say, he adopted him) saying: Since I have no Heir of my own, I must educate this little Infant. Perhaps he will one Day be the Support of my Throne, and I may chance to leave my Crown to him, if he deserve it.

The Babe was carried to the Seraglio, where they took off his swaddling Cloaths, and gave him others of the finest Linen, and that had never been us'd before. They provided a Nurse for him; and, in short, had as much Care of the Infant, as if it had been the King's own Son. He grew to be a fine Boy; and when he came to be five Years old, he was put under the Care of a Preceptor, who instructed him in the first Rudiments of Learning: Then he was taught to fence, to ride, and to vault; but his chief Excellence was playing at Pell-mell: 'Twas

the Plea-

* This is a Ceremony that the antient *Persians* observ'd in the Adoption of Children.

a Pleasure to see him do his Exercises; he did them so well, that every one was ravish'd at his Manner of performing them: Even his Masters themselves were no less astonish'd than others at his Address and Vigour. The King hugg'd himself for having brought up a Youth, who made so grateful a Return for the Kindness he had shewn him: And at length he had Reason to be yet more satisfy'd; for some of his Neighbour Kings having declar'd War against him, he sent to oppose them his adopted Son, who defeated them, and behav'd himself so well in the most hazardous Occasions, that he soon acquir'd the Reputation of being the bravest Man in the Army. Nothing could resist his Courage, and the Force of his Sabre.

It must be observ'd, that in a short time after the King had adopted him, he came to have a Daughter by one of his own Wives. This young Princess was extremely beautiful; and the young Man, as being her adopted Brother, had Permission to see her. He fell desperately in Love with the Princess; but the King had promis'd her to the Son of a Sultan, and the Marriage was on the Point of being consummated: At this the young Man fell into a profound Melancholy; and meeting a Dervise, said to him: Good Dervise, I have one Question to ask you; Ought a Man to eat the first Fruits of his own Garden, or give them to another?

The

The Dervise, who was Master of the Science of † *Mekachefa*, divin'd his Thought, and answer'd him: Prince, I must know beforehand, if there be in the Garden any Tree, of whose Fruit the most high God has forbidden to eat, in like Manner as he forbid *Adam* and *Eve* to eat of the Fruit call'd * Wheat.

The young Man, dissatisfy'd with the Dervise's Answer, and instigated by his Passion, stole away the Princess, went from the Palace with about Two thousand Soldiers, that were entirely devoted to his Interest, and took the Road to another City. When the King was told this News, he flew into a great Rage: He assembled an Army immediately, and pursu'd the Ravisher; who, after having provided for the Safety of the Princess, plac'd himself in Ambush at the Foot of a Mountain, and surpriz'd the Forces of the King, who had not the least Suspicion of it. He cut all his Troops to Pieces, took the King himself Prisoner, and kill'd him with his own Hand: And thus this ungrateful Son ascended the Throne of a Prince to whom he had so great Obligations.

You see, Sir, by this Story, continu'd the Queen *Canzada*, that you ought to regard Prince

† See the Note, p. 30.

* The *Mahometani* believe that the forbidden Fruit was Wheat.

Prince *Nourgehan*, as your Enemy. All his Intentions resemble those of this wicked adopted Son: One of them kill'd his Father, and marry'd his Sister; the other would likewise assassinate his Father, and marry his Mother-in-Law. Well, Madam, says the Emperor, say no more of it; *Nourgehan* shall die to-morrow. Then the King withdrew into his own Apartment to go to rest.

The next Day he went to the Council-Chamber, where he found all his Visiers assembled. He ask'd them, if they had found *Aboumaschar*; and when they had answer'd, No: Since there is no Hopes of finding him, said he, let the Prince my Son be brought hither, and be beheaded immediately; for I have given my Word to the Sultaneſs, that he shall die to-day. Upon this, the third Visier advancing said to the Emperor: O King of the World! stain not your self with the Blood of your Son: Have Regard to the Remonstrances of your Visiers: The † Angel, that guides the seven Planets, might admire their Wisdom. They would not oppose your Design of putting the Prince to Death, if the Prophet had not said, That he, who sees his King going to commit

† The *Mahometan* Cabalists pretend, that each of the Planets is guided by an Angel; and that these Angels have another Angel for their Chief, who is call'd *Enizyl*.

commit an ill Action, and endeavours not to hinder him, ought to be raz'd out from the List of the Faithful. The Ancients were wont to say, that we ought to mistrust a Woman and a Man newly made Slaves; because both of them are Flatterers, who imploy Falshood and Perfidie to attain their Ends. If your Majesty will give me leave, I will tell you a Story, that will confirm what I have had the Honour to represent to you: Tell it me, says *Hafikin*, I give you Leave: Then the Visier related it thus.

Story of a Tailor and his Wife.

IN the Days of the Prophet *Aysa*, there was a Tailor who had a very beautiful Wife, whose Name was * *Ghulendam*. They lov'd each other passionately; and one Day as they were giving themselves reciprocal Marks of their Affection, the Husband transported with Love, promis'd his Wife, that if she died first, he would pass four and twenty Hours weeping over her Tomb; and the Wife, yet more transported than the Husband, swore to him, that if he dy'd first, she would starve herself to Death to avoid the Affliction of surviving him.

It

* *Ghulendam* signifies sweet as a Rose.

It happen'd that the Wife dy'd first : The Tailor was extreamly afflicted at her Death, and to discharge his Promise, after having plac'd his Wife among the Dead, he laid himself down near her Coffin, weeping and lamenting in a piteous Manner : While he was in this Condition, the Prophet *Aysa*, on whom be Benediction, as he was passing by, happen'd to see the Tailor, and said to him, Good Man; why dost thou abandon thy self to such immoderate Grief? The Tailor answer'd, that he was inconsolable for the Loss of a Wife whom he lov'd, and who lov'd him most tenderly : Then, reply'd the Prophet, it would be a great Joy to you to have this dear Wife of yours rais'd from the Dead? Heaven, answer'd the Tailor, would crown all my Wishes, in working this Miracle for me. Well, says *Aysa*, have Comfort, thy lively and sincere Affliction moves me to Compassion, and I will restore thy Wife to thee with his Permission who created her, and has taken her away : Then he pronounc'd a Prayer, and immediately *Ghulendam* rose up, and came out of the Tomb in her Winding-Sheet : The Tailor, in an Ecstasie at this Effect of the divine Power, would have return'd Thanks to *Aysa*; but the Prophet told him, that it was to God alone that he ought to give Thanks for this Miracle; and then went his Way.

Ghulendam, perceiving her self restor'd to Life, ask'd how this wonderful Thing was brought to pass : And when her Husband had inform'd her, she cry'd out : And is it you then that have snatch'd me from the Arms of Death ? Is it your Love that makes me re-visit the Light ? Ah, how my Heart is penetrated with this Mark of your Affection ! I will eternally bear it in Mind : I am less affected with the Pleasure of living again, than at the Goodness of your loving Heart, which is the Cause of my new Life ; each Moment of which I will consecrate to you, who have obtain'd it for me : I cannot make a better Use of it. The Tailor was charm'd to hear his Wife express her self in Terms that confess'd so much Gratitude and Affection : Joy of my Heart ! said he ; Light of my Eyes ! Soul of my Life ! Heaven in restoring you to my Wishes, intended, no doubt, to cause in me the greatest Joy that Mortality is capable to taste : Let us go back to our House, and begin once more to enjoy the Sweetness of our Union, of those extatick Pleasures that Death had ravish'd from us, and has been compel'd to restore to us again. But I do not consider, added he, that you are not in a fit Condition to be seen : You have no Cloaths, not so much as a **Castan* : I will

* A *Castan* is a Woman's Gown.

I will go fetch you some, and return in a Moment.

He had no sooner left his Wife, than the Son of the King of that Country chanc'd to pass near the Tomb. This young Prince was not a little surpriz'd to see a Woman, wrapt in a Winding-sheet, and not lying along like the other Dead. His Curiosity made him go to her, and all his Attendants follow'd him: Observing that she was a very beautiful Woman, and that she seem'd to be living, he look'd on her very attentively; and even found that the Sight of her produc'd in his Heart some Emotions of Tenderness: One of his Officers mistrusting it, said to him: Prince, this is a very lovely Woman: If you think fit we will carry her to the Seraglio: With all my Heart, reply'd the Prince, I have not one there so handsome: But ask her first if she be marry'd: For I will not take a Wife away from her Husband: The Officer then directed his Discourse to the Tailor's Wife: Fair Lady, said he, if you are not marry'd, you may, if you please, live with the King's Son. *Ghulendam* without Hesitation answer'd immediately: I am a Foreigner, and belong to no Body: Then one of the Prince's Officers pull'd of his own Gown, and put it upon *Ghulendam*, who was conducted to the Seraglio, where the Officer's Gown was taken from her, and in lieu of it they gave her a very rich Apparel. Mean

Mean while the Tailor was come back to the Tomb with a *Caftan* and other Cloaths: It little wanted but he had run mad, when he ſaw his Wife was not there. He fell again to weeping more bitterly than before: O Heaven! cry'd he, what is become of her? Did the Prophet who rais'd her from the Dead, reſtore her to Life only to deliver her to the Deſires of another? Ah! If it be ſo then am I more miſerable than when I bewailed her Death: But how can I make a Doubt whether it be ſo or not? Her Beauty has charm'd ſome Paſſenger, who made no Conſcience of taking her from me. *Ghulendam!* added he, my dear *Ghulendam!* I will do thee Juſtice. I am fully perſuaded, that ſo long as thou haſt any Strength left thee, thou didſt bravely reſiſt the Violence that was offer'd thee. In what Place ſoever thou art, I am certain thou art in Deſpair, and that thou call'ſt on me to relieve thee. Alas! Methinks I hear thy Cries, which pierce me to the very Soul. I will not abandon thee: I will ſearch for thee all the World over, and wert thou hid in the Bowels of the Earth, I will find thee out.

He was as good as his Word, and made ſuch diligent Inquiry, that he heard ſhe was in the Prince's Seraglio: He runs, he flies to the Prince, throws himſelf at his Feet, and ſays to him: O Prince! You are too great a Lover of Juſtice, to deſire to detain by Force

Force what does not belong to you. You have had my Wife here these three Days : I beseech you to restore her to me : Fellow, have a Care of what thou say'st, answer'd the King's Son : There is not in my Seraglio any one Woman against her Consent, nor even one that is marry'd. Prince, reply'd the Tailor, I advance nothing to you but what I am fully assur'd of. Hear me, says the King's Son : I will let thee see all my Wives ; but I give thee Notice, that if thine be not among them, it shall cost thee thy Life ; No Matter, answer'd the Tailor : You shall put me to Death if you please : I consent to the Condition ; and yet run no Hazard. I know that she is in this Palace, and you will see as soon as she perceives me, how she will fly into my Arms : She is the most faithful and most loving Wife in the World ; you shall be satisfy'd, said the King's Son : Then he gave Orders for all his Wives to be brought thither, without excepting any one of them.

They were all order'd to pass one by one before the Tailor, and as each of them went by, the Prince ask'd him, Is this she? the Tailor answer'd, no, till *Ghulendam* appear'd ; but then he cry'd out : Ha ! there she is ! that dear, dear Wife, whose Loss I have so much lamented : Fair Lady, said the Prince to *Ghulendam*, do you know this Fellow ? Know him ? said she : Yes, I have

I have reason to know him : He is a Robber : This is he that stript me, and put me in the Condition you found me in : This is that detestable Wretch, who after he had taken from me all I had, was going to bury me alive, that I might not accuse him before the * *Cady* : I demand Justice of him, Prince ; let him be punish'd according to the Laws : I shall have no Content, nor Satisfaction till he be hang'd.

The Tailor was so confounded at the Answer of his dear *Ghulendam*, that he could not utter a single Word : His Silence and Confusion made the King's Son believe him guilty. Oh Traitor ! cry'd the Prince ; thou must be a Villain indeed, to dare to come to reclaim a Wife, who not only is not thine, but whom thou would'st have bury'd alive : Thou deservest that new Torments should be invented to punish thee : Yet I will be satisfy'd to have thee only hang'd : Let him be carry'd this Minute to the Gallows, added he, and be dispatch'd immediately. The Tailor was going to speak in his own Defence ; No, no, said the King's Son, imposing him Silence, I will not hear thee : Thou art only an Impostor : I never hearken to Lies. Once more I bid you, said he to his Officers, hang him this Moment, Obey me, or you shall all be hang'd for him. The

* Chief Judge of the City.

The Officers, seeing the Prince in a Rage, and being much more willing that the Tailor should be hang'd than themselves, laid hold of this unhappy Husband, bound his Hands behind him, and led him to the Gallows. Just as the Executioner was going to turn him off, the Prophet *Aysa* appear'd, and cry'd out to the Hangman to forbear his Office because the Tailor was innocent. The Respect they had for the Prophet suspended the Punishment. But the Prince's Officers would have the Tailor executed, because, said they, their Master had commanded it ; But *Aysa* told them, that he would undertake to obtain the Tailor's Pardon. And indeed he actually went to the King's Son, and had no sooner related to him the Truth of the whole Affair, than the young Prince revok'd the Order he had given : Nay, he immediately sent *Ghulendam* to the Place of Execution, where she was hang'd instead of her Husband.

You see by this Story, Sir, said the third Visier, that Women are very deceitful, and that a wise Man ought to distrust even those that seem to have the most Reason on their Side. Command that fresh Search be made for *Aboumaschar* : Let it be so, said the Emperor, but if he be not found to Day, *Nourgehan* shall be beheaded to Morrow.

When the King had said this, he rode out a Hunting ; and when he return'd,

supp'd with the Sultaneſs; who ask'd him, why the Prince was not put to Death? Madam, answer'd *Hafkin*, I could not help prolonging his Life till to-morrow: When you plead againſt him, I condemn him; but when my Viſiers ſpeak in his Behalf, I cannot but pardon him: I am in a cruel Perplexity; and you ought to forgive a Father, who cannot eaſily reſolve to put to death his only Son. Sir, reply'd the Sultaneſs, you ought rather to believe me than your Viſiers: Their Arguments lead you aſtray, becauſe you hearken to them as a Father, not as a King. You will repent, but not till 'tis too late, of having too great an Affection for your Son. I muſt tell you a Story, that will afford you Matter for ſome Reflections.

The Story of the Birds of Salomon.

I Have, Sir, heard the old Governeſs, who had the Care of my Education, ſay, that *Salomon*, among other wonderful Things, had ſeveral Birds, that underſtood and ſpoke the Language of the Country with all the good Senſe imaginable.

One of theſe Birds, whoſe beautiful gridelin Feathers, and a thouſand Perfections diſtinguiſh'd him infinitely from the others, left *Salomon*, and went to ſee his Female, that was ſitting in a Neighbouring Wood: He accoſted her with an Air of Tenderneſs,
spread

spread and stretch'd out his Wings; open'd his Beak, and offer'd her a Kiss in a very loving Manner.

The Female refus'd his Caresses and said to him: Away thou perfidious Dissembler; return to *Salomon*, whom thou lov'st better than me, since thou forsak'st me for him: But what are the mighty Pleasures that allure thee so often to his Court? 'Tis not the Gold in which thou eat'st, nor the gilded Cielings under which thou sleep'st: These are extravagant Pleasures that Man alone is fond of: Love is the sole Passion of Birds: 'Tis Love alone that makes their Happiness or Misery: Love only has detain'd thee with that Prophet: For, if I have no Rival, why did'st not thou who know'st the Condition in which thy last Caresses had left me, come and help me to make the Nest for our future Children? I was compell'd to pluck off my own Feathers to finish it: Ah! thy Infidelity is but too apparent! Behold therefore what Despair can produce in the Heart of a loving Wife that is slighted. As she ended these Words, she rush'd on her Eggs with so much Fury, that the Male could save but one of them: He cover'd it with his Wings, and with his Beak peck'd the Female, who was continually flying upon him to beat him off the Nest: But coming to reflect that the Rage of Females is a Torrent that Resistance does but swell the

the higher, he submitted himself and look'd on her with Eyes, full of engaging Languishments : Dear Wife, said he, whom I have always lov'd. Rather than sacrifice to thy groundless Jealousie, this poor Remains and only Hope of our Family, kill even me thy Husband : I will make no longer Resistance.

The Female, whose Rage these tender Words had appeas'd, grew sensible of the sad Effects it had caus'd, and fell into so great an Affliction that the Male compassionated her Distress : He stifled all his Resentments, and thought all his Children too well reveng'd by the Remorses of their Mother. The Egg that remain'd comforted him for those he had lost : An Infant Bird of an uncommon Beauty came out off the Shell that very Day, as if it had been impatient to re-kindle in the Heart of its Father, those ardent Flames that were just expiring, and to restore to its Mother her former Tranquillity.

This little Bird had a yellow Head, a blue Neck, a white Body, violet Wings, and a red Tail. The Father and Mother were overjoy'd that they had got so beautiful a Child : This new-born Pledge of their first Love intirely reconcil'd them : They liv'd ever afterwards in a perfect Intelligence, always loving, always pleas'd with each other.

Mean

on Meane while Salomon, who had lost his dear Gridelin Bird, was in great Pain to know what was become of him: He made all the Forests be search'd for him; but not finding him, he bethought himself of sending thither two red Birds of the same Sort. I told you, Sir, at first that he had several, but these were not so beautiful as Gridelin: But what they wanted in Beauty was abundantly supply'd in Wit; and indeed they had need of it to acquit themselves well of the Prophets Commission, which was to bring back his Favourite Gridelin: 'Twas impossible to do it by Force; and therefore Eloquence must be employ'd to persuade him to return.

The red Birds, after they had been flying about for fifteen Days together, chanc'd at length to light upon Gridelin, whom they found with his Wife, and the Violet Bird their Son. The red Birds pretended they were driven from Court, because, said they, Salomon, being in Despair for the Loss of his Favourite, had no longer any Kindness for Birds of their Kind. They added, that they were in a wretched Condition, because, having been brought up at Court, where they had far'd deliciously, they should never be able to live in the Woods.

Truly, Brothers, said the Gridelin Bird, I pass my Time here very pleasantly: I love my Wife; she loves me; we both love our

Child; and he loves us: We depend on no Body. Is not this preferable to the false Felicity of this Court, of which you are so fond? And *Salomon* with all his Greatness, could he make me amends for the Loss of the least of these Enjoyments? Ah! Could he be a Moment in my Condition, he would own, that with all his Wisdom and all his Riches he is very unhappy. Believe me, Brothers, stay with us: As for my Part, I have made a Vow to live and die in these Woods.

This Discourse afflicted the red Birds; who, despairing to prevail with *Gridelin* by their well-invented Falsehood, ingenuously confess'd that they were sent by the Prophet: The *Gridelin* Bird was troubled at this Circumstance: Having receiv'd a thousand Proofs of Kindness from *Salomon*, he was loth, by a Refusal to return to Court, to give an Instance of Ingratitude; and yet more loth to quit his Wife and his Child.

Gridelin, being wholly taken up with these melancholy Reflections, gave the red Birds no Answer: But the Female spoke to them thus: Go, said she, go tell the Prophet, that *Gridelin* will not return to Court; and that 'tis I who hinder him: *Salomon* knows Women too well, not to excuse my Husband for doing what I have a Mind to. *Gridelin*, who had learnt of the

the Courtiers the Art of Politeness, told his Wife, that the least they could do, was to send their Son with the red Birds to carry his Excuses to *Salomon*: that a Refusal of this Nature ought to be attended with some Civilities: The Female cry'd and scolded; but the Male would be obey'd: The Violet Bird set out for Court, after his Father had instructed him how to behave himself there: He reduc'd all his Instructions to three principal Heads, that his Son might the better retain them: Fly, said he to him, from the Unfortunate: Caress the Favourites: and trust to no Body.

The Violet Bird was civilly received by the Prophet: But *Salomon* could not forget Gridelin, whose Pleasantries had so much diverted him. Violet indeed had a more beautiful Plumage, but not so much Wit; and all the Civilities the Prophet shew'd him, were only to get his Father back to Court: The red Birds said it would be impossible ever to compass it, unless the Son would join with them: The Proposition was made to the Violet Bird, whom they threaten'd with perpetual Imprisonment, if he did not put his Father into their Hands. Violet, dismay'd at this Menace, consented to what they desir'd.

He return'd to Gridelin, and pretended to have been very ill us'd by *Salomon*. O my Father! O my Mother! said he to them,

How glad am I to see you again ! I am fortunately escap'd from a close Confinement : The Prophet made me be put into a Cage, and intended to have kept me there all my Days : But, Thanks to Heaven, I found Means to escape. And, what crowns my Happiness, I am come hither soon enough to give you Warning, that the Prophet is enrag'd against you ; and has sent his Fowlers abroad to kill you : Let us away ; follow me ; and I will lead you to a Place of Safety, that I discover'd as I came along : The Fowlers are at Hand ; let's make Haste ; The Time presses, and we have none to lose. The Father and Mother, full at once of Joy to see their Son again, and of Fear for the Danger that threaten'd them, gave him no Answer, but follow'd him : And this unnatural Son guided them himself into the Nets, that the Fowlers had set to catch them.

This Story, Sir, continu'd the Sultaneſs of *Persia*, lets you see, that Children have no Friendship for their Parents ; and that they are even capable of sacrificing them to their Avarice or Ambition : This you will soon find by dear-bought Experience in your own Person ; and then you will say : Why did not I believe the Queen, when she incens'd me against my Son ? Alas ! I mistrusted her, when I ought to have mistrusted my self. In short, the Sultaneſs once
more

more persuaded the Emperor, that *Nour-gehan* deserv'd Death : and the next Morning, as soon as he had settled in Council the Affairs of his Kingdom, he sent for the Executioner, and order'd him to bring the Prince : But then the fourth Visier stood up, and spoke to the Sultan as follows.

Story of the old King of Ethiopia, and his three Sons.

SIR, 'Tis the Peculiar of Wisdom to examine with the greatest Attention whatever offers it self as fit either to be done or to be avoided. A certain King of *Ethiopia* follow'd this excellent Maxim, in as nice a Conjunction, as that which at present perplexes your Majesty.

This King, who was sixscore Years old, had a Mind to resign his Empire, and finish his glorious Reign by the Choice of a worthy Successor. He had three Sons by three different Women, who were all living : Each of them pleaded in Behalf of her own Son ; so that the King, who was equally a good Husband and a good Father, waver'd in the most cruel Uncertainty imaginable. What shall I resolve on ? said he to himself : The Laws declare for the Eldest : My Favourite Sultaneſs pleads for the Second ; and I incline for the Youngest. O too lovely

Sultaneſs, I have felt the Effects of your ſweet and alluring Looks ! O thou weak Nature, that yield'ſt to my Love ! But neither the one nor the other of you ſhall triumph over the Laws. I will die on the Throne, that after my Death the Laws may decide the Controverſy. But what ? The Laws will decide nothing : A cruel War will be kindled between my Children : My People will be the Victim of their Ambition, and I owe all to my People. O beauteous Sultaneſs ! I ought to begin by you to ſacrifice my ſelf, and all that is dear to me, to the Good of my Subjects : I leave them at Liberty to chuſe themſelves a Sovereign.

After theſe Reflections he aſſembled his Viſiers, the Nobles and the People : I have, ſaid he to them, one Foot on the Throne, and the other in the Grave : but I would, if it were poſſible, not go down into the Abyſs of Eternity with the Crown on my Head : Its Weight oppreſſes and weighs me down : I reſign it to you : Chuſe yourſelves a Maſter : At this there appear'd in all their Looks a profound Sadneſs : The People cry'd out with one Voice ; Live, long live the King, our Father and our Friend : Be not ſo much concern'd, interrupted the King : You are my Bowels : You can ſuffer nothing but I muſt feel ſo great a Pain as would ſhorten my Days : Their Cries redouble. The King himſelf cannot refrain
from

from Tears: Think no more, said he, on what you are going to lose; but consider what you have still left. The Princes my Children have all the Qualities that make Men great. Proclaim which of them you think most worthy to possess the Throne I resign.

A profound Silence succeeded their Sighs and Lamentations. The whole Assembly cast their Eyes on the Throne, and saw the three Princes, sitting on the Steps: They admired each of them; and not liking one more than another, no Man could determine which to chuse. Then the prime Minister approach'd the Throne, and spoke in this Manner. O wise King! O valiant King! May he who draws Light out of Darkness, and from the Horrors of the Night, produces a glorious and delightful Morning, keep you in this holy Case, and perpetuate your Rasterity. Receive with your accustomed Goodness the Advice of your faithful Slave. Let each of your three Sons reign three Days only, and we will determine afterwards, since your Majesty is pleas'd to give us Leave. Our Choice will be then founded on Judgment: for Men are known what they are in high Fortune and in Wine. The Man is truly wise, whom neither the one, nor the other of them can corrupt.

This Advice of the Grand Visier was follow'd, and prevail'd in the Mind of the King over the subtle Insinuations of his three Wives, who by that Means saw their Sollicitations become vain, and their Projects confounded. The eldest Prince was cloath'd in Purple, and took the Sceptre in his Hand: His Mother recommended to him to be affable and liberal; not to alter the Form of the Government; and to pardon Criminals: By this Means, said she, you will have all the World for you; the King, the Nobles, and the People. Instructions grounded on such Principles seem'd to promise a happy Issue: The Prince follow'd them exactly; but a conduct that appear'd study'd and affected occasion'd some Distrust. The three Days of his Reign being expir'd, the second Prince ascended the Throne. His Mother gav'd him quite different Lessons. Depose, said she to him, the Visiers; banish the Doctors; raise to the highest Dignities Men of ambitious Minds; who, to keep their Employments, may vote you to the Throne: And when you are well settled in it, we will recal the Visiers and the Doctors; whose Fidelity the Riches, which thy ambitious Ministers shall have amass'd, will serve to regain, and to re-animate their Zeal.

This Model was follow'd; but the People dreaded the worst that could happen from a Prince, who pretended to the Crown, and gave himself so little trouble to deserve it. The King's third Son took on him in his Turn the Sovereign Authority. He would have no Advice from his Mother. An *Arabian Dervise*, said he to those who were surpriz'd at it, speaking of Women has very wisely written; That God has made for them a separate Paradise, because if they were to be in that of Men, they would make it a Hell. I have an infinite Respect for my Mother; Nay, I believe her Advice very good: But the Laws are what I will observe; and what is dark or intricate in them, our wise *Viziers*, and our learned Doctors, all of whom I restore to their Employments, will help me to interpret.

After he had spent the first Day and Part of the second in appointing good Judges for the People, and old and prudent Officers over the Soldiers, the King his Father sent some of the Doctors to examine and put Questions to him in Publick, and to know if he understood the Laws and the Art of reigning: One of the Doctors ask'd him; What Persons a King has absolute Need of to be near his Person? He has need, answer'd the Prince, of eight Sorts: of a prudent *Vizier*; of a General; of a good Secretary, who can write perfectly well the *Arabian*,

By *Turkish*.

Turkish, and *Ethiopian* Languages; of a Physician, consummate in the Art of Physick, and in the Knowledge of Remedies; of learned Doctors to instruct him thoroughly in the Laws; of Dervises that are capable to explain to him the obscure Points of his Religion; and of Musicians, who, by the Sweetness of their Voices and the Harmony of their Instruments, may call back his Spirits, that shall have been dissipated by the Application he had given to Affairs of State: Another Doctor said to him Prince; to what do you compare an Emperor, his * *Beys*, his Subjects, his Empire, and his Enemies? An Empire, answer'd the Prince, resembles a Pasture Ground; an Emperor a Shepherd; his Subjects the Sheep; his *Beys* the Shepherds Dogs; and his Enemies the Wolves.

At these Answers of the young Prince, the old King of *Ethiopia* burst into Tears of Joy; and said within himself: My third Son is the most learned and the most worthy of the Throne; But before I declare my Thoughts, I will know the Sentiments of my People.

He publish'd an Order for all the Inhabitants of the City to appear the next Morning in the Plain without the Walls.

He

* His Governors and Officers of his Armies.

He himself came thither, mounted on a stately Steed, and attended by his three Sons and his Courtiers; and when he was in the midst of his People he spoke in these Words: O my Fellow-Citizens, my Relations, my faithful Subjects! Regard not what I am to-day: No Man is less than me in the Sight of God: To-morrow, that is to say, at the Day of Judgment, which we all believe will come, how many will there be of you, who, possessing high Dignities in Heaven, will rend my Garments, and say to me: Oh! Tyrant! What Ills didst thou make us suffer during thy long and hateful Reign! Instead of answering your Reproaches, I shall remain in a shameful Silence, and not dare to regard your irritated Looks. At these Words the good old King took his Handkerchief, and hid his Face, while Floods of Tears ran trickling down the Furrows of his aged Cheeks: After his Example, his Sons and his Courtiers all drop their Tears; and all the People transported with Grief and Pity, tormented the Air with their loud Cries and Lamentations. At length, the old King wip'd away his Tears; and then went on: O my Friends! I am going out of this World to enter into the Palace of Eternity: I conjure you to unburthen my Conscience of the Things you may have to reproach me with; to the End I may not be ill treated in my Tomb by the Angels

* *Munker*

* *Munker* and * *Nekir*; and that when they go away, they may leave a *Houri* to remain with me to the Day of Judgment: And now chuse which of my three Sons you please to succeed me. All the People cry'd out: May the Days of the King last as long as the World endures! We have nothing to reproach him with: May the Great God be as well satisfy'd with him as we are. As to the Princes his Sons, let his Majesty place which of them he pleases on the Throne; we will give our Consents, and obey him: But if he absolutely commands us to tell him which of the three we think the most worthy to fill his Place, we confess it is the youngest of them.

After this Declaration, the King return'd to the City, and being come to his Palace, gave the necessary Orders for the Coronation of the third Prince: Nevertheless, being desirous to make Trial once more of his Capacity, he sent for three Criminals, and said: Prince, judge these three Men, and condemn them according to the Laws. One

** There are two Angels, who, according to the *Mahometans*, interrogate the Dead concerning their God, their Prophet, their Religion, and their Morals. If the Dead answer as they ought, and have led good Lives, the Angels leave in their Company a *Houri*, that is to say, a Daughter of Paradise, who continues with them to the Day of Judgment.

of them was a Thief, the second a Murderer, and the third an Adulterer.

The Prince heard the Depositions of the Accusers, and said ; A Crime has different Degrees, which demand more or less Rigour : A Circumstance omitted or added aggravates or lessens an Offence. This Thief has taken out of a Treasurer's House a Casket full of Gold, and yet he does not deserve to have his Hand cut off, as a Man would who had stoln but ten Drachma's. The Reason of this is, because the Casket is not mark'd with the King's Stamp, as the Drachma's are : But if he had open'd the Casket, and taken Money out of it, he would have merited to have his Hand cut off. This is the Decision of the great Prophet *Mahomet*.

The young Prince judg'd the Murderer with the same Wisdom. There is, said he, a great Difference between a Crime begun, and a Crime consummated. This Offender lay in wait in a Wood, and in the Night, to assassinate his own Father ; but he repented of it, and did not kill his Father, tho' he had him in his Power. I absolve him ; for a Crime only intended ; and not perpetrated, because the Person would not, is worthy of Pardon. The Prosecutors ought not to have accused this Man as a Murderer : They ought to have alledg'd that he had an ill Design, and not that he had done an ill Action.

Then

Then he examin'd the Affair of the third Prisoner, and spoke to this Effect: The Laws require, that to prove a Man to be an Adulterer, there should be four Witnesses to depose that they saw the Act committed, and that they saw it by Chance; for if they had watch'd an Opportunity of surprizing two Persons together, they are themselves guilty, according to these Words of the Prophet: God will curse him that sees, and him that suffers himself to be seen. You, the four Accusers, have incurr'd by your Criminal Curiosity the Punishment ordain'd against the Adulterers whom you surpriz'd. Pronounce their Sentence and your own: Each of them begg'd Pardon. I pardon you, added the Prince: You see how difficult it is to prove an Adultery.

Then the old King of *Ethiopia* took the young Prince by the Hand, and made him ascend the Throne. O my Son! said he, take Possession of a Dignity, which I gladly resign to you: You deserve a Crown. Immediately all the People proclaim'd him King, and all the Nobles congratulated him on his Accession to the Crown, praying God to shower down Blessings on his Reign.

You see by this Story, continu'd the fourth Visier of the Emperor *Mafikin*, how difficult it is to judge of Adultery: And yet your Majesty, on a bare Accusation, would put to Death Prince *Nourgehan*, who is a living

living Image of this young *Ethiopian* Prince. Instead of taking away his Life on the frivolous Deposition of a Woman, you ought to pardon him, even tho' you had incontestable Proofs of his Guilt; since, according to a Text in the *Alcoran*, which with us is the Word of God, those who govern their Passions, when they have it in their Power to revenge themselves, merit to have the Anger of God appeas'd on their own Account. Blessed is the Man, says *Mabomet*, who puts a Bridle to his Anger, and who pardons his Enemy whom he might oppress. On the Day of Judgment, he shall hear in the Midst of the People a Voice, which shall say unto him; O my Servant! since thou hast so well been able to moderate thy Passions, thou may'st chuse among all the * *Houris* her that pleases thee best, and I will give her to thee to be thy Portion. 'Tis said besides, Sir, added the *Vizier*, that on the same Day a Herald shall cry; Let no Man rise up, but those who have pardon'd their Enemies.

The Emperor of *Persia* was sensibly mov'd at this Discourse, and resolv'd to suspend the Death of the Prince his Son, till he should be fully convinc'd of his Guilt. When the Council broke up, he went a hunting; and at his Return in the Evening, supp'd with

* These are the Daughters of Paradise.

with the Queen his Wife, who reproach'd him that he had not yet caus'd *Nourgehan* to be beheaded. Madam, said *Hafkin*, one of my Vissers has told me a Story which makes me fear I should excite the Wrath of Heaven against me, if I put my Son to Death. Sir, answer'd the Sultaneß, you take your Vissers to be great Men: You suffer your self to be seduc'd by the Fluency of their Tongues. You are, in regard to them, in the same Error, as was a certain *Mussulman* King in regard to a Doctor of his Court. The Story runs thus.

Story of King Togrul-Bey, and his Children.

KING *Togrul-Bey*, when he was at the Point of Death, sent for his three Sons, and said to them; Children, I see † *Azrail* coming to my Bed: Before he lays his Head on my Pillow, I will give each of you a good Advice: Fail not to follow it, if you desire to live happy. The three Princes, drown'd in Tears, having promis'd to observe it, and testify'd their Desire to know what it was, the King said to the eldest:

† The Angel of Death. The *Mahometans* believe, that this *Azrail* comes to fetch the Souls of the Dying, and carries them away.

eldest: Do you build a Palace in each City of my Kingdom. He said to the second: Do you marry every Day a Virgin. And you, said he to the third, put some Butter and some Honey in every Thing you eat.

Togrul-Bey died. The eldest Prince began to build a Palace in every City: The second Son marry'd every Day a Virgin, and repudiated her the next Morning: And the third Prince eat nothing but what had some Butter and Honey in it. One Day a learned Man spoke to them in this Manner: Princes, when the King your Father on his Death-bed gave you these Advices, which you observe so exactly, his Intention was not that you should literally perform what he recommended to you to do: You do not rightly comprehend the Meaning of his enigmatical Expressions: I will explain them to you; but I must first tell you a Story that has some Resemblance with yours.

A *Türkish* King sent to demand the *Caraje*, that is to say the Tribute, of the Christians of a certain Province. The Christians immediately assembled their Monks to consult them what was fit to be done in this Conjunction. Among them was an eminent Prelate, who spoke in this Manner. Send me to the Court of the *Mussulman* King, and I will make a certain Proposal to him: I will tell him, that we are ready to pay

pay the Tribute, provided he or his Vissers will answer a Question that I will ask them. All the Christians applauded this Advice, and the Prelate went his Way, and took with him the Tribute in a great Purse, and some Presents that the Christians sent to the King.

When he was introduc'd to that Monarch, he presented him the Presents of his Province in a very respectful Manner, and said to him: Sir, we consent to pay the Tribute to your Majesty, provided that either your self, your Vissers, or your Doctors, will answer a Question that I shall propose: But if none of you can answer it, you will not take it amiss if I return without paying the Tribute. Be it so, says the King: I have learned Men in my Court, and thy Question must be very difficult indeed, if none of them can answer it.

The King, having got all his Vissers and his Doctors together, said to the Monk: Christian, what is thy Question? Then the Prelate, opening the Fingers of his right Hand, held the Palm of it full against the Assembly: Then holding down the same Fingers towards the Ground, said to them, guess what this means; that's my Question. For my part, says the King, I renounce it: I confess I comprehend it not in the least; and truly I believe it is not easy to divine what it means. All the Vissers and the
Doctors

Doctors fell into a brown Study : But to no purpose did they run over in their Thoughts the Commentaries on the Alcoran, as well as the * *Senna* of *Mahomet*; for they knew not what Answer to make to the Monk.

They all stood silent and ashamed; but while they were in this Confusion, one of them, vex'd to the Soul to see so many great Men pos'd by an Infidel, advanc'd, and said to the King: Sir, it was scarce worth while to assemble so many of us for such a Trifle: Let the Monk ask me his Question, and I will answer it. Upon which, the Prelate presented his open'd Hand, the Fingers held upwards, to the *Mahometan* Doctor, who at the same time shew'd him his right Hand clench'd: Then the Monk held down his Fingers towards the Ground, and the Doctor open'd his Hand, and held his Fingers upwards. The Prelate, being satisfy'd by these Gestures of the *Mussulman* Doctor, drew from beneath his Gown the Purse in which was the Tribute, gave it to the King, and went his Way.

That Monarch had the Curiosity to ask his Doctor what all those Actions of the Hand signify'd. O King! answer'd the Doctor, when the Monk held towards me his open Hand,

* These are the Sayings of *Mahomet* that are deliver'd down by Tradition.

Hand, it was as much as to say, I will give you a Slap on the Face : I immediately clench'd my Hand, to let him know, that if he gave me a Slap on the Face, I would give him a Blow with my Fift. Afterwards, when he held down his Hand, and turn'd the Ends of his Fingers towards the Ground, that signify'd Word for Word ; If thou giv'st me a Blow with thy Fift, I will knock thee down at my Feet, and crush thee to pieces like a Snail that we tread upon. Immediately I lifted up my Fingers to answer him, that if he pretended to use me in that Manner, I would throw him up so high in the Air, that the Birds should eat him before he could fall to the Ground ; infomuch, Sir, continu'd the Doctor, that the Christian and I understood one another very well by Signs.

Scarce had the Doctor done speaking, when there was heard in the Assembly a Murmur of Applause in his Behalf. All the Visiers admir'd his Penetration ; and all the Doctors, tho' they were vex'd to the Heart that they did not understand the Actions of the Monk as well as he, confess'd aloud that their Brother was a Man of brighter Parts than themselves. The King applauded him more than they, and was even surpriz'd at his Capacity, and took the Doctor to be an incomparable Person : He thought it not enough to give him Praises only ; but open'd

the

the Purse that the Prelate had presented him, took out Five hundred Sequins of Gold, and put them into his Hands. Here, Doctor, says he, since 'tis thro' your Means that these Christians have paid me the *Caraje*, 'tis but just that I should give you some Token of my Gratitude. In short, the King's Thoughts ran all on this Adventure, and he went to the Queen his Wife, and related it to her. This Princess, who had a great deal of Wit and Judgment, hearken'd to the King her Husband with much Attention. When he had ended his Story, she burst out into a Fit of Laughter. I knew, Madam, said the King, that you would think this a pleasant Story. Sir, said she, the pleasantest Part of it is, that you have been a Bubble to your Doctor. How is that possible, Madam, reply'd the King? Sir, said the Queen, I will not tell you my self; but send for the Monk, and let him satisfy you.

The King gave Orders to one of his Officers to go and find out the Monk, if he was not gone out of Town. The Officer found him just setting out for his Province, and brought him along with him to the King and Queen. Christian, said that Princess, our Doctor has solv'd the Meaning of your Riddle; but we desire you to explain it to us your self. O Queen! said the Prelate, when I shew'd the five Fingers of my open'd Hand,

Hand, the Meaning was to ask, If the five Prayers, that you *Mahometans* generally say, were order'd by the Almighty? Then your Doctor offer'd his Fist at me, meaning to say, Yes, they are, I am ready to maintain it. After that, when I turn'd down my Fingers towards the Ground, I ask'd him, Why the Rain fell from Heaven upon the Earth? He answer'd me very ingeniously, by holding up his Fingers on high, that it rain'd to make the Grass and Corn spring upwards, and to make all the Fruits of the Earth thrive and prosper. You know, Madam, that this Answer is recorded in your Alcoran. After this Explication, the Monk went his Way, and the Queen burst again into Laughter. The King, being satisfi'd that she laugh'd not without Reason, protested that for the future he would distrust his Doctors, and be no more the Bubble of their false Desert.

Thus too, my Lords the Princes, continu'd the learned Man who was speaking to the three Sons of King *Togrul-Bey*, you have not rightly understood the mysterious Sayings of the King your Father. The Princes desired him to explain them. 'Tis thus, answer'd the Doctor: When the great *Togrul-Bey* said to his eldest Son, You shall build a Palace in each City of my Kingdom; he meant only to make him understand, that he would do well to acquire in each City
the

the Friendship of some rich Person, whose House might serve him as a Place of Refuge, if Fortune should frown upon him. When he bid the second Prince marry a Virgin every Day, it signify'd, that he should never go to bed at Night, without the Pleasure of having done a good Action in the Day; because one of our Poets compares the Pleasure of doing a good Action with that of marrying a Virgin. And when the King said to the third Prince, Put Honey and Butter in all you eat, it was as much as to say, be affable and courteous; speak to all Men with such Mildness, that every one may extol your Meekness and good Nature.

This Story, Sir, pursu'd the Sultaneſs *Canzada*, ought to be an Instruction to you to be upon your Guard against the deceitful Eloquence of your Viſiers: Let not their Fables any longer hold back the revengeful Arm, that my Precaution, and the great Concern I have for the Preservation of your Life, have excited me to lift up against your too guilty Son. To these Words this wicked Princess added so many others, full of Guile and Artifice, that the Emperor was seduc'd by them. He promis'd her once more, that the following Day should be the last of the Prince's Life. And the next Day, after he had settled his Affairs with his Council, he order'd the Hangman to bring *Nourgehan* into his Presence, and to cut off his Head.

Then

Then the fifth Visier advanc'd to the Foot of the Throne, and besought the Emperor to spare the Prince's Life for that Day only. If I should grant your Request, Visier, says *Hafikin* to him, the Sultaneſs will then reproach me again with Breach of Promise. Ah! Sir, reply'd this Minister, is it possible for you not to suspect the Sincerity of that Princess? God grant that her Love of you be as real as you believe it; but Women are all Diffimulation: Our Authors are full of their Perfidies. If your Majesty will give me leave, I will relate an Adventure, that shall convince you, that Men who build on their Friendship are highly imprudent. I am willing to hear it, says *Hafikin*; and then the Visier began in this Manner.

Story of Prince Maliknafir

CAladun, Sultan of Egypt, had two Sons. One Day, as he was reflecting on the Inconstancy of Fortune, who sports with Princes as well as with other Men, he resolv'd that his second Son *Maliknafir* should learn some Trade, which might stand him in stead in case of Need. He put him to a famous Tailor of the City of Cairo, who in a short time taught him to sew, and to cut out Cloaths in the last Perfection.

'Twas Matter of Astonishment that the Emperor had taken this Resolution: His

Precaution was regarded as a ridiculous Fear. 'Twas not believ'd, that the Son of a Sultan of *Egypt* could ever be reduc'd to work for a Livelihood. However, there soon happen'd a Revolution in the Empire, which convinc'd those who had not approv'd *Caloun's* Conduct in this Matter, that they were very much in the wrong. The Emperor died, and his eldest Son Prince *Melikaschraf* ascended the Throne.

The first Thing this new Sultan did, was to order some of his Officers to go for his Brother, who was still with the Tailor his Master, and bring him to him, to the end that by his Death he might prevent all the Rebellions and Wars, that he perhaps might excite in *Egypt*; but by good Fortune *Maliknafir* had Notice of the cruel Intentions of the King his Brother. He put himself in Disguise, went privately out of the Town, mix'd himself with a Company of Pilgrims, and went with them to the *Kiaba*, that is, to the Temple of *Mecha*.

While the Pilgrims and he were going a Procession, he felt something hard under his Foot: He look'd what it was, found it to be a Purse very full, but of what he could not tell. However, he took it up, put it in his Pocket, without any of the Pilgrims perceiving him, and continu'd the Procession. He was uneasy to know what was in it, but thought not fit to satisfy his Curiosity before

all the World ; and he was waiting impatiently till the Proceſſion was over, that he might retire into ſome private Corner : But in the mean while he heard a Doctor, who had in his Hands two great Pebble-ſtones, with which he beat his Breſt in a terrible Manner, cry out aloud : Wretch that I am ! I have loſt my Purſe. All that ever I got by my Labours, all the Fruit of my Studies, my whole Eſtate is in it. O *Muſſulmen* ! My dear Brethren ! have Pity of me : If any one of you has found it, let him give it me for the Love of God ; and, by the Reſpect due to the holy Temple of *Mecha*, he ſhall have half of it ; and that half ſhall be as lawfully his as his Mother's Milk.

The unfortunate Doctor pronounc'd theſe Words with ſuch lively Tokens of Grief and Deſpair, that all the Pilgrims were concern'd for him. *Maliknaſir* above the reſt had ſo much Compaſſion for him, that he ſaid within himſelf ; I ruin this *Coja*, and all his Family, if I keep this Purſe : It is not juſt, that, to make my ſelf happy, I ſhould make others miſerable. Were I not a King's Son ; were I the meaneſt of Men, I would not detain unjuſtly the Goods of another.

After theſe Reflections, he call'd the *Coja*, and ſhewing him the Purſe, Doctor, ſays he, is this it you have loſt ? The *Coja*, tranſported with Joy at the Sight of it, laid hands
haſtily

hastily on it, snatch'd it from the Prince, and put it in his Pocket. Why, said the Prince, do you take it so rudely from me? Do you think it will get away from you? Or do you not intend to give me the half of what is in it, as you promis'd? Forgive me, answer'd the Doctor, forgive a Transport, which I could not master: Be pleas'd only to follow me, and I will be as good as my Word. Saying this, he led him into his Tent, where he pull'd out the Purse, kiss'd it, broke off the Seal, and empty'd it on a Table.

Maliknafir, who expected to see some Pieces of Gold, was sufficiently surpriz'd to behold a Parcel of Diamonds, Rubies, and Emeralds. Ho! Ho! Doctor, cry'd he, you were not in the wrong to make such a Noise: What you had lost, was well worth asking for. Immediately the *Coja* laid all the Jewels in a Heap, which he divided into two Parts: Then dividing one of those Parcels into two equal Lots, and presenting them to the Prince; O young Man! said he, if you will take these two Lots, they are yours according to my Promise; but, to deal plainly with you, it will trouble me to see you carry them away. On the other hand, if you will be so generous as to be contented with one of these Lots, I swear to you, I shall not be in the least concern'd at your having it.

Maliknaſir, who had the Soul of a great Prince, answer'd him : Since it is ſo, Doctor, I deſire but one of them. The *Coja*, charm'd with the Prince's Generoſity, divided the Heap that the Prince had left into two Parts, and ſaid to him : Take your Choice likewiſe of one of theſe two Parcels ; I proteſt I give you this too without the leaſt Regret. No, answer'd the Prince, I am ſatisfy'd with what I have. O young Man ! reply'd the Doctor, you are too moderate : You muſt either take it, or go with me to the Golden Spout of the Temple ; I will there ſay a Prayer to God, that will be of great Advantage to you. Then the Prince, as if he had been inspir'd from Heaven, return'd to the *Coja* the Parcel he had taken, and ſaid to him : Since, Doctor, you will be ſo good as to ſay a Prayer for me in the holy Temple of *Mecha*, I like that better than all your Jewels : I give you them again, on condition that you ſay that Prayer with all the Fervour of a good *Muſſulman* Doctor.

At theſe Words the *Coja*, being aſtoniſh'd at the Prince's exceſſive Generoſity, led him under the Golden Spout, lifted up his Hands to Heaven without ſpeaking, and at length bid *Maliknaſir* ſay *Amen*. The Prince ſaid *Amen*, and after that the Doctor mov'd his Lips for ſome time ; and then having twice or thrice ſtroak'd his Face with his Hands, he turn'd towards the Prince, and ſaid ;

Young Man, I have said a Prayer for you; go where you will, God will prosper your Undertakings.

The Prince took Leave of the Doctor; but had scarce left him, when he began to say to himself: What will now become of me? Whither shall I direct my Steps? If I return to *Cairo*, my barbarous Brother *Melikaschraf* will take away my Life: I were better go with this *Coja* into his Country. But I must discover my Condition to nobody, lest some Villain or other should assassinate me in Hopes of a Reward; for I doubt not but the new Sultan of *Egypt* has set a Price upon my Head. After having made this and some other the like Reflections on his present Circumstances, he went once more to find out the Doctor. O *Coja*! said he to him, I am come to ask you what Country you are of? I am of *Bagdad*, answer'd the Doctor, and my Name is *Abounaouas*. I should be very glad to see that famous City, reply'd *Maliknasir*: Will you be so kind as to carry me along with you? I will take care of your Camels upon the Road. The Doctor consented; and, having no more to do at *Mecha*, they set out for *Bagdad*.

When they were arrived there, the Prince said to the *Coja*; Doctor, I will not be an Expence to you: I can make Cloaths as well

well as any Man: Be pleas'd to recommend me to some Tailor of your Acquaintance. The *Coja* plac'd him with the most noted Tailor of the City; who, to try his new Lad, gave him Cloth to cut out and make a Suit of Cloaths. *Maliknafir*, who had excited the Admiration of the Master Tailors of *Cairo*, could not fail to succeed at *Bagdad*. He made a Suit of Cloaths, which his Master lik'd so well, that he shew'd it to all the other Tailors of the City, who applauded it extremely, and confess'd that, as well for the cutting as sowing, it was a Masterpiece of their Art. The Tailor was so well satisfy'd to have so expert a Journeyman, that he gave him twelve Pence a Day; so that the Prince had enough to live * handsomely upon at *Bagdad*.

This was the Prince's Condition, when one Day Doctor *Abounaouas*, who was naturally very passionate, fell out with his Wife, and in the Heat of his Anger said to her: Be gone; once, twice, thrice I repudiate thee. He had no sooner pronounc'd these Words than he repented of it, for he lov'd his Wife: Nay, he would have kept her in his House, and liv'd with her as before; but the *Cady* oppos'd it, and said, that

* One may live as well at *Bagdad* for twelve Pence a Day, as at *London* for twenty Shillings.

that a † *Hulla* must lie with her before; that is to say, that another Man must first marry, and then repudiate her; after which, the Doctor might marry her again if he pleas'd. The *Coja*, seeing himself under a Necessity to submit to the Laws, resolv'd to take Prince *Maliknafir* for his *Hulla*. I were best, said he to himself, take for a *Hulla* this young Man, whom I brought from *Mecha* to *Bagdad*. He is a Foreigner, and an honest Fellow: I can make him do what I will: He shall marry my Wife to-night, and to-morrow I will prevail with him to repudiate her. Having taken this Resolution, he sent for the Prince, shut him in a Chamber with his Wife, and left them together.

The Lady had no sooner set her Eyes on *Maliknafir*, but she fell in Love with him; and the Prince, on his Side, lik'd her very well. They discover'd their Thoughts to each other, and omitted not to give one another all the Proofs of mutual Affection, that the Place and Opportunity afforded them. After many reciprocal Caresses, the Lady shew'd the Prince several Caskets full of Gold, Silver, and Jewels. Do you know, said she, young Man, that all these Riches belong to me? This is the *Kabin*, that is to say,

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† They call a Man a *Hulla*, who marries a Wife that another Man has repudiated.

say, the Portion that I brought the Doctor; and which, by repudiating me, he was oblig'd to restore to me. If you will declare to morrow, that you will not part with me, but keep me for your lawful Wife, you shall be Master of all this Estate, and of my Person. But, Madam, says the Prince, cannot the Doctor compel me to restore you to him? No indeed can't he, says she; it depends wholly on you, whether you will repudiate me or not. Since 'tis so, reply'd *Maliknafir*, I promise you I'll not part with you: You are young, beautiful and rich; I might chance to make a worse Choice. When the Doctor comes, you shall see how I'll receive him.

Very early the next Morning the Doctor opens the Door, and comes into the Chamber. The Prince met him half way the Room with a smiling Air, and said, Doctor, I am infinitely oblig'd to you for having help'd me to so charming a Wife. Young Man, answer'd the *Coja*, turn towards her, and say; Be gone, once, twice, thrice I repudiate thee. I should be very sorry for that, reply'd *Maliknafir*: 'Tis a great Crime in my Country for a Man to repudiate his Wife. 'Tis an ignominious Action, and Husbands that are so base as to be guilty of it, are reproach'd with it as long as they live: Since I have marry'd this Lady, I'll keep her. Ah, ah! young Man, says the Doctor,

Doctor, what means this Language? You do but jest with me. No, Doctor, answer'd the Prince, I speak in sober Sadness: I find the Lady to my Mind; and, to deal plainly with you, I am more fit for her than you, who are none of the youngest. You were as good believe me, and think no more of her; for it would be to no purpose. O Heaven! cry'd the Doctor, what a *Hulla* have I made Choice of? How subject are Men to be mistaken in their Judgments! I durst have sworn that this Lad would have done whatever I would have had him. Alas! I had rather he had kept my Purse, than that he should keep my Wife.

The Doctor threw himself at the Prince's Feet, and begg'd to have his Wife again: But whatever Intreaties he made, whatever he could say, the Prince was inexorable. The Doctor, imagining that his Wife might have a greater Influence than himself over the Mind of *Maliknafir*, and that she desired nothing more than that the Prince would repudiate her, address'd himself to her, and said; Soul of my Life! since this young Man will have no Regard to my Prayers, imploy all the Eloquence of thy heavenly Beauty to prevail with him to restore thee to my longing Arms. My dear Doctor! my *quondam* Husband! answer'd the Lady, feigning to be much afflicted, 'tis in vain to expect this Favour of him: 'Tis a little ob-

stinate Chit that will never quit his Hold. Oh! how it grieves me that I shall never be your Wife again!

These Words, which the credulous Doctor believ'd she spoke from the Bottom of her Heart, increas'd his Affliction. He once more intreated *Maliknafir* to repudiate the Lady: Nay, he even wept; but his Tears were as much in vain as his Intreaties. The Prince continu'd firm; so that the Doctor, losing all Hope of altering his Resolution by fair Means, went to the *Cady* to complain of the *Hulla*. The Judge laugh'd at his Complaints, and declar'd that the Lady was no longer his; that she lawfully belong'd to the young Tailor, and that he could not be compell'd to repudiate her. The Doctor fell into Despair at this Adventure, and little wanted but he had run mad. He did fall sick, and the best Physicians in *Bagdad* could not recover him.

When his End drew nigh, he desired to speak with the Prince. Young Man! said he to him; I forgive you for detaining my Wife, I ought not to take it ill of you: It was the Will of God it should be so. You remember that I pray'd for you under the Golden Spout at *Mecha*. Yes, said the Prince; and I remember besides, that I heard not one Word of all your Prayer, and that I heartily said *Amen*, tho' I knew not to what. Hear then, reply'd the Doctor, what

what were the Words of my Prayer : O my God ! let all my Estate, and all I hold dear, become one Day the lawful Portion of this young Man.

I own, pursu'd the Doctor, that you are not so much oblig'd to me, as perhaps you imagine ; for I said not this Prayer of my own free Will. I confess I intended to have said another ; but I know not what Power, what divine Inspiration compell'd me, and, in spite of my self, made me pronounce those Words. The Prayer has been granted as you see ; for almost all the Estate I possess'd, belong'd to my Wife, who gave it you with her Person. I take all that are present to witness, that I intend and will, that, after my Death, all the Estate that shall be found to belong to me, be yours as your own lawful Possession. He caus'd this Will to be put in Writing, and sign'd it ; and several Witnesses likewise set their Hands to it, and three Days after the Doctor died.

Maliknafir and his Wife went to live in the Doctor's House, and took Possession of all he had. He no longer follow'd the Trade of a Tailor, but hired a good many Servants, and propos'd to lead a Life of Pleasure. He was satisfy'd with his Circumstances, and thought himself more happy than the Sultan *Melikaschraf* his Brother. He diverted himself daily with the young People
of

of the City; but Fortune, who took Delight to persecute him, permitted him not to continue long in the Possession of these Enjoyments.

One Evening, when he came Home from the City, where he had pass'd the Day in Jollity, he knock'd at his Door; and none coming to open it, he knock'd very loud, and call'd his Domesticks; but no body answer'd. Sure, says the Prince, all my People are either dead or fast asleep; In short, he knock'd so long, till the Door flew open. He goes in, and went up into his Wife's Apartment, where he was much surpriz'd not to find her: And to increase his Astonishment, not one of his Servants was in the House. He knew not what to think of it; but returning into his Wife's Apartment, he found that all his Gold and Jewels were gone too, which made him pass the Night in a very melancholy Condition.

The next Morning he inquired of the Neighbours, if any of them had observ'd any Thing extraordinary transacting in his House the Day before, when he was abroad. They all answer'd, No; and he could get no Insight from them into this astonishing Adventure. He did all he could to discover the Meaning of it, but to no purpose. To crown the Misfortune, the Cady, imagining that *Maliknasir* had perhaps kill'd his Wife, and that he pretended to be in great Affliction,

fiction; only to avoid being suspected of having committed that Murder, caus'd the Prince to be taken into Custody, and threw him into Prison; from whence, notwithstanding his Innocence, he was very happy to be released at the Expence of all his Estate.

And now behold Prince *Maliknafir* in the same Condition he was before he marry'd Doctor *Abounaouas's* Wife. He went again to live with his Master, and began once more to follow the Trade of a Tailor. He was of an easy Temper of Mind, and soon forgot these his last Misfortunes, as well as he had his former. One Day, as he was working in his Master's Shop, a Man, who was going by, stopp'd on a sudden, and looking earnestly on him, cry'd out, I am not mistaken, 'tis Prince *Maliknafir*. The Prince too look'd on this Fellow, and knowing him to be the Tailor of *Cairo*, with whom he had serv'd his Apprenticeship, ran out to embrace him; but the Tailor, instead of opening his Arms to receive him, threw himself at his Feet, and kiss'd the Earth before him; saying, O Prince! I am not worthy of your Embraces; there is too great a Distance between you, and such a mean Fellow as I am. Your Condition is alter'd; and Fortune, that has hitherto persecuted you, will now be kind, and shed on you her highest Favours. The Sultan *Melikaschraf* is dead,
and

and his Death has rais'd new Troubles in *Egypt*. Most of the Nobles would have plac'd on the Throne a Prince of your Family ; but I rais'd the People against them in your Behalf, and appear'd at the Head of my Faction. Why, said I to the Nobles, must the lawful Heir be excluded from the Crown ? Prince *Maliknafir* ought to be our Sovereign : You are not ignorant why he left *Egypt* : You know, that, to save his Life from the cruel Policy of his Brother, he was oblig'd to abandon his Country : I saw him put himself in Disguise, and join a Company of Pilgrims, who were going to *Mecha* ; since which I have never heard where he is, but am persuaded he is still alive : He is a good Prince, and Heaven (I doubt not) has preserv'd him. Allow me but two Years to find him out, and, during that Time, let the Care of the Government be trusted to our wise Visiers : If my Search prove fruitless, you may then chuse for Sultan the Prince you now desire to crown. At this Discourse, continu'd he, which the People seconded by their Suffrages, the Nobles consented that I should search for you. They gave me two Years to find you : One of them is already expir'd, since I have been looking for you from Town to Town, at all the Tailors Houses ; and Heaven no doubt guided my Steps hither, since I have here the Happiness to find you. Let us be gone,
my

my Prince, without delay; shew your self to your People, who long to place you on the Throne of your Ancestors. *Maliknafir* thank'd the Tailor for his Zeal, and promis'd to remember him in due Time: And the very same Day they set forward for *Cairo*.

As soon as they were arrived there, Prince *Maliknafir* made himself known; and the Nobles, that had been the most ardent to deprive him of the Throne, shew'd themselves now the most zealous to crown him. In short, he was proclaim'd Sultan, and receiv'd the Compliments of his Beys on his Accession to the Crown. One of the first Things this new Sultan did, was to acquit himself of his Obligations to the Tailor. He sent for him, and said: O my Father! for I can call you by no other Name, when I reflect on the Services you have done me; I am not less oblig'd to you than to King *Calaoon*. He indeed, by giving me Life, gave me likewise the Right to succeed him; but my Misfortunes had depriv'd me of that Right, and, but for you, I had never enjoy'd it: It is but just that I should shew my Acknowledgments: I make you my Grand Visier. Sir, answer'd the Tailor, I thank your Majesty for the Honour you offer me; but I most humbly beseech you to excuse me from accepting it: I was not born to be a Grand Visier. That Office requires Qualifications that I have none of: You consult
only

only the Goodness you have for me, and reflect not, that I am unfit to be a Minister of State. If by Misfortune the Affairs of your Kingdom should go otherwise than well, I should have the Curses of the People, and they would blame you at the same time, for having made of a good Tailor an ill Visier. I am not ambitious enough to desire a high Dignity, of which I am unworthy. If your Majesty designs any Favours for me, let them be such as may not endanger the Repose and Happiness of your Subjects: Be pleas'd to order that I may have the sole Privilege of making ~~W~~ ^W ~~aths~~ ^{robes} for you and all your Court: I had rather, Sir, be your Tailor than first Minister; because every Man ought to know the Trade he follows. The Sultan was too judicious not to see, that the Tailor had Reason to refuse to be his Visier. He heap'd many Favours on him, and commanded, that he only should have the Quality of Tailor to the Court, and forbid all the other Tailors of *Cairo*, under very severe Penalties, to work for any of his Courtiers.

The Sultan *Maliknafr* apply'd himself with the utmost Diligence to enforce the Observance of the Laws, which his Brother the King *Melikaschraf* had neglected to do. He gain'd the Affections of all his Beys, and signaliz'd each Moment of his Reign by some Action, either useful or acceptable to his

Sub.

Subjects. One Day the *Cady* of the City came to this young Monarch: Sir, said he, I imprison'd three Slaves, that were accus'd of murdering a Christian Merchant. Two of them confess'd the Crime, and are already punish'd: But I know not what to do with the third; for he says he is innocent, but deserves to die: I am come to ask your Majesty what you please to have done with him. I will see him, answer'd the King, and examine him my self: Contradictory Sayings ought to be made clear. Let him be brought hither immediately.

The *Cady* went his Way, and soon return'd again with the Slave and the Hangman. As soon as the King had cast his Eyes on the accused Person, he knew him to be a Slave that had serv'd him at *Bagdad*. He made as if he did not know him, and said to him; Wretch! thou art accus'd of the Murder of a Man. Sir, answer'd the Slave, I am innocent; but I deserve Death. How canst thou reconcile what thou say'st? reply'd the Sultan: If thou art innocent, thou dost not deserve to die: Or if thou dost merit Death, thou art not innocent. I am innocent, persisted the Slave, and yet I merit Death. Your Majesty will be convinc'd of it, if you will permit me to tell you my Story. Say on, says the King, I will hear thee.

Sir,

Sir, said the Slave, I was born at *Bagdad*, where I serv'd a young Man, who was a Tailor by Trade, but had inherited the Estate of a Doctor. This young Man was very well shap'd, and as for his Face, it was so like your Majesty's, that in my Life I never saw so perfect a Resemblance. In seeing you, methinks I see him. He had a very beautiful Wife, whom he lov'd, and, had she been prudent, he would have liv'd happy with her : But she was far otherwise. She told me one Day in private, that she had an Inclination for me ; and that if I would take her away, she would go with me to * *Basra* : We shall live there, continu'd she, very much at our Ease ; for we will take with us all my Gold and Jewels. I rejected the Proposition. No, Madam, said I, I will never be such a Rogue to my Master : She laugh'd at my Refusal, and at length her tender Caresses overcame the Scruples of my Conscience. All we had now to do, was to execute our Design unperceiv'd by any, and in such a Manner that the Husband might never know what was become of us.

To this Purpose, one Day when he was diverting himself in the Town, and we knew he would not come Home 'till 'twas
 very

* This City is now, call'd by Corruption, *Balsora*.

very late, the Lady took all her Domesticks one by one aside, and giving each of them a handful of Gold; Go you, says she to one of them, to *Damascus* in *Syria*, and buy me some * *Cna* and some *Surme*, for there is none good to be had but there. Go you, says she to another, to *Mecha* to accomplish a Vow I have made of sending a Pilgrim thither. In short, one after another she gave all of them Commissions that requir'd whole Years to perform, and made them set forward immediately. When we two were thus left alone, we loaded our selves with every Thing that was most valuable, and as soon as it was Night went out of the House, lock'd the Door after us, carry'd away the Key, and took the Road to *Basra*.

We travell'd all that Night and half the next Day without stopping. The Lady began to find her self oppress'd with Weariness: We sate our selves down on the Side of a Pond: and just over against us discover'd at a little Distance a stately Palace. We look'd earnestly on it, and judg'd that it belong'd to some great Prince: Immediately we saw a young Man coming out, follow'd by several Servants, two of whom carry'd Nets on their Shoulders: We, seeing that

* See the Note on p. 46.

that they came directly towards the Pond, rose up to avoid them : But the young Man whose Eyes the Lady had already attracted, made Haste to come up with us. He saluted her, and she returned his Salutation: He saw plain by her Looks that she wanted to rest herself, and offer'd her to make Use of his Palace, telling her he was the Prince *Guayas-addin-Mahmoud*, Nephew of the King of *Basra*. She accepted his Offer, and methought she seem'd to take Delight in looking on him. At the same Time I perceiv'd in him a Concern, that made me presage some fatal Event ; nor was I mistaken in fearing the Consequences of this Interview. *Mahmoud* forgot that he was come to take the Diversion of Fishing ; and the Lady took up all his Thoughts. He conducted her to the Palace ; carry'd her into a stately Apartment, where she sat herself down on a *Sopha* : The Prince seated himself beside her, and they began to talk softly to one another : Their Conversation lasted 'till one of the Domesticks came and told them that Dinner was on Table. Then *Mahmoud* took the Lady by the Hand, and led her into a Room, where there was a Table laid with three Covers, and a Buffet garnish'd with Cups and Pots of massy Gold, fill'd with most excellent Wine ; they both sat down, and made me take the third Place. A Slave took Care to ply me with

Wine,

Wine, and scarce had I drunk off one Cup, but he fill'd me another Brimmer. The Fumes of the Wine got into my Head, and I soon fell asleep.

When I wak'd the next Morning, I was surpriz'd to find my self by the Pond-side. Prince *Mahmoud's* Domesticks, said I to my self, have certainly brought me hither to make themselves merry, I rose up, and went to the Palace : I knock'd at the Gate, which a Servant open'd and ask'd me what I would have. I am come, answer'd I, to see the Stranger Lady, that is in this Palace. There's no Lady here, said he shutting the Gate rudely upon me. Little satisfy'd with this Answer, I knock'd a second Time: The same Man came again, and ask'd what I wanted. Don't you know me ? says I, I am he that accompany'd the fair Lady, who came hither Yesterday : I never saw you before, reply'd the Man ; and no Lady came into this Palace : Get you hence, and knock no more for fear you repent it : Saying this, he flung the Door hastily upon me, and shut me out, What am I to think of all this ? said I, Am I still asleep ? No : and certainly I did not dream what pass'd Yesterday in this Palace : No : Nothing is more real. Ah ! I see what the Meaning is : The Prince's People, who in my Drunkenness carry'd me to the Pond-side, have a
Mind

Mind to make themselves merry, and see how I would take it. I knock'd the third Time ; and the Man, who had answer'd me before, open'd the Door : but at the same Time there bolted out three or four others, with Clubs in their Hands, who fell upon me, and laid me on so unmercifully, that, stunn'd with their Blows, I fell down on the Spot. However, in a little Time, I came to my self ; I rose up upon my Legs, and calling to Mind what had pass'd the Day before between the Prince and the Lady, I judg'd they had a Mind to be rid of me ; and that I was come off very cheap. I began to bemoan my ill Fortune : I gave the Lady a thousand Curses, and yet I was less afflicted to see my self reduc'd to that miserable Condition, than pierc'd with Grief and Repentance for having betray'd my Master. Tormented with Remorse, I made away from that cursed Palace, and without keeping any certain Road, but strouling from Town to Town, I came at length to *Cairo*, where I arriv'd Yesterday in the Evening.

The Night drawing on, and being in pain where I should get me a Lodging, I perceiv'd two Men murdering another in a By-Alley : This Person, who was, as I am told, a Christian Merchant, cry'd out in a terrible Manner, and the Assassins fearing the

* * *Caraouls*

**Caraouls*, fled towards the Place where I was standing, and just as they were going by me the *Caraouls* met them; and taking me to be one of their Gang, carry'd me to Prison with them. This, Sir, added the Slave of *Bagdad*, is what I desir'd to tell your Majesty, I am innocent of the Murder of which I am accus'd of being an Accomplice: But I deserve Death, for having betray'd my Master, and trusted to the perfidious Promises of a Woman.

The Sultan *Maliknafir*, having heard what the Slave had to say, order'd him to be discharg'd: Be gone, said he to him, I pardon thee, because thou repentest of having transgress'd against thy Master: For the future, be more upon thy Guard against the Temptations of thy Mistresses, and have a Care how thou runnest away with them. The King, being fully convinc'd of the Baseness of his Wife, gave thanks to Heaven that he was rid of her, and marry'd a beautiful Princess, who, at the End of ten Months, bore him a Son. All the Inhabitants of *Cairo* celebrated the Birth of this Prince by Rejoycings that lasted for fourty Days together. Never was there a Sultan of *Egypt* so well belov'd by his Subjects as

Ma-

* Guards, that are continually patrouling up and down the Streets.

Maliknafir. And indeed he deserv'd their Love, by the Care he took to render his Reign easy to them. The City of *Cairo*, tho' it was of a vast Extent, was nevertheless the best regulated City in the Earth. The * *Sousbachi*, and his Under-Magistrates, whose Office it was to maintain the publick Tranquillity, kept so narrow an Eye on every Thing that happen'd, that not the least Disorder avoided their Circumspection: They were inform'd of all that pass'd: And the Sultan himself, to be assur'd of the good Discipline that was observ'd in his capital City, walk'd from Time to Time up and down the Streets in the Night with his Grand-Visier and some of his Guards.

One Night, as he was going his Rounds, he pass'd by a great House, where he heard the Cries and Shrieks, as of a Woman that seem'd to be ill us'd. He made one of his Guards knock at the Door, and command it to be open'd by the Sultan's Order. Accordingly it was open'd, and the King went in, being follow'd by the Visiers, and the other Persons that attended him: Then they heard the Cries more distinctly, and, being led by the Noise, came at length into a Room, where their Horror was equal to their Surprize to see a Woman stark nak'd,
and

* The Lord-Mayor.

and all over Blood, while two brawny Slaves were unmercifully whipping her in the Presence of a young Man, who seem'd to take delight at this barbarous Spectacle. At Sight of the Sultan, the Slaves ceas'd to whip this miserable Creature, whom, notwithstanding the piteous Plight she was in, the King knew to be the Wife he had marry'd at *Bagdad*. He seem'd not to know her, and ask'd why they treated that Lady in so barbarous a Manner. The young Man, being inform'd by his People, that it was the Sultan of *Egypt* who spoke to him, threw himself at his Feet, and said, Sir, I am Husband to this Wretch whom you see: If you knew the just Causes of Complaint she has given me, I doubt not but your Majesty would approve my Treatment of her. Tell me your Reasons, reply'd the Sultan, and I will judge of them.

Sir answer'd the young Man, I am Nephew to the King of *Basra*; and am call'd Prince *Guayas-addin-Mahmoud*: I was at a Palace of mine some Leagues from *Bagdad*, and going out one Evening to divert myself with Fishing; I met this Lady in Company with a Man who seem'd to be a Slave: I saluted her and desir'd her to come and rest herself at my House: She did so; and I ask'd her who she was, and whither she was going: She answer'd, that she was one of the Officers of the Sultan of *Bagdad's*

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Daughter : That she run away from her Father's in the Night, to deliver her self from the languishing Transports of an old *Bey*, with whom her Father has consented to marry her. And my Intention is, added she, to get to *Basra*, with this Slave whom I thought fit to take along with me. The Gold and Jewels she had about her, made me give Credit to what she said. Madam, says I, if you please to continue here, you will be safe. With all my Heart, answer'd she, but you must order my Slave to be made away with, for fear he should take it in his Head to return to *Bagdad*, and discover where I am. Tho' in Policy I ought to have done what she advis'd, yet I could not prevail with my self to do so. I thought it enough to order my Servants to make the Slave drunk, and to mingle in his Wine a certain Powder that threw him into a dead Sleep, so that he might be carried out of the Palace without waking : And I gave them Orders, that when he offer'd himself at the Gate, they should make as if they did not know who he was, and, if there were need of it, to cudgel him a little, so as to make him be gone from the Palace : This was done accordingly, and the Slave went his way. I made the *Lady* believe, that he was thrown down a Precipice ; and nevertheless, lest the Slave should go to *Bagdad*, and tell his Lady's
 Rela-

Relations that she was in my Palace, I went with her in a few Days to *Basra*.

We liv'd together there highly satisfied with each other, when I received Advice, that the Sultan of *Bagdad*, for Reasons that were not known, had resolv'd to depose the King of *Basra*, and put him and all the Princes of his Blood to Death. Upon this Information, I took every Thing I had of Value, and, leaving *Basra* by Night, came to settle my self here with this Lady. I never lov'd her with greater Fondness: Nay, to bind her to me by a stronger and more honourable Union, I have marry'd her: And yet this ungrateful Creature, in Return of all my Affection, has this Day propos'd to one of my Domesticks, that if he would assassinate me, she would give her self to him, and go with him wherever he would. This Servant prov'd faithful, and made no Scruple to discover to me this horrible Proposal. I was astonish'd at it, and, to punish this execrable Woman, I resolv'd to have her whipt every Day in the Manner your Majesty saw. No, no, says the Sultan of *Egypt*, interrupting him, but not revealing how far his Interests were concern'd in this Affair, a Wretch so detestable deserves a greater Punishment; she is unworthy to live: She is a Monster, of whom the Earth cannot be too soon deliver'd. I command that she be drown'd this Moment. Immediately

his Guards laid Hands of her, and went and threw her into the *Nile*. Such was the End of this miserable Woman, whose Corps, being carry'd by the Stream of the River, stopt at length in a Bush, whose Boughs grow into the Water, and the Carcass, not being seen, infected the Air by degrees, and caus'd a Plague in the City, that swept away thirty thousand of the Inhabitants.

After the fifth Visier had thus related this Story of the Prince *Malignasir*, the Emperor of *Persia* rose from his Throne, and went out of the Council-Chamber without ordering the Death of his Son : In the Afternoon he went a Hunting ; and at his Return in the Evening supp'd with the Sultaneſs ; who after Supper address'd her self to him in these Words : You have not yet put *Nourgehan* to Death : You listen too much to the imprudent Affection that pleads in his Behalf. May Heaven avert the Misfortune that threatens you ! I see you, Sir, on the Brink of a Precipice, and, alas ! You are just going to drop down : I had last Night a frightful Dream : I believe it too mysterious to conceal it from you. And what have you dreamt, Madam ? said the King : I dreamt, answer'd the Sultaneſs, that you had in your Hand a golden Ball set full of Diamonds, whose Resplendency enlighten'd all the World : You diverted
your

your self with tossing this Ball into the Air, and catching it as it fell: The Prince your Son stood beside you; and regarded you with great Attention. He ask'd you from Time to Time to give it him; but you refus'd it. Then all on a sudden he silyly got hold of it; and broke it to Pieces with a Stone, insomuch that all the Diamonds were dispers'd here and there upon the Ground: I immediately gather'd them up, put them into your Hands, and then awak'd.

And what, Madam, do you believe that this Dream fore-bodes? says the Emperor. Sir, answer'd the Sultaneß, if we may give Credit to the Book that treats of the Explication of Dreams, and which is esteem'd the best Composition of any *Persian* Author, my Dream must be interpreted as follows. The Ball, which you held in your Hand, is nothing else than your Kingdom. Prince *Nourgehan's* taking it silyly and breaking it, signifies, that unless you take Care to prevent him, he will possess himself of your Kingdom, and bring it to ruin: And my gathering up all the Diamonds, that belong'd to the Ball, clearly denotes, that not having consented to the infamous Love of the Prince, I gave you Notice of it; and by so doing have replac'd on your Head the Crown he had taken from it. Reflect on this Dream, and draw the like Instruction

from it, that the Sultan *Mahmoud Subuk-
takin* drew from a Fable, that his Visier
Khafayas one Day told him: You will per-
haps be glad to hear it.

Story of the two Owls.

THE Visier *Khafayas*, not daring to
discover otherwise to the King his
Master what he thought of his Reign, had
recourse to a Fable. One Day as he was a
hunting with the Sultan, he said to him:
I understand the Language of Birds. I have
the Satisfaction to know all that the Night-
ingales, the Sparrows, the Pies, and the
other Inhabitants of the Air say to one ano-
ther. Is it possible answer'd the King, that
you can have learn'd the Language of Birds?
Yes, Sir, reply'd *Khafayas*, a *Dervise*, who
was a learned Cabalist, taught it me. When-
ever you please you shall be convinc'd of it.
In the Evening, as they returned from
Hunting, they saw two Owls sitting on a
Tree. Then the Sultan said to *Khafayas*:
Visier, I would fain know what those two
Owls are saying to one another: Listen to
them, and give me an Account of their
Conference. The Visier went near the
Tree; and for some short Time made as if
he had been hearkening attentively to what
the Owls were a talking: after which he
went

went to his Master and said: Sir, I have heard some Part of their Conversation; but hope you will excuse me from telling you what they said. Why Visier, cry'd the Sultan, will you not tell it me? Sir, said *Khasayas*, because those two Owls are talking of your Majesty. What could they say of me? reply'd *Mahmoud*: I will know it: and command you to tell me Word for Word what you heard them say: I will obey your Commands, answer'd the Visier. One of these Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter: between whom they intended to make a Match: The Father of the Male said to the Father of the Female: Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will give my Son for your Daughter's Portion fifty ruin'd Villages. O Brother, answer'd immediately the Father of the Daughter: Instead of Fifty, if you will, you shall have five hundred: God grant a happy and long Life to the Sultan *Mahmoud*: As long as he is King of *Persia* we shall have ruin'd Villages to spare.

The Sultan *Mahmoud*, who was a Man of Penetration, made his Advantage of this ingenious Falshood of his Visier. He caus'd the ruin'd Towns and Villages to be rebuilt: And imploy'd his whole Study to promote the Welfare of his People; and to make his Reign easy and acceptable to them.

When the Sultaneſs *Canzada* had told the Emperor this Fable, ſhe renew'd her Inſtances to him, that *Nourgehan* might be put to Death. Well, Madam, ſaid *Hafkin*, yielding to her Importunities, in a ſhort Time you ſhall have your Deſire. To-morrow, as ſoon as the Sun begins to peep over the Mountain, and ſhews his beamy Looks to the ſeven Climates, *Nourgehan* ſhall be beheaded. Having ſaid this, he retir'd into his own Apartment and went to Bed. The next Morning, being ſeated on his Throne, he commanded the Prince to be brought before him: But the ſixth Viſier advanc'd towards him, and ſpoke in theſe Words. O King of the World! Have a Care of what you do: If your Maſteſty deſires to live long, and to render your Reign happy, reject not the Advices of your faithful Viſiers. Put not to Death the Prince, who is the chief Support of your Throne, leſt you expoſe your ſelf to vain and ſuperfluous Regrets: It may even coſt you your own Life: The Perſon who gives you this barbarous Counſel, will not be ſatisfied with the Blood you are going to ſhed; but will have yours too to appeaſe her Fury. She will deſtroy you ſooner or later, as the Devil deſtroy'd a Santon whoſe Story, if you think fit, I will tell you. The Emperor gave him leave, and the Viſier related it in theſe Words.

Story of the Santon Barfisa

IN Days of yore there liv'd a Santon,
who for a hundred Years had been very
fervent and assiduous in Prayer. He scarce
ever went out of the Grot, which he had
chosen for his Abode, for fear of exposing
himself to the Danger of offending God.
He fasted by Day, and watch'd by Night.
All the People of the Country had so great a
Veneration for him, and laid so much Stress
on his Prayers, that they generally apply'd
themselves to him, when they had any great
Favour to ask of Heaven. When he pray'd
for the Health of the Sick, they recover'd
immediately: Nay, the Holiness of his Life
had been confirm'd by several Miracles.

It happen'd that the King of the Coun-
try's Daughter fell into a Malady, of which
the Physicians could not discover the Cause.
They ventur'd however to prescribe right
or wrong; but instead of giving Ease to the
Princess, they only increas'd her Disease:
Mean while the King was inconsolable: He
lov'd his Daughter most tenderly, and see-
ing that all humane Means were us'd with-
out Success, he declar'd one Day that he
would send the Princess to the Santon Bar-
fisa.

All the Beys approv'd of what the King
propos'd; and the King's Officers carry'd her

to the Santon; who, tho' his Years had render'd him unfit for the Love of Ladies, could not behold so beautiful a Person without some Concern: He regarded her with Pleasure; and the Devil, laying hold of this Opportunity, whisper'd the Monk in the Ear; O Santon, let not this lucky Crisis escape thee: Tell the King's Officers that the Princess must pass the Night in thy Grotto; that by the Help of God thou wilt restore her to Health; that thou wilt say a Prayer for her, and bid them come to-morrow to take her away.

How weak is Man! The Santon follow'd the Devil's Advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the Officers, before they would consent to leave the Princess in the Grotto, detach'd one of their Number to go to the King, and know his Pleasure in this Affair. This Monarch, who had an entire Confidence in *Barbissa*, made no Scruple to trust his Daughter with him: I consent, said he, that she stay with that holy Man: Let him keep her there as long as he pleases; I shall not be in the least Uneasiness upon that Account.

When the Officers had receiv'd the King's Answer, they all went away, leaving the Princess alone with the Santon. When it was Night, the Devil appear'd to the Monk, and said to him: Insensible Santon! why dost thou delay to satisfy thy Desires? Never
till

till now has so charming a Person fallen into any Man's Hands: Fear not that she will reveal the Violence thou shalt offer her; and even if she should be so indiscreet, who will believe her? The Court, and the City, nay, all the World, are prepossess'd with too good an Opinion of you to give Credit to such a Report: You are arriv'd to so high a Reputation of Goodness, that you may act impunibly whatever you please. The wretched *Barfisa* was so weak as to hearken to the Suggestions of the Enemy of Mankind: The Flesh got the Victory of the Spirit. He drew near to the Princess, took her in his Arms, and in the Space of a Moment bely'd the Virtue of a hundred Years.

Scarce had he consummated his Crime, but the Checks of his Conscience begun to awake, and stung him to the very Soul. He fell to arguing the Case with the Devil: O thou Evil one! said he, 'tis thou hast ruin'd me. It is a hundred Years that thou hast been endeavouring to seduce me, and at length thou hast gain'd thy End. O San-
 ton! answer'd the Devil, reproach me not for the Pleasure thou hast enjoy'd: Thou may'st repent of it; but the worst on't is, that the Princess has conceiv'd, and is with Child by thee; Thy Sin will be visible to the Eyes of Men: Thou wilt become the Fable of those that now revere thee, and
 the

the King will put thee to an ignominious Death.

Barfisa was frighted at this Discourse, and ask'd the Devil what he should do to keep his Crime from being known. To hinder it from being known, answer'd the Devil, you must commit another. Kill the Princess, bury her in a Corner of thy Grotto; and to-morrow when the King's Officers come for her, tell them thou hast cur'd her, and that she went from thy Grotto early in the Morning. They will believe thee, and search every where to find her. The King her Father will be much afflicted; but when he perceives that the Inquiries after her prove in vain, he will give her over for lost, and think no more of her.

The Monk, whom God had abandon'd, follow'd this Advice. He kill'd the Princess, buried her in a Corner of the Grotto, and the next Day answer'd the King's Officers as the Devil had directed him. The Officers fail'd not to inquire in all Places for the Princess, and were highly troubled they could get no Tidings of her: But at length the Devil came and told them, that it was to no purpose to search for her. He inform'd them of what had pass'd between her and the Santon, and described to them the Place where she was buried. The Officers immediately return'd to the Grotto, seiz'd *Barfisa*, and found the Corps of the Princess.

cess where the Devil had instructed them to look for it. They took it out of the Ground, brought it away, and carried the Santon to the Palace.

When the King saw his Daughter dead, and was inform'd of this fatal Adventure, he fell a weeping, and took on in a most piteous Manner. At length he assembled his Doctors, told them the Santon's Crime, and ask'd their Advice in what Manner to punish him. All the Doctors gave their Opinions for his Death, and the King gave Orders to hang him. A Gibbet was prepar'd; the Santon got up the Ladder, and when the Hangman was going to throw him off, the Devil came to him, and whisper'd him in the Ear: O Santon! if thou wilt worship me, I will take thee from hence, and carry thee Two thousand Leagues off, into a Country, where thou shalt be respected by all as much as thou wast here before this Accident. With all my Heart, said *Barfisa*; deliver me from hence, and I will adore thee. The Devil reply'd: Give me first some Token of Adoration. The Santon bow'd down his Head, and said to the Devil, I give my self to thee. Then the Devil spoke aloud: O *Barfisa*, I am satisfied; Thou dy'st an Infidel, and I have obtain'd my Desires. Having said this, he spit in his Face, and vanish'd; and the miserable Santon was hang'd.

Sir,

Sir, continu'd the sixth Visier of the Emperor *Hafskin*, the Queen *Canzada* resembles the Devil; or rather, it is the Devil himself that actuates this Princess: He makes her his Instrument to urge you on to commit an unjust Action, which will disturb the Quiet of your Days. The King, after having consider'd a few Moments, granted to his sixth Visier the Life of the Prince for that Day only.

In the Evening, when he was return'd from hunting, the Sultanes, inrag'd against the Visiers, spoke to him in these Words: You have once more repriev'd *Nourgehan* out of Complacency to your Visiers: O the Traitors! I am fully inform'd of their Design: They are jealous of the good Opinion you have of me, and leave no Stone unturn'd to set you against me. I am, if they are to be believ'd, a cruel and deceitful Woman; and themselves Men of Probity, zealous and faithful Servants, whom you cannot have too high an Esteem of. I know nevertheless that they oppose the Prince's Death, only because I demand it: 'Tis not in Pity to him, but only to let me see that their Interest is superior to mine. This Competition of their Authority with mine, no doubt, becomes them. Most of them are despicable Wretches, whom you have rais'd from nothing. If you reflect on
their

their Extraction, you will be in the same Astonishment, as was once *Haroun Arraschid*, Calif of *Bagdad*. I must tell you the Story.

Story of a certain Soff of Bagdad.

IN the Reign of the Illustrious Calif *Haroun Arraschid*, there liv'd at *Bagdad* a * *Soff*, who lov'd to take his Pleasure and feed high; but, because the Alms he receiv'd from the Faithful were scarce sufficient for his Subsistence, he often had Recourse to Expedients that succeeded.

One Day among others he offer'd to go into the Calif's Palace: One of the Officers of the Gates ask'd him what he would have. The *Soff's* Answer was: Pray tell *Haroun Arraschid*, that he must not fail to send me to-day a thousand Sequins. The Officer burst into Laughter at this Answer; and, taking the *Soff* for a Madman, said to him with an Air of Raillery: Brother, I will acquit my self very faithfully of the Commission you injoin me; but pray let me know what Part of the Town you live in, that the said Sum may be brought to you. The *Soff* told him where he liv'd, and then walk'd

* The *Soffs* are a sort of Monks, who profess to be contemplative Quietists.

walk'd off with much Gravity. The Officer follow'd him with his Eyes till he was gone out of Sight, and then told this Adventure to several Officers of the Palace. They diverted themselves with it, and some of them thought it deserv'd to be told to the Calif. They acquainted that Prince with it: He laugh'd, and gave Orders to find out the Man, and bring him to him.

They found the *Sofi* where he had directed the Officer of the Gate, and told him the Calif desired to speak with him. He went with them to the Palace, and appear'd boldly before *Haroun Arraschid*, who said to him: Who art thou? And why must I give thee a thousand Sequins: The *Sofi* answer'd: I am a Wretch, who am destitute of all Things necessary for Life. Last Night, in Anguish of Mind, and impatient to bear the Hardships of my Destiny, I pour'd out this Complaint to God. O my God! Why do you refuse me all Things at the same time that you heap on the happy *Haroun Arraschid* all manner of Good? What has he done to deserve your Favours? What have I done to be the Object of your Wrath? I am an honest Man; and he perhaps is unworthy to enjoy so great Riches and Honours.

While I was thus complaining of my Fate, I heard a Voice from Heaven, that cry'd out to me: Hold, hold, audacious Wretch!

In murmuring against thy Destiny, mix not the Name of *Haroun Arraschid* in thy Complaints. Thou art much in the wrong to doubt whether that Prince deserves the Happiness he enjoys: He is a virtuous King, and would relieve thee, if he knew thy Misery: Put to proof his Generosity, and thou shalt find, that he is no less superior to other Men in Virtue than in Rank.

At these Words, Sir, added the *Sofi*, I ceas'd my Complaints; and this Morning offer'd my self at the Gate of your Palace to make Trial of your Generosity, by asking you to give me a thousand Sequins. The Calif at this Discourse burst out into Laughter, was pleas'd at the *Sofi's* Cunning, and order'd Two thousand Sequins to be given him.

The *Sofi* withdrew with his Money, and began to feast himself; and tho' the Sum was not inconsiderable, he got the better of it in a little time. Seeing himself reduc'd to live frugally, he again put in Practice his Industry. He had heard that the Calif had a passionate Desire to see the Prophet *Elias*, and that he had offer'd a great Recompence to whomsoever should help him to the Sight of him. There needed no more to engage the *Sofi* to shew a Trick of his Trade. He went to *Haroun*, and said to him: O Commander of the Believers! I will show you the Prophet *Elias* within the
Space

Space of three Years, if your Majesty will settle a Pension on me, to subsist me during that Time. I ask only a good Table thrice a day, and four of the most beautiful Slaves of your Seraglio to attend me. I grant your Request, answer'd the Calif: But take Notice of what you promise; for I give you Warning, that if at the End of three Years I shall not have seen the Prophet, your Life shall answer it. The *Sofi* submitted to this Condition, saying within himself: The King will forgive me my Fault, or some Accident may happen that will make Him forget it: And I shall pass these three Years in Plenty and Pleasure. *Haroun* gave him an Apartment in his Palace, and order'd to refuse him nothing he should ask for.

In short, the three Years slip'd away; and the Calif, not having seen the Prophet *Elias*, said to the *Sofi*: We agreed, that if I saw not the Prophet at the End of three Years, thou should'st be beheaded. The three Years are expired, and thou hast not shewn me *Elias*: Therefore thou shalt die. The *Sofi*, having nothing to say for himself, was put into Prison; and the Day appointed for his Execution drew nigh; but he found Means to elude the Vigilance of his Keepers, and to make his Escape. He hid himself behind some Tombs in a Vault, into which he knew a private Way.

He

He gave himself up to the most tormenting Reflections, when, all on a sudden, a young Man, array'd in White, and of an excellent Beauty, appear'd to his sorrowful Eyes, and ask'd him; what had oblig'd him to conceal himself there? The *Sofi* answer'd only by a deep Sigh. Fear nothing, continu'd the young Man; I am not come hither to do you any Mischief: On the contrary, I intend to serve you. Let me know the Cause of the Perplexity and Dismay that I read in your Looks: Perhaps I may be more useful to you than you imagine.

What Reason soever the *Sofi* had to suspect every Thing, he perceiv'd arising within him a certain Confidence that entirely dissipated his Fears. He told all that had happen'd between *Haroun Arraschid* and himself to the young Man; who then said to him, I have heard speak of this Matter, and own ingenuously that I cannot but blame you. Kings must not be trifled with: They are indeed but Men; yet God has plac'd them above the rest of Mankind: He will have them be respected on Earth as the most perfect Images of his Divinity; and to deceive them, is a Crime that deserves the greatest Punishment. However, I will use my Interest for you: Follow me; I will go and ask the Calif to pardon you, and am persuaded he will grant my Request.

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At these Words the *Sofi* found his Courage revive. He follow'd the young Man, who led him into *Haroun's* Presence, and said to that Prince: O Commander of the Believers! I have brought to you the *Sofi* who deceiv'd you: I allur'd him from the Place where he lay conceal'd, and am come to deliver him up to your Justice: Since he has deserv'd it, let him die the Death. The *Sofi* was all confounded to hear his Guide speak in this Manner. O Heavens! cry'd he, giving himself for lost, how deceitful are outward Appearances! Who would not have confided in the Physiognomy of this heavenly Youth? Who could have thought him capable of so black a Treachery?

The Calif was seated on a Sopha; and when he perceiv'd the *Sofi*, could not retain the Transport of Rage that boil'd within his Veins. Ah Cheat! said he; Wretch! who by thy Escape hast render'd thy self guilty a second Time: Thou shalt die in the midst of the most terrible Tortures. He pronounc'd these Words with so furious an Accent, and with so great an Agitation of Body, as overturn'd his Sopha, which had one Leg shorter than the others, and drag'd him down in its Fall. Good, said then the young Man who had brought the *Sofi*, every Thing partakes of its Origine. An Officer hasten'd immediately to help up the Calif, and, taking him by the Arm, pinch'd him
so

so hard, that he made him cry out : Good, said the same young Man who had spoken before, every Thing partakes of its Origine.

Haroun Arraschid, being got up, turn'd towards three of his Visiers, who were present : Visiers, said he, what's to be done with this *Sofi* ? The first Visier answer'd ; He ought to be cut to pieces for an Impostor, and to have his Limbs hung upon Tenterhooks, as a Warning to others not to tell Lies to Kings. Here the young Man who had brought the *Sofi*, said ; This Visier is in the right ; every Thing partakes of its Origine. The second Visier was not of the same Opinion with the first : I think, said he, that he ought to be boil'd alive in a Cauldron ; and then be given to the Dogs to eat. The young Man, hearing this, said : This Visier says well ; every Thing partakes of its Origine. The Calif consulted the third Visier, who was of another Sentiment. Sir, said he, your Majesty were better pardon him, and give him his Liberty. Very good, said the young Man once more, every Thing partakes of its Origine.

Young Man, then said *Haroun Arraschid*, attentively regarding the Conductor of the *Sofi* ; why have you repeated those Words so often ? My three Visiers were of as many different Opinions ; and yet when each of them had spoken, you said : This Visier is in the

the right ; every Thing partakes of its Origine. You said not this without Mystery ; let me know what you meant. O King ! answer'd the young Man : The Cause of your Majesty's falling down was, because the Sopha, on which you were sitting, has one Leg shorter than the others ; and it having been made by a Workman who was lame, I said immediately ; Good, every Thing partakes of its Origine. The Officer, who took your Majesty up, and tugg'd your Arm so hard, being the Son of a Bone-setter, I said ; Good, every Thing partakes of its Origine. When the first Visier gave his Opinion to have the *Sofi's* Limbs hung on Tenterhooks, I said ; Every Thing partakes of its Origine, because that Visier was the Son of a Butcher. I repeated the same Words, when the second declared himself of another Sentiment ; for he being born of a Cook, could not give a Judgment more conformable to his Extraction. And the third Visier, who advised you to forgive him, is descended of a noble Family ; and for that Reason I said, That every Thing partakes of its Origine.

Sir, pursu'd the young Man, having given you this Explication, I must now give you another : Know then, that I am the Prophet *Elias* : 'Tis so long that you have desired to see me, that I could not refuse you that Satisfaction. But consider, that, by so doing, I have perform'd the Promise that the *Sofi* had

had the Temerity to make you. Having said this, he vanish'd out of Sight. The Calif, overjoy'd to have seen *Elias*, pardon'd the Criminal, and even settled a good yearly Pension on him, that Necessity might no more oblige him to employ his Tricks, to live at his Ease.

I have told you this Story, Sir, added the Sultaneſs of *Persia*, to convince you, that your Viſiers are all Men of a mean Extraction. Tell me not, that, by imploring the Prince's Pardon, they prove themselves to be born of noble Blood, in like manner as the third Viſier who advis'd the Calif of *Bagdad* to pardon the *Sofi*. The Case is quite different. The unfortunate *Sofi* cheated *Haroun* only to procure himself an easy Life; and the Wrong he did him was inconsiderable: His Crime was not of so black a Die as to be unworthy of Pardon; but that of *Nourgehan* strikes with Horreur. Tho' it be generous to forgive Crimes, when the Impunity can have no dangerous Consequences, 'tis a Weakness to leave unpunish'd the Crimes that give Bodings of greater. The Reason why your Viſiers are so importunate in the Prince's Behalf, is because they are Accomplices with him. These perfidious Men will always protect his detestable Attempts.

Hafikin,

Hafikin, seeing that the Queen spoke with Transport, promised her that *Nourgehan* should be put to Death the next Day: But the Morning following the seventh Visier, having thrown himself at the Foot of the Throne, implor'd the Life of the Prince, and told the Story that follows :

Story of King Quoutbeddin and the Fair Ghulroukh.

A Certain King of Syria, named *Quoutbeddin*, had a Visier who married a Lady of *Cachemire*, by whom he had a very beautiful Daughter, called * *Ghulroukh*. The Fame of her Beauty having reached the Ears of the King, excited his Curiosity to see her; and he was so taken with her, that he made her be carefully educated in his own Palace. As she grew up, he became still more and more in Love with her, till by Degrees his Passion came to be most violent. Whenever this Prince was a Moment absent from her, he could do nothing but sigh. In short, he could not live without *Ghulroukh*. Her Father and Mother had likewise an extream Tenderness for her: They earnestly wished they could have had her at home with them; but the Fear they

* That is to say, *Rosy Cheeks*.

were in of displeasing the King hinder'd them from desiring him to give his Consent to it.

It happen'd that the King one Day made a Debauch with some of his Beys: He got drunk; and in his Cups saw the young *Ghulroukh* innocently toying with a Slave. At Sight of this he was seized with a Rage of Jealousy, and sent for the Executioner: Go, said he to him, cut off *Ghulroukh's* Head, and bring it into my Appartment.

The Executioner carried this innocent Victim out of the Palace to cut off her Head. He returned some Hours afterwards bringing a Head all pale and Bloody, and in that Condition presented himself before the King; who said to him, Carry away that Head: Thou hast done well: I order a Robe of Honour to be given thee immediately, for having so faithfully executed my Commands. This Prince early the next Morning, when he was grown sober, asked for *Ghulroukh*. They answer'd him, Sir, last Night you order'd the Executioner to cut off her Head: He obey'd you, and then threw it with the Body into a River. At this Answer the King tore his Garments, and fell into bitter Lamentations. He repented that he had given Way to the first Transports of his Rage, and retir'd into a private Place to abandon himself the more freely to his Grief.

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The Visier, the Father of *Ghulroukh*, went to him. The Sight of him increased the King's Affliction. Ah! Visier, cried he, what have I done? Ah! Thy unhappy Daughter!— His Sighs and Tears hinder'd him from going on. The Visier too wept and sighed bitterly, and went his Ways.

Quoutbeddin did nothing but grieve, and afflicted himself for the Space of two Months. He passed the Nights without closing an Eye-Lid; and cried without ceasing, O my God! Let me die? Life is grown insupportable to me, since I have lost my dear *Ghulroukh*. He abandon'd the Care of his Government, and became as dry as a Thistle of the Desert. His Brain at length began to turn; when *Ghulroukh's* Father going into the private Closet where he was, said to him, O King of the World! How long have you been possessed with this fatal Despair? I am her Father, yet Time has already brought me Comfort.

Ah! Visier, answer'd *Quoutbeddin*, how insensible are you! As for me, I can receive no Consolation: That very Time which has dissipated your Grief, serves only to augment my Affliction. It is in vain to give me Counsel: I will harken to none. Govern my Dominions as you please: Chuse yourselves another Master; I have no more to do with any Thing; I renounce my Kingdom.

I detest the Light, since *Ghulroukh* enjoys it not with me. O *Ghulroukh*! Life of my Soul! What is become of thee? No more shall I hold thee on my Knees: No more take Delight in admiring thy Beauty that had no equal, and alone could charm me.

At these Words the King threw himself on the Ground, and gave a thousand Tokens of the utmost Despair. Sir, said the Visier to him, your Majesty is in a deplorable Condition: If God, compassionating your Afflictions, should restore you my Daughter, with what Eye would you look on her? Would you forgive her Fault. O Heaven! answer'd *Quoutbeddin*; I should run mad for Joy at Sight of her, as I am now distracted with Grief for her Loss. I swear I would marry *Ghulroukh*, if Heaven would work that Miracle, and render her back to my Love. Well, Sir, replied the Visier, have Comfort; you shall see her again: At the same Time he called aloud, *Ghulroukh*, who immediately came into the Closet cloathed in her richest Attire, and more blushing than the Flower whose Name she bore.

As soon as the King perceived her, he fell into a Trance; and the Excess of his Joy was like to have taken away a Life that had resisted against the most violent Affliction. The Visier ran and fetch'd some Rose-Water, with which he chafed the Face of *Quout-*

beddin, who by Degrees came to himself, and embraced *Ghulroukh* in an Extasy of Joy. Her Sight refresh'd and moisten'd his Liver, which the Privation of that dear Object had inflam'd. Then he enquir'd of the Visier by what Providence *Ghulroukh* was fortunately preserv'd from the unjust Punishment to which he, in his drunken Fit, had condemn'd her.

Sir, answer'd the Visier, being inform'd of the cruel Order you had given, I ran to the Executioner: I represented to him that you had given this Command in the first Transport of your Rage, and that in Time you would infallibly repent of it. Go, said I to him, to some of the Prisons, cut off the Head of some condemn'd Woman, and carry it to the King, who, in the Condition he is in, will not perceive the Cheat. The Executioner did as I bid him: I hid my Daughter: You believed her dead: And before I would restore her to you, I resolv'd to make Trial of your Affection for her. This, Sir, is the innocent Wile by which I have served your Love. King *Quoutbeddin* applauded the Prudence of his Visier, loaded him with Favours, solemnly married his Daughter, made her be crown'd Queen of *Syria*, and liv'd with her the rest of his Days, always loving, and belov'd.

When

When the seventh Visier had related this Story to the Emperor of *Persia*, he made the Application of it, and pleaded so well in Behalf of *Nourgehan*, that *Hafikin* left the Council without giving any Orders to the Executioner. In the Evening the Sultaneſs took a haughty Air: Sir, ſaid ſhe, I will preſs you no more to put the Prince to Death: I plainly ſee you deſpiſe the Advice of a Woman; it is not however to be rejected, Tremble leſt I ſhould one Day make you the ſame Reproach, that the Prophet *Mouſa* made to the *Iſraelites*, in the Conjunction I am going to tell you.

Story of the King of Aad.

Aoudge *Ibn-Anaq*, King of *Aad*, having received Advice, that the Prophet *Mouſa* was coming at the Head of Six thouſand *Iſraelites* to preach to him the Jewish Religion, took the Field with his Army. The Prophet was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, when, perceiving the Troops of the King of *Aad*, he ſaw that he was to fight with Men whoſe Children were above a hundred Foot high. His Zeal cool'd a little; and, before he would come to Action, he reſolv'd to try the Effect that Treaty might produce. He ſent twelve Doctors to harangue *Aoudge*, and tell him, it was great Pity that ſuch proper Men ſhould have no Knowledge of God. The

Compliment was not difficult to remember; nevertheless the Doctors had forgot it when they came into the Presence of *Aoudge*, who was cutting his Nails with a dreadful Hatchet. This monstrous King, seeing the twelve Doctors in such Dismay, that they could not utter one Syllable, fell into so loud a Laughter that all the Echo's fifty Leagues around resounded with it. Then he put them into the Hollow of his Left-Hand, and with the little Finger of his Right turning them round like so many Pismires: If these paultry Animals, said he, could speak, we would give them to our Children to play with. He put them into his Pocket, and marched with all his Troops to give Battle to the *Israelites*. When he was come up with them he pull'd out of his Pocket the twelve Doctors, whom he had no sooner set down than they fled with Precipitation, without ever looking behind them.

The Jews dismay'd at the enormous Size of their Enemies, abandon'd the Prophet. Their Wives endeavour'd in vain to encourage them to the Fight: The Coward Husbands drag'd them along with them in their Flight. Let us be gone, said they, and leave the Prophet to fight his own Battle; the Lord has Occasion for none but him to work a Miracle.

Thus

Thus they all deserted *Moufa*, who marched alone against the Troops of *Aad*. The dreadful *Aoudge* stood his Ground, or rather advanc'd to meet him: Then, when he saw him within his Reach, he darted a Rock at him, which would have crush'd the Prophet to Pieces, if God had not sent an Angel in the Figure of a Bird, who with one Peck of his Beak cleav'd the Rock in two, so that the Prophet was not wounded by it. Then *Moufa*, to be able to cope with the Giant, by a miraculous Effect of the Almighty's Divine, became seventy Cubits higher than he naturally was. He darted himself up seventy Cubits into the Air, and with his Wand, which was seventy Cubits long, he touched the Knee of *Aoudge*, who instantly dropp'd dead on the Spot. The People of *Aad* immediately betook themselves to Flight; and the *Israelites* came back to offer their Assistance to the Prophet, who said to them, Since you have been such Cowards as not to follow the brave Exhortations of your Wives, God will make you wander for forty Years in the Land of *Teybyazoufy*.

You have no more Resolution, Sir, than the *Israelites*, continued the Queen *Canzada*: Every Night you promise me that the Prince shall be put to Death, and every Morning you are so weak as to be bias'd by

the studied Speeches of your Visiers. You are like a Reed that bows with every Wind; sometimes you incline one Way, and sometimes another: Be no longer irresolute. I have sufficiently shewn you, Sir, the Necessity you are under of sacrificing *Nourgehan* to your own Safety. Shew your self to be Master; and be deaf henceforward to the Prayers of your Visiers. Say no more to me of it, Madam, said the Emperor, interrupting her: I am resolv'd that *Nourgehan* shall die to Morrow.

The next Day *Hafikin* went into the Council-Chamber with a Countenance all enrag'd. Bring my Son hither, said he to the Executioner, and delay no longer to cut off his Head. O King of the World! cried out the eighth Visier, throwing himself at the Foot of the Throne, All your Visiers, your faithful Slaves, beseech you to suspend for a While the Punishment of the Prince, 'till you have heard the Story of the *Brachman Padmanaba*: Your Majesty will perhaps be in another Mind, if you harken attentively to it. I give you Leave, said the King, to tell it me; but, after all, my Son shall die.

Story

Story of the Brachman Padmanaba and the
young Hassan.

SIR, began the eighth Visier, there dwelt heretofore in the City of *Damafons* a Man who sold * *Fiquaa*. He had a Son between fifteen and sixteen Years of Age, called *Hassan*, and who was look'd on as a Prodigy. His Face was as fair as the Moon, his Shape as strait as a Cypress; he was of a jovial Temper, and witty in Conversation. When he sung, the Sweetness of his Voice ravish'd all that heard him; and when he play'd on the Lute, his Musick was capable to raise from the Dead. These Qualifications were not useless to his Father, who, to sell in some Measure the Pleasure his Son gave his Customers, sold his *Fiquaa* very dear; a Dish of it, which elsewhere might be had for a † *Manghir*, he sold for an *Aqtcha*. But though his Liquor was so dear, yet, because they went to his Shop more to see his Son than to drink, the Company was not less in Number. His House, was called *Tehschemy Aby Hhayar*, that is to say, the

Found-

* This is a Beverage compos'd of Barley, Water, and Raisins.

† A *Manghir* is worth about the sixth Part of a Penny.

Fountain of Jollity, because of the Pleasure that Persons of all Ages took in coming thither.

One Day as the young *Hassan* was singing and playing on the Lute to the great Satisfaction of all the Company that were in the Shop, the famous *Brachman Padmanaba* came thither to refresh himself: He too admir'd *Hassan*, and when he had discoursed with him, he was charmed with his Conversation. He came again to the Shop not only the next Day, but quitted all his Affairs to be there every Day; and though all the Customers paid but an *Aqtcha* a Dish, he gave a *Sequin*.

This had lasted for a good While, when *Hassan* said to his Father, There comes hither every Day a Man who has the Mien of a great Person: He takes so much Delight in speaking to me, that he is calling me every Moment to ask me some Question or other; and when he goes away, he gives me a *Sequin*. Ho ho, answer'd the Father, there is something more than ordinary in it: The Designs of this great Person are perhaps no better than they should be. These Philosophers, for all they look so demurely, are often very vicious. When thou seest him to-morrow, tell him I desire to be acquainted with him: Carry him into my Chamber; I will know what he would be at: I have Experience enough to discover through

through all the Disguises of his fair Speeches, whether he be the Man he would seem.

The next Day *Hassan* did what his Father desired him ; he prevailed with *Padmanaba* to go up into his Chamber, where they had prepared a magnificent Collation. The *Fiquaa*-Man did all imaginable Honours to the *Brachman*, who received them with such an Air of Good-breeding, and who behaved himself so discreetly in his Conversation, that it was no longer doubted but he was a very virtuous Man. After the Collation *Hassan*'s Father asked him, what Countryman he was, and where he lodged ; and being informed by him that he was a Foreigner, he said to him, If you will live with me, I will give you a Lodging in my House. I accept of your Offer, answered *Padmanaba* ; 'tis a Paradise in this World to live with our good Friends.

The *Brachman* fixed his Abode at the *Fiquaa*-Man's House ; He made him considerable Presents, and took a more than common Friendship for *Hassan*. He said to him one Day, My Son, I must open my Heart to you : I find you have a Genius proper for the secret Sciences. You are indeed of a little too merry a Humour ; but I believe that will wear off ; and that in Time you will have all the Gravity, or rather Melancholy, that becomes the wise Men, in whose Mysteries I have a Mind to initiate you.
My

My Design is to make you fortunate; and if you will bear me Company out of the City, I will shew you this very Day the Treasures I mean to put into your Hands. Sir, answered *Hassan*, you know that I depend on a Father, without whose Permission I cannot go with you. The *Brachman* asked Leave of the Father, who, being fully satisfied of the Philosopher's Virtue, permitted him to take his Son where-ever he pleas'd.

Padmanaba and *Hassan* went out of Town together, and came to a ruin'd Building, where they found a Well top-full of Water. Look attentively upon this Well, said the *Brachman*, the Riches I design for you are in it. So much the worse, said the young Man, smiling; for how shall I be able to get them out of this Abyss? O my Son, replied *Padmanaba*, I am not surpriz'd that this seems to you to be a difficult Task. All Men have not the same Privilege that I have; those only whom God is pleas'd should participate of the Wonders of his Omnipotence, have Power over the Elements, and to change the Order of Nature.

At the same Time he writ on a Piece of Paper some Letters of the *Hanscrit* Tongue, which is the Language of the *Magi* of the *Indies*, of *Siam*, and of *China*. Then he only threw the Paper into the Well, and immediately the Water sunk down, and disappeared. They went both into the Well, where

where there seemed to be a Stair-Cafe, by which they descended to the very Bottom, where they found a Copper Door lock'd with a large Steel Padlock. The *Brachman* writ a Prayer, and with it touch'd the Padlock, which unlock'd of it self the same Moment. They shoved open the Door, and went into a Cavern, where they saw an *Ethiopian* of the blackest Sort. He was standing on his Legs, and rested one of his Hands on a great Stone of white Marble. If we go near him, said *Hassan*, he will throw that Stone at our Heads. And indeed, as soon as the *Ethiopian* saw them advancing towards him, he lifted up that enormous Stone from the Ground, as if he would have thrown it at them. *Padmanaba* recited hastily a short Prayer, and blow'd on the *Ethiopian*, who not being able to resist the Force of the Words, and the Blast tumbled backward.

They went through the Cavern without any Obstacle, and came into a Court of a vast Extent, in the midst of which was a Dome of Chrystal, whose Entrance was guarded by two Dragons, plac'd over against one another, and whose gaping Throats vomited out Whirlwinds of Fire. *Hassan* was dismay'd. Let us advance no farther, cried he; these dreadful Dragons will burn us. Fear nothing, Son, said the *Brachman*; put more Confidence in me, and be not daunted.

daunted. The high Wisdom, to which I will have you attain, requires Resolution: These Monsters that terrify you will vanish at my Voice. I have Power over the Demons, and can dissipate all Inchantments. He said this, and pronouncing only certain Cabalistical Words, the Dragons retir'd into two Holes. Then the Gate of the Dome open'd of it self in an Instant. *Padmanaba* and the young *Hassan* went in, and the Eyes of the last were agreeably surprized to perceive in another Court a second Dome all of Rubies, on the Top whereof was a Caruncle of six Foot Diameter, which, by the great Light it cast all around, serv'd instead of a Sun to this Subterranean Abode.

This Dome was not, as the first, guarded by dreadful Monsters. On the contrary, six charming Statues, made each of one single Diamond, appeared at the Entrance, and represented six beautiful Women, who play'd on the Ghittar. The Gate, composed of one single Emerald, was open'd, and disclosed a stately Hall. *Hassan* could not be tir'd with considering every Thing that offered it self to his View.

When he had well examined the Statues and the Outside of the Dome, *Padmanaba* made him go into the Hall, the Floor whereof was of Massy Gold, and the Cieling of Porphyry stuck full of Pearls. A thousand different Objects, all of them more curious,
the

the one than the other, imploy'd the young Man's greedy Eyes. At length the Philosopher led him into a large four-square Chamber: In one Corner of it there lay a vast Heap of Gold, in another a Heap of Rubies, in the third an immense Silver Pot, and in the fourth a Heap of black Earth.

In the midst of the Chamber was raised a stately Throne, and upon it was a Coffin of Silver, in which reposed a Prince who had on his Head a Crown of Gold, enriched with great Pearls. On the Head of the Coffin was affixed a large Plate of Gold, upon which might be read these Words, written in Hieroglyphick Cabalistical Characters, which the ancient Egyptian Priests made use of; *Men sleep as long as they live: They awake not till the Hour of their Death. What am I the better for having enjoy'd an Empire, with all the Treasures that are here? There is nothing so transitory as Prosperity: And all human Power is but Weakness. O senseless Mortal! so long as thou art alive, never glorify thy self in thy Fortune: Call to Mind the Times when the Pharaohs flourish'd: They are now no more; and thou shalt soon cease to be as well as they.*

What Prince is this who lies in this Coffin? says *Hassan*. The *Brachman* answer'd, 'Tis one of your ancient Kings of *Egypt*; 'twas he who hallowed this Subterranean Abode, and built this Dome of Rubies
What

What you say surprizes me, replied the young Man: What Whimsy made this King build under Ground an Edifice that seems to have exhausted all the Riches of the World? All the other Monarchs, who would leave to Posterity any Monuments of their Grandeur, expose them to, rather than hide them from, the Eyes of Men. You say true, replied the *Brachman*; but this King was a great Cabalist. He stole away from his Court to come hither to make Discoveries of the great Secrets of Nature: He knew many of them, and among others that of the Philosopher's Stone, as is evident from the Riches of this Place, and which were made by that Heap of black Earth which you see lying in yonder Corner. Is it possible, cried the young *Hassan*, that this black Earth can have made all this Wealth. Doubt not in the least of it, replied the *Brachman*: To prove it to be true, I will repeat to you two *Turkish* Verses that contain the whole Secret of the Philosopher's Stone. Give Ear to them:

*Wirghil Arous Gharby Schahzadey Khitaya
Bir Tistola Boulardan Sultan Khab Rouyan.*

Which literally translated signifies, Give to the Bride of the West the Son of the King of the East; a Child shall be born of them, who shall be the Sultan of beautiful Faces.

I will now tell you the mystical Sense of them; Corrupt with Moisture the dry Adamical Earth that comes from the East; of this Corruption will be engender'd the Philosophical Mercury, which is Almighty in Nature, and will beget the Sun and Moon, that is to say, Gold and Silver; and when he shall ascend his Throne, he will change Pebbles into Diamonds and other precious Stones. The Silver Pot that is in one Corner of this Chamber held the Water, that is to say, the Moisture, they made use of to corrupt the dry Earth, and put it into the Condition it is in. If you take but one Handful only of this Heap, you may, if you please, convert into Silver or Gold all the Metals in *Egypt*, and all the Stones of the Houses into Diamonds and Rubies.

I must confess, says *Hassan*, that this is a wonderful Earth: I am no longer astonish'd to see here so much Riches. Its Effects are yet more miraculous than I tell you, replied the *Brachman*; it cures all Sorts of Diseases: Let a sick Person, who is worn to nothing, and just ready to give up the Ghost, but swallow one Grain of it, he will find his Strength return all on a sudden, and will rise up immediately in perfect Health and Vigour. It has besides one Virtue which I prefer to all the rest; whoever rubs his
Eyes

Eyes with the humid Part of it sees the *Genii*, and has Power to command them.

By what I have told you, continued he, my Son, you may judge of the Treasures that are reserved for you. They are no Doubt invaluable, said the young Man; but till you put me in Possession of them, may I not have the Liberty to take away with me some of this Treasure, to convince my Father how happy we are in having such a Friend as you? Yes; you may, replied *Padmanaba*, take whatever you have Mind to. *Hassan*, laying hold on the Opportunity, loaded himself with Gold and Rubies, and follow'd the *Brachman*, who went out of the Chamber where lay the dead King of *Egypt*.

They pass'd through the fine Hall, the two Courts, and the Cavern, where they found the *Ethiopian* still lying on the Ground; they drew the Copper Door after them, and the Steel Padlock lock'd it self that Instant of its own Accord. Then they went up the Stairs, and the Well, as soon as they were out of it, fill'd it self brimful of Water, and look'd just as before.

The *Brachman* perceiving the Astonishment the young Man was in, to see the Water return in a Moment, said to him, What is the Reason of the Surprize I read in your Looks? Have you never heard
speak

Speak of *Talismans*? No, answer'd the Youth, I never have: And you will oblige me in telling what they are. I will not only tell you what they are, replied *Padma-naba*, but one Day or other I will teach you how to make them; mean while I will explain to you what you desire to know. There are two Sorts of *Talismans*; the Cabalistical and the Astrological: The first, which is the sublimest Sort, produces its wonderful Effects by the Means of Letters, Words, and Prayers. The second discovers its Operations by the Relation which the Planets have to the Metals. I make Use of the first Sort of *Talismans*. It was reveal'd to me in a Dream by the Great God *Wistnou*, Chief of all the Pagods of the World.

Know, continued he, my Son, that the Angels have Influence over Letters; and that each Letter is govern'd by an Angel. Perhaps you may desire to know what an Angel is. An Angel is a Ray or an Emanation of the Omnipotence and Attributes of God. The Angels that reside in the Intelligible World command those that dwell in the Celestial World, and these last command those of the sublunary World. Letters form Words, Words compose Sentences; and 'tis only the Angels represented by Letters, and compos'd into Sentences, written or spoken, that work these Wonders that amaze the common Sort of Men.

Such

Such was the Discourse that *Padmanaba* held to the young Man as they were returning towards the City. They arriv'd at *Hassan's* Father's, who was overjoy'd when his Son shew'd him the Gold and Jewels with which he came loaded home. They left off selling *Fiquaä*, and began to live in Plenty and Pleasures.

Hassan had a Mother-in-Law, who was very covetous, and ambitious to boot: And though the Rubies he brought were worth an immense Sum of Money, she nevertheless fear'd they should be reduc'd to want; and one Day said to him, Son, if we continue to live as we do, we shall soon be ruin'd. Let not that trouble you, Mother, answer'd he; the Hoard of my Riches is inexhaustible: If you had seen all the Treasures that the generous *Padmanaba* designs to give me, you would throw away that vain Inquietude. The next Time he carries me to the Well, I will bring you a Pinch of black Earth that will set your Mind at Ease for a long Time. Load thy self rather with Gold and Rubies, answer'd the Mother-in-Law; I had rather have them than all the Sorts of Earth in the World. But *Hassan*, added she, I have a Thought come into my Head: Since *Padmanaba* designs to give thee all those Treasures, why does he not teach thee the necessary Prayers to go down at any Time into the Place
where

where they are? If he should chance to die suddenly, all our Hopes would be at an End. Besides, we are not sure but that he will be weary of living with us. Perhaps he is at this Time about to leave us, and will go and discover these Treasures to some other. For my Part, Child, I would have thee importune *Padmanaba* to teach thee the Prayers; and when thou know'st them, we will kill him, that he may reveal to none else the Mystery of the Well.

Hassan was startled at this Discourse. O Mother! cried he, How can you make me such a Proposition? Can you form so black a Design? The *Brachman* loves us: He heaps his Benefactions on us: He promises me Treasures sufficient to glut the Avarice of the greatest Monarchs of the Earth: And in Return of all his Kindness you would take away his Life! No, were I to be reduced again to my former Condition, and to sell *Fiquaa* as long as I liv'd, I could never contribute to the Death of a Man to whom I am so much obliged, Away with these Niceties of Honour, Son, replied the Mother-in-Law; let us consult nothing but our own Interests. Fortune offers us an Opportunity to enrich our selves for ever; let us lay hold on it. Your Father, who has more Experience than you, applauds my Design, and you ought to approve it. *Hassan* continued to express the utmost Repugnancy

nancy to agree to this cruel Resolution. Nevertheless, being young, and of an easy Temper, his Mother represented so many Advantages to him, that at length he was so weak as to fall in with her. Well, said he, I will go to *Padmanaba*, and engage him to teach me the Prayers. Accordingly he went immediately, and pressed him so very earnestly to teach him all that was necessary to go down into the Subterranean Treasure, that the *Brachman*, who had an extream Affection for him, could hold out no longer. He writ down each Prayer on a Piece of Paper, specifying precisely the Place where it was to be pronounced, together with all the other Cabalistical Circumstances, and then gave them to the young Man.

As soon as he had learn'd the Prayers, he acquainted his Father and his Mother-in-Law with it, who appointed a Day to go all three of them and visit the Treasures. When we come back, said the Mother-in-Law, we will kill *Padmanaba*. When the Day came they went abroad, without telling the *Brachman* whither they were going. They went towards the ruin'd Building; and being arrived there, *Hassan* took out of his Pocket the Paper where the first Prayer was written: Scarce had he thrown it into the Well but the Water vanish'd. They went down the Stairs, and came to the

the Copper Door. The Youth with another Prayer touch'd the Steel Padlock, which unlock'd immediately, and they push'd open the Door. The *Ethiopian*, who was standing on his Legs, and seem'd just going to throw his white Marble-Stone at them, frighted the *Fiquaa*-Man and his Wife; but *Hassan* recited apace the third Prayer, and blow'd upon the *Ethiopian*, who fell on the Ground. Then they went through the Cavern, came into the Court where stood the Dome of Chrystal, and the young Man forced the Dragons to retire into their Holes. They went forward into the second Court, passed through the Hall, and came into the great Chamber, where were the Rubies, the Gold, the Silver Pot, and the black Earth. The Mother-in-Law scarce took Notice of the King of *Egypt*'s Coffin, nor gave her self the Trouble to read the moral Inscription that was on the Plate of Gold, nor daign'd she to look on the Heap of black Earth, whose Virtues her Son-in-Law had told her so much of. She greedily flew to the Heap of Rubies, and took so great a Quantity of them, that she could scarce walk under the Load. Her Husband stuffed his Pockets with Gold; and *Hassan* contented himself with two or three Handfuls of the black Earth, resolving to make Trial of it when he got home.

After

After this they all three went out of the King of *Egypt's* Chamber. Almost sinking under the Weight of the Riches they were carrying away, they went with merry Hearts through the first Court; then they saw three terrible Monsters making directly towards them. The *Fiquaa*-Man and his Wife, seiz'd with a mortal Dread, looked upon *Hassan*, who, not having any Prayer to drive away those Monsters, was no less dismay'd than they. Ah! wicked Mother-in-Law, cried he out aloud, you are the Cause of our Destruction: *Padmanaba*, no Doubt, has discover'd that we were come hither; nay, perhaps his Science has reveal'd to him that we have conspir'd his Death, and to punish our Ingratitude he has sent these Monsters to devour us. Scarce had he said these Words, when they heard in the Air the Voice of the *Brachman* upbraiding them: You are three base Wretches, unworthy of my Friendship: You would have taken away my Life, had not the great God *Wistnou* given me Notice of your execrable Design. I will make you feel the Effects of my just Resentment; you, the Wife, for having projected the Method to assassinate me; and you, the Father and the Son, for having given into the base Attempts of a Woman, whose Wickedness you ought to have detested. Here the Voice was heard no more; and the three Monsters tore to Pieces the

unfor-

unfortunate *Hassan*, his Father, and his guilty Mother.

This Story, Sir, may instruct you, added the eighth Visier, that you ought not to harken to the Queen, who urges you to put *Nourgehan* to Death; because, if he be not guilty, Heaven will punish you as an Accomplice to the Sultaneſs's Design, in like Manner as *Padmanaba* punished *Hassan* and his Father, though their Crime was but consenting to the Council of the Mother-in-Law. The Emperor was moved at this Story, and ſaid, My Son ſhall not die till I have evident Proofs of his Crime.

Hafikin went abroad to take the Diversion of Hunting; and at his Return in the Evening the Sultaneſs ſaid to him, I find you have once more reprieu'd *Nourgehan*. Madam, answer'd the King, before I take away his Life, I will be convinc'd that he deſerves Death. Well, Sir, replied the Princeſs, if you will not credit my Testimony, if you ſuſpect the Truth of it, yet the Silence of your Son, and the Flight of his Preceptor, are ſufficient to juſtify my Accuſation. This laſt, no Doubt, diſcover'd the Paſſion and vicious Inclinations of the Prince, and fear'd that he ſhould be reproach'd for having given him ill Inſtructions. What other Proof can you have of a Crime attempted in Private? Were there no Wit-
I neſſes

nesses to depose against a Criminal, ought he for that Reason to escape the Rigour of Justice? No, Sir, in Default of Witnesses, he ought to be condemn'd on Circumstances, and even on Suspicions, which in that Case are held as convincing as Proofs. You will be perswaded of this Truth, if you will permit me to tell you a Story of the Sultan *Aqschid*. I am ready to hear it, Madam, said the King. Then she told it in the following Manner.

Story of the Sultan Aqschid.

AQSCHID, Sultan of *Egypt*, having attain'd to an extream old Age, and perceiving his latest Hour draw nigh, sent for his three Sons, and said to them, Children, I am going to appear with my Works before the Tribunal of God: But ere the Angel of Death comes to lay his Head on my Pillow, I command you to perform my Obsequies. I have a Mind to see before-hand in what Manner you will acquit your selves of that Duty when I am dead. Satisfy the Curiosity of your dying Father. Go immediately, and command all my Vassals in my Name to send Dispatches to all the Hans and Kings my Neighbours, or my Tributaries, to desire them to assist at this Solemnity. In a Word, let nothing be wanting, but let the Ceremony be performed with the same

Pomp, as if I were indeed in the other World.

The Vissers fail'd not to give the necessary Orders for these funeral Rites, and a Day was fix'd for their Celebration. The Beys made all the Preparations that were expected from them; so that all Things were got ready by the Day appointed. The Palace was hung in Mourning. All the Soldiers of the Guards, which amounted to the Number of fifty thousand Men, were rang'd in Battalia on the Parade; and their Pay was distributed among them in Purses of Gold. Then all the Beys went into the Sultan's Bed-Chamber, where he was lying on his Bed: They lifted him up, carried him in their Arms, and laid him on the Throne; before which four Vissers plac'd a Coffin under a stately Canopy, that was supported on high by four Princes, Sons of Kings. Then six Beys began to throw all around Handfuls of Earth that was dug within the Walls of the Palace, and mix'd with an infinite Quantity of Shreds of Tasseta of all Sorts of Colours. Then the three Sons of the Sultan adorn'd the Coffin with a prodigious Number of Jewels, and plac'd on it the Crown of *Aqschid*, enrich'd with great Diamonds that dazzled the Sight.

After this, four of the Chief Hans, that is to say, four sovereign Princes of *Tartary*, took each of them one Foot of the Coffin, and rested it on their Arms. The *Chees*, or Doctors, and *Dervises*, march'd before the Coffin singing Psalms. The *Zahides*, or Monks, followed them: And one of these, mounted on a Female Mule that was saddled, carried the Alcoran with great Respect. The Princes, who were Sons of Kings, the Hans and their Sons, march'd beside the Coffin; and immediately after, Two hundred Kettle-Drummers, who, beating on their Drums in a doleful Manner, sung Verses in Praise of the King: Then ceasing their Songs all on a sudden, they tore their Throats with crying, O cruel Destiny: O unfortunate Day! The most Just of Kings, the Conqueror of Empires, the Exterminator of Enemies, and Protector of Friends, is dead. After this Cry, they threw on the Coffin whole Handfuls of Almonds that were dyed black.

After these Drummers came fifty Visiers in long Mourning Robes that were black and blue; and behind them the Beys, each of whom bore in his Hand a broken Bow. These were followed by Ten thousand Horses with Saddles and Bridles of Gold, all of them their Tails cut off, and that were led by Ten thousand *Negroe*-Slaves, all cloath'd with blue Sacking: Last came

all the Women of the Seraglio, their Faces besmear'd with black and blue, and their Hair dishevel'd: and these clos'd the March of the Convoy, crying and howling in a dreadful Manner.

At this Spectacle, the aged *Aqshid* fetch'd a profound Sigh, and cry'd out: I have seen my Obsequies before I am dead. Then he bid them help him to come down from the Throne; and when he was descended from it, he gather'd up a Handful of that Earth, which the *Beys* had scatter'd; and with it rubb'd his Head and his Beard, saying: Let Earth be the Portion of a Man like me, who, during so long a Reign, have done nothing for Posterity to remember by! Then he turn'd towards his Visiers, I will, said he, found some Charities; write them down. Then the Grand-Visier having prepar'd himself to write, the Sultan dictated to him the following Words. In the first Place, I leave a Million two hundred and twenty thousand * *Aspres* to build an Hospital for the *Musfulmen* afflicted with the Itch. Secondly, I give the like Sum to found a College, to teach to shoot with the Bow, and to play at Pell-mell. Thirdly, I ordain a new Inn to be built, and fill'd with *Negro Women*, for the Service of white Travellers: To this

I 3

End,

* Or an *Aqschah*; that is to say, one Penny.

End, I will that five hundred † *Dinaras* be taken every Day out of my Treasure: And fourthly and lastly, I command that Baths be made, to serve as a Place of Retreat for repudiated Wives, till such Time as they can provide themselves with *Hullas*: And to do this, I bequeath nine hundred thousand *Aspres*.

When the King had order'd these pious and charitable Foundations, he caus'd the *Alcoran* to be brought, and certain Passages of it to be read to him. He gave a thousand *Dinaras* to the Reader; five hundred to each *Zahide* and *Dervise*; and to the Blind and the Lame each of them a hundred. Then the Funeral Feast was serv'd: The Messes were brought in Dishes of Gold; and each Person to whom a Mess was offer'd, was told that the Dish too was his; and that he might carry it away with him. The Banquet ended, *Aqschid* set at Liberty all the Virgin Slaves that were in his Palace.

This was the Ceremony the Sultan caus'd to be solemniz'd: He fell sick that very Day, and took his Bed: Finding his last Moment draw nigh, he sent for the Princes his Sons and said to them: My dear Chil-

† A *Dinara* is a Ducat of Gold, worth about twelve Shillings.

dren ! In the Corner of my Closet, on the left Hand as you go in, I have hid a Box, in which are the finest Jewels in all the World. I command you to divide them equally among you, when I am dead ; and you have paid my Remains the Rites due to them.

The King dy'd : But the youngest Son, impatient to inspect the Box his Father had spoke of, went alone into the Closet, found it ; and was so charm'd with the Beauty of the Jewels, that he resolv'd to keep them, and deny his taking them : The two other Princes, when the Obsequies of their Father were perform'd, mov'd by the same Curiosity as their Brother, hasten'd to the Closet. They search'd not only the Corner on the Left-hand coming in, but all over the Closet ; and were much surpriz'd not to find what they look'd for : While they were yet busy in searching, the third Prince came in ; Well, Brothers, says he, are the Jewels fine indeed ? You know better than we, answer'd the Eldest, I am much mistaken if you have not stole them away. Very pretty, said the youngest Prince : You have taken them away your selves, and now you accuse me of it : Hear me, Brothers, said the second Prince : One of us three most certainly has them ; because no other Person beside could get into the Closet : If you think fit, we will send for the *Cady* ; who is esteem'd

the most cunning and penetrating Man in all *Cairo*: He shall examine us, and will perhaps discover the Thief: The other two Princes consented, and the *Cady* was sent for: He, having heard their Business, said to them: My Lords the Princes; before I declare which of you three has taken the Jewels, I beseech you to hearken with Attention to the Adventure I am going to relate.

There was heretofore a certain young Man, who was passionately in love with a young Woman, that had an Affection for him. They wish'd both of them to be join'd together in Wedlock, but the Parents of the young Woman had other Views for her: They had promis'd her to another, and the Day was fixt for their Marriage. She met him she lov'd, and said to him with Tears in her Eyes: You know not what's a doing: My Relations are about to give me to a Man I never saw; and I must renounce for ever the sweet Hopes of being yours. Oh cruel Necessity! Ah! my Queen! My Sultaneſs! cry'd the Lover in Despair, what is it you tell me? Is it possible they should deprive us of what we both desire? Oh Heaven! What will become of me? Saying this the Tears came into his Eyes: They began to lament their Misfortune; and their mutual Grievs encreas'd each others Sorrows: But while the Lover's Thoughts were

were wholly taken up with his Distress, the Mistress was so kind as to think how to relieve his Affliction: Moderate, said she: this unavailing Sorrow: I promise you, that on my Wedding-Night, and before I have Bedded with my Husband, I will come to you at your Lodgings. This Promise comforted the Lover a little, and he waited for that Night in the utmost Impatience.

Mean while the Parents of the Maiden made Preparations for the Wedding; and at length marry'd her to the Man, whom they had allotted for her. 'Twas Night, and the new-marry'd Couple were retir'd into the nuptial Chamber: But as they were preparing to go to Bed, the Bridegroom perceiv'd the Bride to weep bitterly: What is the Matter? Madam, said he, What is the Cause of your Tears? If you had any Regret to give your self to me, why did you not declare it sooner? I would not have marry'd you against your Consent. The Lady answer'd, that she had no Aversion for him: If so, Madam, reply'd he, why then do you afflict your self? I conjure you to tell me the Cause. In short, he importun'd her so much, that she confessed she had a Lover: But that the Love she had for him, was not so much the Subject of her Sorrow and her Tears, as the Impossibility she was in of keeping a Promise she had made him.

The Husband was a Man of good Sense, and very well-natur'd. He admir'd the Simplicity of his Wife, and said: Madam, I take so well of you the ingenuous Declaration you have made me, that instead of reproaching you, for having made an indirect Promise, I will give you leave to perform it. What, Sir, said she, interrupting him in a great Surprise, can you consent to let me go to my Lover? Yes, I do consent, reply'd the Husband, on Condition that you return before Day, and will give me your Word never more to make the like Promises to any Man. I believe you are a Woman of Honour, and shall think I come off very cheap. She swore to him, that if he would give her Leave to make this one Slip, she would always after be faithful to him, and that this should be the last Time she would speak to her Lover. The Husband, relying on this Oath, open'd himself the Street-Door very softly, lest any of the Domesticks should know this Adventure; and the Lady went out in her Wedding-Cloths, that were cover'd with a good Quantity of Pearls and Diamonds.

Scarce was she got twenty Steps from the Door, when she met a Thief, who, by the Light of the Moon seeing her Diamonds glitter; cry'd out transported with Joy: O lucky Accident! O Fortune! What do I not owe to thee, for offering me in one

Moment

Moment enough to enrich my self for ever? He said, and came up to the Lady, stopp'd her, and was preparing to strip her; But when he came to look her in the Face, her Beauty struck him with Astonishment: What is it I see? cry'd he: Is it not all Illusion? O Heaven! Can so much Riches and Beauty too be found at once? O what Treasures! O what Charms! I know not which to rifle first. But, Madam, added he, may I believe my enchanted Eyes? By what Capriciousness of Fortune comes it to pass that a Lady so charming and so richly dress'd, is walking alone in the Streets, and at this late Hour? The Bride confess'd the whole Affair ingenuously to the Thief, who harken'd to her with Surprise: What, Madam, said he, could your Husband be so complaisant? Could he in Pity to your Tears consent to yield to another the most delicious of all his Nights? Yes, Sir, answer'd she: Indeed, Madam, reply'd the Thief, his Condescension is very singular, and I admire him for it. I too take Delight in Actions that are singular, and therefore will neither touch your Jewels nor your Honour. I give you leave to continue your Way. I will be as extraordinary a Thief, as your Husband is an extraordinary Husband: Go to your happy Lover: But I will conduct and guard you; for you may chance to meet some Thief less extraordinary than my self. Saying this, he

he took her by the Hand, and led her to her Lover's House : then took leave of her, and retir'd.

She knocks at the Door : 'tis open'd, and she goes up into her Lover's Chamber. O my dear Lord, said she, I am come in Performance of the Promise I made you. I was married to Day : And how, cry'd out the young Man, could you get away from the impatient Ardour of a Bridegroom ? You ought, methinks, this Moment to be in his Arms. Then the Lady confess'd frankly to him what had pass'd between her and her Husband.

The Lover was no less surpriz'd at it, than the Thief had been before him. Is it possible, Madam, said he, that your Husband has permitted you to make good a Promise, that dishonours him for ever ; and that ravishes from him a Blessing, of which his Imagination ought to have form'd the most pleasing Idea ? Yes, my dear Lover, reply'd the Lady, he consents that in discharge of my Promise, I should crown your Desires : But you are not oblig'd to my Husband only for this Favour ; you owe it likewise to a Thief, whom I met as I was coming hither. Then she told him the Conversation which had pass'd between her and the Thief. The Lover's Surprise encreas'd : May I believe, said he what I hear ? A Husband yields up his Bride to another, even on the
Wedding-

Wedding-night; a Thief is so generous as not to make his Advantage of the most lucky Opportunity that Chance could ever throw in his Way. The Adventure is certainly new, and deserves to be recorded. All future Ages will admire it: But to encrease yet more the Admiration of Posterity, I will imitate the Thief and the Husband: I will follow their Example. Therefore, Madam, I quit you of your Promise; give me leave if you please, to see you safe to your Husband's. In saying this, he gave her his Hand, and led her to her Husband's Door, where they parted: The Lady went in, and the Lover return'd Home.

Tell me now, Princes, continu'd the *Cady* of *Cairo*, which of the three you think the most generous, the Husband, the Thief, or the Lover? The eldest Prince said, that he admir'd the Husband most: The second Prince was of Opinion, that the Lover was most to be wonder'd at. And you my Lord, said the *Cady* to the youngest Prince, what Opinion are you of? It seems to me, answer'd the young Prince, that the Thief was the most generous of the Three. I can not conceive how he could resist the Charms of the Lady, but especially how he could forbear robbing her, The Diamonds, with which she was adorn'd, were a strong Temptation to his Avarice, and 'tis wonderful that he could gain such a Victory over himself.

himself. Prince, reply'd the *Cady*, looking stedfastly on him, you admire the Thief so much, for the Power he had over himself, that I am apt to suspect, 'twas you, that took the Jewels of the late King your Father, You have discover'd your self too much: Confess the Truth, my Lord, and let not a guilty Shame hinder you from doing Justice. If you have been so weak as to yield to the Suggestions of Avarice, you may atone for that Weakness by avowing it. This Prince blush'd at this Discourse, and confess'd he had taken the Jewels.

The Sultaneſs of *Persia* told not this Story in vain. The ill Consequences she drew from it, began to make *Hafkin* waver, and the Application she made compleated to determine him. Sir, said she, you are nearer your End than you imagine. Your Son, your wicked Son, whose Life your Vissers by their pernicious Eloquence make you prolong, will perhaps To-morrow plunge his Ponyard in your Heart. Alas! added she, what would become of me if you were dead? But why say I, what will become of me? I little value my own Life: My Fears are only for the Death of my King; of my Husband, who is the sole Object of my Love. Saying this, she burst into Tears; and her dissembled Grief made so strong an Impression on the Emperor, that he cry'd out: Wipe away your Tears,
fair

fair Sultaneſs : I will no longer pardon my Son : He muſt be too guilty, ſince he cauſes your Affliction. Let us go to Reſt; and take my Word, that to Morrow, * as ſoon the white Sheep has chas'd the black one to the Bottom of the Weſtern Earth, the Head of our common Enemy ſhall be cut off.

Accordingly the Emperor roſe the next Morning fully reſolv'd to ſatiſfy the Queen. He ſeated himſelf on his Throne; and order'd the Hangman to bring the Prince before him. The Ninth Viſier roſe up to beg the Life of *Nourgehan*; but the King impos'd him Silence; and in a Rage ſaid to him: Viſier, 'tis to no Purpoſe to ſpeak to me in behalf of my Son: I am determin'd he ſhall die. Then the Viſier took out of his Pocket a Paper that was folded up, and preſented it to the Emperor: At leaſt, Sir, be pleas'd to order this Paper to be read to you, and hearken to the Contents of it: Do afterwards as you ſhall think fit. *Hafſkin* took the Paper into his own Hand; open'd it and read theſe Words. O wiſe and ever happy King! I have particularly apply'd my ſelf to the Study of Aſtrology: I took the Aſcendant of the Prince's Nativity; I found him deſtin'd to be forty Days in a great

* An Expreſſion often us'd in the *Alcoran* to ſignify the Morning.

great Perplexity. Take care not to put him to Death till they are expir'd. All the other Vifiers join'd their Intreaties to this Advice. O King, said they, for the Love of God stay till the fourty Days are past. You will thank your self for having that Patience. Indeed, Sir, you will, said the ninth Vifier. And if the King will give me Leave, I will tell him a Story, that has some Conformity with the present Condition of *Nourgehan*; and his Majesty will agree, that Patience triumphs over all Misfortunes. The King gave him Leave, and the ninth Vifier began it in this Manner.

Story of the Prince of Carizme and of the Princess of Georgia.

A Certain King of *Carizme*, who had no Children, offer'd incessant Vows and Sacrifices to Heaven to obtain one. His Prayers were heard, his Sacrifices accepted, and Heaven gave him a Son fairer than the Light. He celebrated his Birth with publick Rejoicings: He gave the Governments of Towns to some, and Pensions to others: All his People felt the Effects of his Joy. He omitted not to call together all the Astrologers of his Dominions: He commanded them to calculate the Prince's Nativity; but their Observations were not pleasing to the King;

King : for they told him, that his Son was threaten'd with Misfortunes without Number, till he arriv'd to thirty Years of Age ; and that God alone knew the Calamities that would befall him.

This Prediction damp'd the Joy of the King ; nay, he was sensibly afflicted at it. Nevertheless, as if he meant to contend against the Stars, he made his Son be brought up under his own Eyes, took all imaginable Precautions to preserve him from any Accident, and his Care succeeded for several Years : The Prince had attain'd to the Age of fifteen ; nor had any unfortunate Adventure till then confirm'd the Prediction. However, as 'tis in vain to oppose our Destiny, it happen'd that one Day, having rode to the Sea-side, he would needs take a Turn on the Water. He order'd a Vessel to be got ready, and embark'd with fourty of his Attendants. Scarce were they in open Sea, when an *European* Pyrate came up and attack'd them. They made some Resistance, but the Pirate, being superior in Strength took the Vessel, and carried it to the Island of the *Samsards*, where he sold all the Persons that were aboard it.

The *Samsards* were monstrous *Anthropofagi* or Men-eaters, who had the Body of a Man and the Head of a Dog. They confin'd the Prince of *Carizme* and his Attendants

dants in a House, where for several Weeks they fed them with Almonds and dry'd Grapes. One of them was carried every Day to the King's Kitchen, where they cut him in Pieces, and made Ragouts of him, which his *Samsardian* Majesty thought excellent Food.

After the fourty Officers were eaten, the Prince of *Carizme*, who was kept for the last as the most delicious Morsel, expected to be treated in the same Manner. In this tormenting Expectation he said to himself: I know that I cannot avoid Death, but why must I tamely suffer my self to be butcher'd? Were I not better sell my Life as dear as I can? Yes: I will defend my self. My Despair at least shall be fatal to some of these Monsters, that thirst for Humane Blood.

While he was in this Resolution, the *Samsards* came in to him. He suffer'd himself to be led to the King's Kitchen without making any Resistance: But as soon as he was there, and perceiv'd on a Table the great Knife that was to be employ'd in cutting his Throat, he made an Effort, broke the Cords that ty'd his Hands together, seiz'd the Knife, and fell to Work with the *Samsards* that brought him thither. He kill'd them all one after another: Then plac'd himself at the Kitchen Door, and struck dead at his Feet all that durst approach him. The whole Palace was soon in an Uproar,

Uproar, and resounded with Cries and Howlings.

When the King was told the Occasion of it, he seem'd amaz'd that one Man could resist so many, and went in Person to him: Young Man said he, I admire thy Courage, and give thee thy Life: Fight no more with my Subjects, whose Number would at length overpower thee. Tell me whose Son thou art? Sir, answer'd the Prince, the King of *Carizme* is my Father. Thy valiant Deeds, reply'd the King of the Isle, are a sufficient Proof of thy Royal Extraction. Thou hast nothing more to Fear: My Court henceforward shall be to thee a delightful Abode. Thou shalt be the happiest of Men: For I chuse thee for my Son-in-Law: Thou shalt marry the Princess my Daughter this Moment: she is a lovely Person: All the Princes of my Court are in love with her to Distraction; but I find thee to be more worthy of her than they. Sir, reply'd the Prince, not over-delighted with the Propofal, your Majesty does me too much Honour: In my Opinion a *Samsardian* Prince would be a more proper Match for the Princess. No, no, says the King with a surly Air, I will have thee marry her. I desire it: Then cease to oppose my Desire lest thou shouldst chance to repent it.

The

The Prince of *Carizme*, judging aright, that if he accepted not the Offer, the King of the *Samsards*, irritated at his Refusal, would be sure to put him to Death, consented to the Marriage. Accordingly he marry'd the Princess: she had the most beautiful Dog's Head in all the Island. However he could not bring his Mind to like her: On the contrary, he had a perfect Aversion for his Wife: the more Caresses she made him, the more horrible he thought her. This loathing of his might have been of unlucky Consequence, but the Angel of Death prevented it, by approaching the Bed of the Princess, who dy'd within a few Days after her Marriage.

The Prince rejoic'd within his Mind, to see himself deliver'd from so frightful a Wife; but was soon inform'd, that the Custom in this Island, as well as in that of *Serendib*, was, to bury the living Husband with the dead Wife, and the living Wife with the dead Husband: They told him, that even their Kings, as well as others, were subject to this terrible Law: That the *Samsards* were so accusom'd to it, that they were not in the least concern'd to see the Day of their Funerals arrive: that even that Day seem'd rather a Day of Rejoicing than of Sorrow; because the Men and Women that assisted at Funerals, danc'd and sung Songs that
were

were more proper to inspire Joy than Compassion.

This News caus'd an inconceivable Affliction in the Prince of *Carizme*: Nevertheless he was forced to yield to Necessity. They put him and his Wife into an open Coffin, with a Loaf of Bread, and a Pitcher of Water, and carry'd them both to the Place where they were to be interr'd. It was a vast and deep Vault, that had been made on purpose in the open Country. They first let down the Princess by the Help of Ropes: Then all the Persons, who attended the Funeral, divided themselves into two Companies to dance and sing. The Lovers and their Mistresses ranged themselves on one Side, and on the other the Persons who had been newly marry'd. The first of them, holding one another by the Hands, danc'd in a Ring, while a Lover sung these *Persian* Verses:

Indgea Zendgir hay ouschak

Sel sali hayon la yamout

Wacta ke mara ferischtey pak

Benikyahh averd-yex pout

End averim la salacunak

Ta bema resed almaout

Ve ez terfi bhantfi bibak

Be maschouq defu Schewim by quot.

Which

Which is as much as to say : Here the Chains of Lovers are eternal : When the Angel of Marriage unites us together, we swear to be faithful to each other to our last Moment ; and for fear we should violate our Oaths, we are interr'd together.

The new married People danced two and two, that is to say, the Husband with the Wife, and each Wife in her turn sung these Verses :

Gher mikbahi ke neterfm

Dganana merghi herdoura

Der laschqui Hemiche darim

Der sabr ou Tsebat para

Yek digherra corbon Schevim

Ve mourden yek Zemonara.

That is to say : My dearest Spouse, if you would neither have me to fear your Death, nor your self to fear mine, let us love each other with Constancy, and with so much Tendernefs, that it may be impossible for one to survive the other.

After all these Dances and Songs, which did not much divert the Prince of *Carizme*, he was let down in the same manner as his Wife had been before him into the Vault, whose Aperture was immediately clos'd with a pro-

a prodigious great Stone. When he saw himself in this dreadful Abyfs, he cry'd out: O my God! To what a deplorable State have you permitted me to be reduced? Is this the Lot due to a Prince, who has always faithfully observ'd the Precepts of the Alcoran? Did you grant me, as a Blessing to the pious Prayers and Sacrifices of the King my Father, only to deliver me afterwards to the most cruel Death? He ended his Complaints, and burst into a Flood of Tears: And tho' he despair'd of ever being deliver'd from this House of Death, yet he got out of his Coffin, and grop'd his Way along the Wall of the Vault. He had not gone above a hundred Steps, when he perceiv'd a Light before him, and hastening towards it, came so near as to discern it to be a Candle that a Woman held in her Hand. He mended his Pace; but the Woman, hearing the Noise of his Steps, blew out her Candle. Heaven! said the Prince, was I mistaken? Did I not actually see a Light? Or was it only a Phantom of my troubled Mind? 'Twas no doubt an Illusion. O unhappy Prince! Thou must now despair of ever seeing the Sun again: Thou art descended into the Abodes of eternal Night, before the Time prescrib'd by Nature. O King of *Carizme*! Thou unfortunate Author of my Birth! Cease to expect my Return. Alas! Thy Son will never be the Support and Comfort of thy Age.

Age. He is dying here the most cruel of all Deaths.

As he was pronouncing these last Words, he heard a Voice that said : Have Comfort, Prince : Since you are the King of *Carizme's* Son, you shall not end your Days here : I will deliver you from hence, provided you will promise before-hand to marry me. Madam, answer'd the Prince, 'tis indeed a severe Destiny to be bury'd alive at fifteen Years of Age ; but I had rather undergo all the Rigours of it, than to make you that Promise, if you resemble my late Wife : If, like her, you have a Dog's Head, 'twill be impossible for me to love you. I am not a *Samfard*, reply'd the Lady : Besides, I am but fourteen Years old, and believe my Face will not fright you. Saying this, she made use of a Tinder-box she had about her, lighted her Candle, and show'd the Prince a Face whose Beauty surpriz'd him.

Transported, he cry'd out ; What Charms are here ! Nothing is comparable to what I see. In Pity let me know who you are : You must be a Fairy, since you said you could deliver me out of this Abyfs. No, Sir, said the young Lady, I am no Fairy ; I am the King of *Georgia's* Daughter, and my Name is * *Dilaram*. I will tell you my Ad-

* *Dilaram* signifies Quiet of Heart.

Adventure another Time. Be satisfy'd at present with knowing, that having been cast by a Tempest on this fatal Island, to save my Life, I was compell'd to marry a *Samsardian* Lord, who died yesterday after a long Sickness: I was buried, according to the Custom, with a Loaf of Bread, and a Pitcher of Water. But before my Interment, I hid under my Gown a † *Tchacmat*, some Tinder, and a Wax Candle. As soon as I was let down into this Vault, and perceiv'd they had shut the Mouth of it, I got out of my Coffin, and lighted my Candle. I was not seiz'd with so much Dismay, as I might well have been to find my self in this Abode of Horror: Heaven, that design'd to save me, inspir'd me with a certain Confidence, to which I yielded up my Heart without knowing why. I follow'd a strait Passage which I saw before me, as well to get farther off from a thousand dreadful Objects, horrible to my Sight, as to see if I could not find some Passage out. Scarce had I gone a hundred Steps, when I discern'd something white. It was this great Marble Stone, which offers it self to our Eyes: I went to it, and was extreamly astonish'd to see an Inscription where my Name was written. Come, Prince, added *Dilaram*, come

K read

† A Steel to strike Fire.

read the Inscription: It will surprize you no less than it did me. So saying, she gave her Candle to the Prince, who went to the Stone, on which he read these Words: When the Prince of *Carizme* and the Princess of *Georgia* are here, let 'em lift up this Stone, and go down the Stairs that are under it.

Ah! How, says the Prince, shall we lift up this great Stone? More than a hundred Men would tug at it in vain. However, Sir, said the Princess, let us try what we can do: Some *Magus* interests himself in our Affairs; and my Mind presages we shall get out from hence. The Prince gave the Candle to *Dilaram*, and put himself in Act to heave up the Stone: But there was no need of using all his Strength; for as soon as he had touch'd it, it rais'd it self up of its own accord, and they saw a Stair-case under it.

They immediately went down the Stairs, which led them into another Place yet deeper under ground, and came into a long Entry, which brought them to a Grotto, whose Entrance was at the Foot of a Mountain. They went out there, and found themselves on the Banks of a River. They fell to Prayers, like good *Mussulmen* as they were, and after having given Thanks to God for their Deliverance, they perceiv'd a small Vessel lying in the River, of which they had not before taken notice. They could not doubt but this was

a new Miracle that the divine Goodness had wrought in their Behalf. This doubled the Joy they were in to revisit Day once more; and tho' there were neither Oars nor Mariners in the Vessel, they boldly went on board it. This Vessel, said the Prince, is without doubt govern'd by a Guardian Angel, who will guide us into some Place that is inhabited. Let us follow the Current of the River, and fear nothing.

They abandon'd themselves to the Stream, whose Rapidity, the farther they advanc'd, increas'd the more; for the River grew narrower by degrees, to pass between two Mountains, whose Summits joining together, form'd a Vault of a vast Extent, and so dark that they could see neither Heaven nor Earth. The Vessel was hurried along under this Vault with so great Violence, that the Prince and Princess gave themselves over for lost. They began to fear that Heaven did not concern it self so much for their Lives as they had imagined: And indeed they were sometimes lifted up to the Top of the Vault, and sometimes they seem'd to descend to the very Bottom of Hell. They were not sparing of their Prayers in this Distress, nor pray'd they in vain: The Vessel was carry'd at length from under the Vault, and thrown by the Stream on the Bank of the River.

They immediately leap'd a-land, and taking fresh Courage, look'd all around the Country in hopes to discover some House, where they might get something to refresh themselves. They descry'd on the Decline of a Mountain a great Dome, which resembled that which is call'd * *Coubboy Khiramant*. They directed their Steps towards this Dome, and being come near it, perceiv'd it was in the midst of a superbe Palace, on whose Gates were several Cabalistical Hieroglyphick Figures, with this Inscription in *Arabick*: O thou, whoever thou art, that desirest to enter into this Palace, know, that thou shalt never come in, till thou hast sacrificed before the Gates an eight-footed Animal.

I am robb'd of my Expectation, said the Princess *Dilaram*; I verily believ'd I should have seen the Inside of this Palace. Madam, said the Prince, I hoped so too: But we should endeavour in vain to open the Gates: Those Figures we see over them form a Talisman that will frustrate our Attempt. Well, reply'd the Princess, let us sit down on this grassy Bank to rest our selves a while, and consider what we shall do. My Princess, said the Prince of *Carizme*, be pleas'd to tell me your Adventure: I almost long to hear it.

I will

* Where the Turks believe *Adam* is bury'd.

I will tell it you, Sir, in a few Words, answer'd *Dilaram*. My Father, the King of Georgia, made me be educated in his Palace with all the Care that a Father, who is fond of his Children, can be capable of. A young Prince of our Family, who had sometimes Permission to see me, conceiv'd an Affection for me, that render'd him uneasy: He lov'd me, and I began to listen to his Love, when the Grand Visier of a neighbouring King arriv'd at the Court of Georgia, to demand me in Marriage for his Master: My Father, who thought it an advantageous Match, readily granted his Suit; and I was preparing to be gone with the Visier. My Lover, the young Prince, was so afflicted at my Departure, that he fell dead with Grief as he was bidding me adieu. I wept his Death in such a Manner, as might have made all the World believe that I had not hated him, when he was living. Nevertheless, it being known that I was very fond of my Father, they mistook the Cause of my Tears, and believ'd me a more loving Daughter than indeed I was. In short, I departed with the Visier, and we embark'd on board a small Vessel to pass an Arm of the Sea, which we were oblig'd to go over. On a sudden there arose so furious a Tempest, that the Sailors, knowing no longer what to do, abandon'd the Vessel to the

Mercy of the Waves, which cast it on the
Isle of the *Samsfards*.

At the Report of our Misfortune, the
Monsters ran down to the Sea-side, and seiz'd
us: I cannot end the Tale without Hor-
rour: They eat the Visier, and all the Per-
sons that attended us; but I happen'd to be
lik'd by an old *Samsfardian* Lord; who told
me, that if I would marry him, I might
avoid the like Treatment, which otherwise
it was not possible for me to escape. I can-
not but own, that I was in so mortal a
Dread of being eaten, that I chose rather
to be his Wife, tho' his Dog's Head made
me shudder as often as I saw it. He fell
sick two Days after we were married, and,
after he had linger'd a great while, died
yesterday. Here the Prince of *Carizme*
hastily interrupted the Princess, seeing a † *Ta-
ramula* crawling upon her. Hold, Madam,
says he, I see a *Tarantula* on your Gown.
Dildaram, who knew how dangerous those
Animals are, gave a loud Shriek: She rose
up with Precipitation, and shook her Gown.
The *Tarantula* fell off, and the Prince tread-
ing upon it, crush'd it to Pieces.

Scarce had he kill'd it, when they heard
a great Noise in the Palace; and on a sud-
den

† A Spider, that has eight Legs, and whose
Sting is mortal.

den the Gates open'd of themselves. Struck at this Prodigy, they regarded each other with Astonishment: They judg'd that the *Tarantula* had eight Feet, and that this was the Animal, that the Inscription directed to be sacrificed. Overjoy'd at this Accident, they went to the Palace. They came at first into a spacious Garden, that seem'd to be planted with all the several Sorts of Trees that are in the World: The Boughs of these Trees appear'd to be loaded with ripe Fruits; but when the Prince, urg'd by Hunger, went to gather some, he perceiv'd they were all Gold. In the midst of the Garden glided a Stream, whose clear and transparent Water shew'd the Bottom all pav'd with precious Stones.

When they had satisfy'd their Curiosity with looking on the Garden, they went towards the Dome, which they had descry'd at their first Landing. It was one solid Piece of Rock Crystal. They pass'd under it, and, without seeing a Soul, went thro' several Rooms, where Gold, Diamonds and Rubies glitter'd on all Sides. At length they came to a silver Door, which they open'd: It led them into a Closet, where was an aged Man sitting on a Sopha, with a Crown of Emeralds on his Head. His white Beard hung down to the Ground, but consisted only of six Hairs, at great Distance from one another: His Mustaches were three Hairs on each Side, that fell down beneath his

Chin, and mix'd with his Beard: Besides, the Nails of his Fingers were at least an Ell long.

This right venerable Person cast his Eyes on the Prince and Princess. Young Couple, says he, who are you? Sir, answer'd the Prince, I am the King of *Carizme's* Son, and this fair Princess is the King of *Georgia's* Daughter. We will tell you our Adventures whenever you please: I doubt not but you will take Pity of us, and be so generous as to afford us your Protection. Yes, Prince, answer'd the aged Man, I will protect you: You are both welcome: Since you are of Royal Blood, and have been so fortunate as to get Admission into this Palace, it will be your Faults if you participate not of my Delights: Continue here with me, and you will enjoy eternal Felicity: Death, which makes all other Men feel the Weight of his Iron Sceptre, will never approach you. I was heretofore King of *China*: The Length of my Nails confesses my Age: A Revolution, that happen'd in my Dominions, compell'd me to leave them: I came to this Desert, where I caus'd this Palace to be built by several *Genii*, whom I, as a Caba-list, have a Right to command. I have been here a thousand Years, and propose to live here eternally; for I know the Secret of the Philosopher's Stone, and by Consequence am immortal. I will impart to you this wonderful

derful Secret when you have been some Scores of Years with me. My Discourse surprizes you, added he; nevertheless what I tell you is true: A Man, that can make the Philosopher's Stone, can never die a natural Death: He may indeed be assassinated: His Secret cannot preserve him from a violent Death: But, to avoid the Danger of it, he need only retire into some subterranean Abode, or build himself a Palace like this in a Desert. I am here in Safety: Neither Malice nor Envy can attempt any Thing against me: The Talisman you observ'd over the Gates is compos'd in such a Manner, that neither Thieves nor Murderers can enter here, not even tho' they should sacrifice a thousand eight-footed Animals. If he that kills a *Tarantula* be not a virtuous Man, the Gates will never open to him.

After the old King of *China* had thus spoken, he offer'd his Friendship to the Prince and Princess, who resolv'd to continue with him in this Palace. Then he ask'd them if they wanted not to refresh themselves; and when they told him they did, he pointed to two Fountains that were running in two vast Vessels of Gold. One of them was of a delicious Wine, and the other of a wonderful Milk, which, congealing as it fell, became a sort of white Food of an exquisite Taste. The old King call'd three *Genii*, and commanded them to serve to Table. Im-

mediately they spread a Table with three Covers, and plac'd on it three golden Dishes full of this coagulated Milk. The Prince of *Carizme* and the Princess of *Georgia* eat very heartily, and ever and anon the *Genii* gave them Wine in Glasses of Crystal. As for the old King, who could not feed himself, because of the excessive Length of his Nails, he only open'd his Mouth, and a *Genius* fed him, and gave him to drink like a Child.

Towards the End of the Repast, the good old King desired them to tell him their Adventures. They comply'd with his Request as much out of Inclination, as in regard to the Rights of Hospitality. When they had ended the Recital of their Stories, the King said to them; Comfort your selves for your past Misfortunes: You are both young and handsome: You may, by vowing a mutual Fidelity to each other, live here the happiest of Lives. The Prince and Princess, who had already sworn an eternal Love to each other, renew'd their Oaths, and marry'd themselves in Presence of his *Chinese* Majesty, whom they desired to witness their reciprocal Engagement.

This loving Couple would have consecrated every Moment of their Lives to Love; but, in Complacency to the old King, they allow'd one Part of the Day to converse with him, who inform'd them of all the

Occurrences of his Time, which he was never weary of telling them. Mean while the Princess became with Child, and was deliver'd of two young Princes, as fair as the Moon. She nurs'd them herself; and when they were capable to receive Instructions, a *Genius* taught them a World of curious Things. They were six Years old, when their Mother the Princess said to the Prince her Husband: My dear Lord, I must confess to you, that I begin to be weary of living in this Palace. 'Tis in vain that it offers my Eyes a thousand wonderful Objects; the Necessity of continuing always here takes away all their Charms? 'Tis in vain, that the King of *China* assures us we shall never die; this Assurance weighs but little with me: His Secret cannot prevent old Age; and 'tis rather a Misfortune than Happiness to live under the Miseries of Age. Besides, I long to see my Father again, if his Grief for the Loss of me has not put an End to his Life. My dear Princess, answer'd the Prince, the greatest Pleasure I propose to my self in this Immortality is promis'd us, is only the Blessing of loving you eternally. Heaven is my Witness, that I have an extream Desire once more to see the King my Father, whose Remembrance often throws me into Tears: But what Course can we take to get into *Georgia*? Sir, reply'd the Princess, our Vessel is still on the Bank, where the Waves cast it:

Let

Let us trust our selves in it a second time, and follow the Current of the River : It will lead us to some Place or other, where we may perhaps find an Opportunity of going to my Father's Court, or into the Dominions of yours. Madam, reply'd the Prince, my whole Study shall ever be to please you : Let us leave this Palace, since you are weary of it : Let us imbark with the Princes our Sons : But, alas ! how great an Affliction will our Departure be to the King of *China* ? He loves us as if we were his own Children : He believes we will never leave him : He will be inconsolable if we forsake him : Let us go, said the Princess, and speak to him of it : Let us dissemble ; and, to sooth his Despair, let us make him believe, that we are not going to leave him for ever.

Accordingly they went to the old King, and represented to him, that they had so earnest a Desire once more to see their Parents, that they could no longer resist it : That they pray'd him to consent to let them return into their own Country, assuring him that they would come to him again in a few Years. At this Discourse the King burst into Tears : O my Children ! cry'd he, and must I then lose you ? Alas ! I shall never see you more. Sir, said the Prince, permit us to follow the Dictates with which filial Affection inspires us : When they are satisfy'd,

tisfy'd, we will return to this Solitude to enjoy with you the Sweets of Immortality. The Princess made him the like Promise; but 'twas in vain to assure him they would return: He possess'd the Science of * *Mekachesa*, and, by diving into their very Thoughts, he knew too well, that they never design'd to keep their Promise. The Affliction he was in, to see himself about to be depriv'd of the Company of Persons whom he so tenderly lov'd, render'd his Life irksome and insupportable. He invoc'd to his Assistance the Angel of Death, whom, by the Secrets of his Art, he had kept away from him for so many Ages; and, renouncing the Care he was wont to take to perpetuate his Days, he suffer'd himself to die. No sooner had he given up the Ghost, than his *Genii* took him away. Then, all at once, the Palace vanish'd; and the Prince, his Wife and his Children, found themselves in the midst of an open Plain, where they could not forbear weeping, reflecting that they had been the Cause of the old King's Death: But their Grief yielding to the flattering Thoughts that the Hope of once more seeing their Parents inspired them with, they were wholly taken up about the Means of their Departure. They gather'd some Fruits, which,
not-

* See the Note, p. 30.

notwithstanding the Barrenness of the Soil, indulgent Nature seem'd to have produc'd on purpose for them in that Desert. This Provision they stor'd aboard their Vessel, which was fasten'd to a Stake in the same Manner they had left it. They loos'd and set it adrift, went into it all four of them, and follow'd the Course of the River, which about a Quarter of a League from thence disembogued itself into the Sea.

A Pirate, who was cruising about the Mouth of the River, discover'd the Vessel, came up to it, and call'd to the Prince to surrender, as he valu'd his own Life. The Prince had no Arms; and what could he do against a great Number of armed Men? Instead of defending himself to no purpose, he yielded to the Mercy of the Pirate; conjuring him by all that is most sacred, not to offer any Violence to the Honour of his Wife, or the Life of his Children. The Pirate took them aboard his own Vessel, and sail'd to an Island, where he put the Prince of *Carizme* ashore; then stood out to Sea, carrying with him the Princess and her two Sons.

'Tis impossible to express the Affliction of the Prince and *Dilaram* to see themselves thus torn from each other: They tormented the Air with their Cries, that might have mov'd even Rocks to Pity. The Prince fix'd his despairing Eyes on the Vessel, that bore
away

away his only Treasure. Ah! barbarous Pirate, cry'd he, hope not that Heaven will leave thy Crime unpunish'd: In whatever Part of the World thou hid'st thy self, the divine Vengeance will find thee out. Then addressing himself to Heaven: O you, continu'd he, who have ever been my Protection, have you at last forsaken me? How could you look idly on, and see me robb'd of all that I held dear? Alas! unless you work a new Miracle to render me back my Wife and my Children, I shall have greater Reason to complain of your past Favours, than to return you Thanks for them. Why have you preserv'd me in the midst of so many Dangers only to lengthen my miserable Days to this sad Moment? While he was thus bewailing himself, he saw coming to him some Men of a very extraordinary Make: They had indeed a Body like that of other Men, but no Head: They had a wide Mouth in their Breast, and an Eye on each Shoulder: These Monsters laid hold of him, and carry'd him to their King. Sir, said they, we have brought before your Majesty a very ill-look'd Fellow, whom we found by the Sea-side: We take him to be a Spy sent by the Enemy. Let a Fire, said the King, be got ready, to burn him as soon as I have examin'd him. Young Man, continu'd he, turning towards the Prince, Who art thou? Whence comest thou? And what's thy

thy Business in this Island? The Prince conceal'd his Birth from him, but made the King a long Recital of all his Adventures. Prince, said that Monarch to him, I see plainly that Heaven takes a particular Care of your Life: Were not the strange Deliverances you have related to me alone sufficient to prove it, yet the Compassion it inspires me with for you, leaves me no Room to doubt the Truth of what I say: I yield to this divine Inspiration, and will not take away your Life: My Court shall be a Refuge to you; and I promise my self, that you will be of Service to me in a War I am engaged in with a King of a neighbouring Island. I will tell you the Cause of it: He and his Subjects are not like us, Men without Heads: They have Heads like those of Birds; and their Voice so exactly resembles the Voice of Birds, that when any of them arrives in our Island, we take him for a Water-Fowl, and eat him. This their King takes amiss of us; and, to revenge himself, fits out a Fleet from time to time, and is continually making Descents upon us: He has already made several that have been unsuccessful to him: However he desists not, but pretends at length to exterminate us; and we, on our Parts, hope to eat him and all his Subjects. Thus I have told you, continu'd the King of the Island of headless Men, the Condition of my Affairs: We are

continually upon our Guard for fear of Surprize; and hitherto we have always had the Advantage of our Enemies. The Prince of *Carizme* offer'd his Service to the King, who appointed him to be General of his Armies. This young Commander began to discharge his Office in such a Manner, as shew'd him not unworthy of it. A great Number of Vessels soon appear'd on the Coast: It prov'd to be the King of the Island of the Bird-headed Men, who, with the greatest Part of his Subjects, was come to try his Fortune in a new Descent. The Prince of *Carizme* let him land one half of his Troops without Opposition; then fell on them with his own Forces, charging them so home, that he put them into Disorder, and compell'd them to reimbark: Many of them were slain, a great Number drown'd, and the King of the Bird-headed Men was forc'd to retire with the rest.

The Army of the King of the headless Men had never gain'd so compleat a Victory. The whole Honour of it was ascrib'd to the Prince, and the Soldiers confess'd that they had never been so well commanded before; and that none, even of their most experienc'd Generals, had ever shewn so much Courage and Conduct. These Praises sooth'd this young General, who advis'd the King to fit out a Fleet, and carry the War into his Enemy's Country. The King lik'd this
Ad-

Advice: He caus'd a hundred Vessels to be built; and this formidable Fleet, being equipp'd, set sail for the Island of the Bird-headed Men, under the Command of the Prince of *Carizme*.

He landed his Troops in the Night, rang'd them in Order of Battle without making any Noise, and at Break of Day advanc'd towards the City, where he surpriz'd the Inhabitants, who never so much as dreamt of this Invasion: He kill'd all that durst make any Resistance, took the King Prisoner, with his whole Court, and return'd triumphant into the Island of the headless Men. He was receiv'd with the Acclamations of all the People, who made Rejoicings that continu'd a whole Month. The Prisoners were distributed among the Inhabitants, who eat them with all the several † Sauces, with which they were wont to eat Wild Fowl. The vanquish'd King himself escap'd not this Sort of Death; but was serv'd up at a Feast to all the Royal Family of the Island of headless Men.

After this Expedition, which entirely ended the War, the Prince of *Carizme* began to lead an id'e Life. He continu'd nine Years at the headless King's Court, who
con-

† See the *Turkish Cook*, written in *Persian Verse* by *Boushbag Halladge*.

conceiv'd such a Friendship for him, that he said to him one Day: Prince, I am grown old, and have no Male Child: I will leave my Crown to you, on condition that you will share it with my Daughter the Princess. Tho' you are of a very singular and ridiculous Figure, I will have you nevertheless for my Son-in-Law. The Prince avoided this Discourse very dextrously; but the King was always proposing it to him, and perceiving that the Prince had an Aversion for this Marriage, chang'd his Tone, and said to him: Prince, it ill becomes you to refuse the Honour I offer you: Be assured, that not all the Services you have render'd me shall exempt you from my just Resentment, if you hesitate any longer to obey me: Think well of it, and resolve to marry my Daughter to-morrow, or I will have that Ball of yours taken off, that is continually moving on your Shoulders, and that looks so filthily.

These Words were pronounc'd with such an Accent, as gave the Prince to know, that he must resolve to marry the Princess, or to die. In this lamentable Circumstance he cry'd out: O cruel Planet, under which I was born! Shall I never have drain'd thy malignant Influence? Is it not enough that I have already had one Wife with the Head of a Dog, but must I be married likewise to another Monster? O *Dilaram*! Charming
Di-

Dilaram, whose Remembrance causes in me an Affliction that even Time itself can never wear away; how can a Prince, who preserves thy dear Image in his Heart, live with a Woman, whose Eyes are in her Shoulders; and who, in her Breast, has a Mouth more fit to devour a Husband, than to receive his Kisses? But notwithstanding his Repugnancy, he consented to this Marriage, which was solemniz'd with all the Pomp due to the Birth of the two Persons who were join'd together.

On the Wedding-Night, the Prince was carried into an Apartment into which the Princess had been conducted before, and where they were left alone together. She immediately approach'd him, and he shudder'd with Horror; believing, that, excited by her Constitution, and authoriz'd by the Name of Wife, she came to inflame his languishing Transports; but she held such a Discourse to him, as restor'd his Tranquillity, by drawing him out of his Mistake. I know, Sir, said she, that a Man like you must needs hate a Woman of my Figure: I judge of your Sentiments by my own: I have as great an Aversion for you, as you can have for me for the Heart of you. We look on each other as Monsters; and I think we deserve to be pity'd for having been reduc'd to the Necessity of joining our selves together in Wedlock; you, to avoid Death,
and

and I in Obedience to the King my Father. However let me tell you, that if you will, like a nice Man as you are, renounce the Rights of a Husband, it will be in my Power to make you happy. Ah! Madam, answer'd the Prince, I renounce them with all my Heart, since you desire that Sacrifice of me; but how can you be the Means of my Happiness? She reply'd: You must know that I have a Kindness for a *Genius*, who is passionately in love with me; and who as soon as he knows that my Father has married me, will not fail to come and take me away: I will intreat him to transport you into your own Country, and make no doubt but he, charm'd with the Respect you have had for me, will do whatever you desire. Beautiful Princess return'd the Prince of *Carizme*, ravish'd with the Hope she gave him; I consent to it; I resign to your happy *Genius* all the Treasures that *Hymen* has destin'd for me: I willingly abandon to him the Possession of them. He ceas'd, and laid himself down on a *Sopha*, where he fell asleep, and the Princess did the like on another.

While they were sleeping, the *Genius* that lov'd the Princess came, and taking them in his Arms, carried them both away: He stopp'd in an Island not far distant from that of the Headless Men, where he laid the Prince on a Turf of Grass, and carried the Princess

Princess into a Subterranean Abode that he had made on Purpose for her. When the Prince awaked, he was surpriz'd to find himself in an unknown Island. He judg'd aright, that during his Sleep the *Genius*, the Headless Princess's Lover, had brought him thither: But the Gratitude of the *Genius* had not in his Opinion answer'd the Hopes she had given him of it, since instead of carrying him into his own Country, he had exposed him in an Island that was perhaps inhabited by People as bad as the *Samsands*. While he was taken up with this perplexing Thought he descry'd on the Sea-shore an old Man, who seem'd to be making the Ablution: He rose up, and hastening to him, asked him if he was a Mussulman. Yes, I am, answer'd the old Man: And you young Man, who are you? I judge by your noble Mien that you are no ordinary Person. You are not mistaken in your Opinion, replied the Prince, for I am a King's Son. Who is the King your Father? said the old Man: Open your Heart to me; I swear by our Great Prophet, I mean no Harm by asking; I had rather serve you than do you any Prejudice: Speak without Disguise. Since you desire to know my Name, replied the Prince, I am call'd the Prince of *Carizme*. O Heavens! said the old Man, interrupting him, Is it possible you should be that unfortunate Prince who was taken away by an *European* Pirate?

Pirate? And who can have inform'd you of that Accident? said the Prince. I cannot well be ignorant of it, Sir, answer'd the old Man; for I was born in the Dominions of the King your Father. I am one of the Astrologers who took the Horoscope of your Nativity: And, to acquaint you with something that concerns you, know that the King conceiv'd so great an Affliction at your being taken away by the Pirate, that he died for Grief a few Days afterwards. The People, whose De'light he was, lamented him long; and despairing ever to see you again, placed on the Throne a Prince of your Blood. This new Monarch assembled the Astrologers, and commanded us to consult the Stars concerning his Reign. Our Predictions did not please him, and imputing to us the Misfortunes with which he was threaten'd by the Stars, he resolv'd to put all of us to Death: But we, having by the Secrets of our Art discover'd his Resolution, forsook our Country, and retir'd each of us into the Part of the World he liked best. I pass'd through several Countreys of the Earth, and at length took up my Abode in this Island, which is govern'd by so gracious a Queen, that no People are so happy as her Subjects.

While the Astrologer was thus speaking the Prince of *Carizme* wept bitterly. The
News

News of his Father's Death so sensibly afflicted him, that the old Man was obliged to break off his Discourse to comfort him. Sir, said he, I have been the Messenger of ill News; but I have some glad Tidings to announce to you. I still remember all our Observations: Heaven promised you a happy Destiny after the Expiration of thirty Years: You are now one and thirty Years old, and consequently all your Misfortunes are at an End. Be pleased to follow me; I will introduce you to the Grand Visier, who is a virtuous Man: He will present you to the Queen, who, when she shall be inform'd who you are, will give you the Reception you deserve. The Prince and the Astrologer went to the Visier's, who was no sooner told the Prince's Name than, shewing all the Tokens of an extream Astonishment, he cried out, O my God! It is to you only it belongs to work Miracles like these. Come, Sir, continued he, addressing himself to the Prince of *Carizme*, let us go to the Queen? You shall soon know the Cause of my Surprise. Having said this, he led him to the Palace; and when they were come into the Queen's Apartment, he desired him to wait a Moment, because it would be proper that the Queen should be prepared before-hand to receive a Person of his Quality. The Visier continued some Time

Time with the Queen, who came at length into the Room where the Prince was waiting. She look'd on him, and knew him. My dearest Lord, said she, flying into his Arms, can there be a Joy equal to mine, that I thus again behold you? The Prince look'd earnestly on her, and unravelling in her Features those of his dear *Dilaram*, answer'd her in an Extasy of Astonishment, Love, and Joy; O my Princess! And is it then possible that I have found you again? What Misfortunes soever Heaven has made me under-go, I must now own that its Goodness exceeds its Rigours in restoring you thus to my desiring Arms.

They embrac'd each other a thousand Times with Transports much easier to conceive than express. Then the Prince asked after his Children. You shall see them in a little Time, Sir, answer'd the Princess; they are gone a hunting, and will soon return. And how are you come to be Queen of this Island, Madam? ask'd the Prince. You shall know all, answer'd *Dilaram*; but I will quit this Throne to-morrow to follow you, if my People will not consent that you shall reign with me.

When the Pirate that took us had put you ashore in an Island, he stood to Sea, as you may well remember. But we had not got six Leagues from Land, when there arose a dreadful Tempest, which in spite of the
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Art

Art and Endeavours of the Sailors, drove our Vessel on the Rocks of this Coast with such Impetuosity, that it bulg'd in a thousand Pieces. Some of the Seamen swam to Shore, which the rest endeavouring to do perished with the Pirate: As for me, without praying to Heaven to preserve a Life that was so unfortunate, I embraced my Children to die with them; and the Waves already began to swallow us up, when several Persons of this Island, who had beheld our Shipwreck from afar, and had ran into Boats to hasten to our Relief, by good Fortune came up to us. They drew us half drown'd out of the Water, and, observing that we still breathed, carried us into their Houses, where they brought us to our selves.

The King of the Island, inform'd of our being cast away, had the Curiosity to see us. He was a Prince of ninety Years of Age, and belov'd of his Subjects, as he deserv'd to be. I conceal'd nothing from him, but told him who I was, and all that had happen'd to me. He pitied my Misfortunes, and even answer'd with his Tears those I could not forbear to shed at some Passages of my Story. In short, after having heard me with great Attention, he said to me, My Daughter, we ought to support our Misfortunes with Constancy: They are Trials to which Heaven puts our Virtue: If we suffer them in Patience, Pleasures almost always

ways succeed our Afflictions. Continue here with me: I will take Care of you, and of the Princes your Sons: And indeed, if they had been his own Children, he could not have lov'd them with more Tenderness, and nothing could be added to the Respect and Deference he shewed me. He thought it not enough to heap his Civilities on me; but he consulted me on his Affairs of State. He made me one of his Privy Council; and to convince you how much he was prepossess'd in my Favour, he always approv'd and prais'd whatever I said, if it had but the least Appearance of Reason. I liv'd here five Years in this Manner, at the End of which he one Day said to me, Princess, 'tis Time for me to reveal to you a Design I have projected: I intend that you shall succeed me after my Death; and the better to secure my Throne to you, it is necessary that I should marry you. All my People, who already admire your Deserts, will applaud my Choice, and approve my making you my Successor. The Interest of my Children oblig'd me to consent to this Marriage, which was solemniz'd to the great Satisfaction of my People. Nor did they confess less Contentment and Joy, when upon his Death, which happen'd soon after our Marriage, they came to be informed that he had commanded them by his Will to acknowledge me for their Sovereign. Since that

Time I have reign'd over them, and made it my whole Study to promote their Welfare.

She ended here, and saw the two Princes her Sons, who were return'd from hunting. Come hither, Princes, cried she to them, and embrace your Father, whom Heaven has preserved. The Voice of filial Affection that Nature began to awaken in them, permitted them not to doubt of this Miracle. They ran to the Prince of *Carizme*, who open'd his Arms to receive them, and, according to the Custom of the Island, kiss'd them on the Eyes one after another. When these four Persons, who were agitated with the most tender Emotions of Nature, had given one another a thousand Marks of Joy and Affection, the Grand Visier by the Queen's Order assembled all the People, related to them the History of the Prince of *Carizme*, and concluded by exhorting them to acknowledge that Prince for their Sovereign. The People unanimously consented, and proclaimed the Prince of *Carizme* their King, who reign'd long in this Island with his dear Princesses of *Georgia*, in such a Manner that their Reign was called the Happy Reign.

I have told you this Story, continu'd the ninth Visier of the Emperor of *Persia*, to let you see, that the Sons of Kings, as well as other Men, are subject to the Fatality of
their

their Stars. So long as a malicious Planet sheds its dire Influences on us, Gold in our Hands will change into Dirt, and the Antidotes we take will turn into Poisons. Prince *Nourgehan* is under this unhappy Circumstance; he has every Thing to fear; all goes cross with him; even his own Father is become his Enemy. Therefore, Sir, have Pity on him; and be aware how you put him to Death before the Expiration of a Time that is so fatal to him. The Relation of this Story, and above all the Application the Visior made of it, struck the Emperor, who notwithstanding his Promise to the Queen, deferr'd the Prince's Death. In the Evening the Sultanness reproach'd him for it. Madam, said *Hafkin* to her, I could not do otherwise. One of my Visiors, who is himself skill'd in Astrology, assur'd me this Morning, that if I took away my Son's Life, I should indubitably repent of it. Sir, said the Queen, what frivolous Fear has possess'd you? The Danger *Nourgehan* is in, is not the Effect of the Fatality of his Stars: 'Tis only the Product of his own vicious Inclinations. Heaven, to punish Fathers, gives them sometimes wicked Children, as it did heretofore to a certain Sultan, whose Story I am going to tell you.

Convent of the Desert with several bands of Rice and Butter. These pious friends sent the King, and having cut him to pieces

Story of the three Princes, obtain'd of Heaven.

THERE liv'd heretofore a Sultan, who had a very beautiful Wife. They were extreemly fond of each other, and wanted only Children to compleat their Happiness; but tho' both of them were young, they could get none. At this the Sultan being much afflicted, he sent for a *Dervise*, who was esteem'd by the Country to be a Person of Sanctity, and whose Prayers were indeed always heard. O *Dervise*, said he to him, I am in Despair that I can have no Children. Make your Prayers to the most high God, that he would be so good as to give me a Prince. O King, answer'd the *Dervise*, Your Majesty must to that Purpose send a Present to the Convent of my Brethren, that we may join our Prayers to God for the Accomplishment of your Desires. God is a gracious King, and will grant you a Son.

The Sultan had a fat Ram, that he lov'd very much, because he always came off victorious in the Ram-Fights, which were the frequent Diversion of that Prince. This Animal was by his Order carry'd to the Convent of the *Dervises* with several Burdens of Rice and Butter. Those pious Priests kill'd the Ram, and having cut him to
 Pieces

Pieces made him be boil'd with the Rice and the Butter : When this Mefs was ready, they sent a little of it to the Sultan, recommending to him to eat some of the *Dervifes* slender Fare in the Intention of having a Son. Then they fell to eating this Hotch-Potch, as if they strove which should eat most of it. After the Repast they danc'd the extatick Dance, call'd * *Semaa*, and in their Enthusiasm they as'd of God a Prince for the Sultan, They said a Prayer for this Purpose ; and by the Divine Omnipotence the Sultaneſs became with Child that very Night. She was deliver'd nine Months after of a Son as fair as the Day. The King made extraordinary Rejoicings on this Occaſion. He aſſembled the People and diſtributed his Bounties in Profuſion among them. He took the Infant Prince into his Arms, and that it might be ſure of Bleſſings, he

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wrapt

* The *Dervifes*, imagining themſelves to be full of divine Love, aſſemble together in a Hall very well furniſh'd, and where there is a Pulpit, in which a young Man reads Verſes on divine Love. They turn themſelves round till their Heads become giddy, and they fall down on the Ground : Being fallen, they believe themſelves in an Ecſtaſy, and that they ſee *Mahomet*, who ſpeaks to them : When they are come to themſelves, they give out what their Prophet has ſaid to them as Revelations, to which the deluded People give Credit.

wrapt it in the Robe of the Superior of the *Dervises*, whose Convent he loaded with Benefactions.

Some Years after this, the King discoursing with this venerable Person, said to him: O *Dervise*; I wish you would say the same Prayer to God, and ask him to grant me another little Prince. Sir, answer'd the *Abdal*, the Graces of the most High are in great Abundance. 'Tis ours to ask them of him; and his to grant them, if they seem good for his Glory: But you must give another Present to the Poor *Dervises*. The Sultan sent them the finest Horse in his Stables. They eat him, danc'd and pray'd as before: The Queen became with Child, and at the End of nine Months was brought to Bed of a second Prince, as fair as the Moon. The King made not less Rejoicings for this than for the former, nor gave less Alms to the *Abdals*.

Some Time after, the Emperor desir'd the *Dervise* to ask of God a third Prince for him. Sir, answer'd the *Abdal*, 'tis ours to pray to the Lord, and his to give us what we ask, But the poor *Dervises* must have another small Present. The Sultan sent them a fine Mule: They sold it, and bought themselves Provisions with the Money. They feasted themselves, and pray'd to God to grant the King a third Son. Their Prayers were heard; the Sultaneſs conceiv'd, and

in

in nine Months Time brought forth a third Prince equal in Beauty to the two others.

When the three Princes were grown up, the two first prov'd very virtuous : But the last had a thousand ill Qualities, and signaliz'd each Day of his Life by some new Crime: He despis'd the Remonstrances of his Preceptor, and the Threats of his Father, who was much afflicted to have such a Son.

One Day the Sultan said to the *Dervise* : My third Son is so wicked, that I wish your Prayers for him had not been granted. O King, answer'd the *Abdal*, 'tis your Majesty's Fault: You are the Cause that the third Prince is so vicious : How so? reply'd the King. Sir, answer'd the *Dervise*, you gave us, for your first Son a Ram, which is a brave generous Animal; and for your second a Horse, which is a Beast of a gentle Nature, and that suffers Man to ride him. These Presents were acceptable to God, who in Return gave you two virtuous Sons: But for your third Son you offer'd him a Mule, the vilest and most vicious of all Animals : And to punish you for having made him so despicable a Sacrifice, he sent you a Prince quite different from the others. He that sows Barley can never reap Wheat. This was the Answer the *Dervise* gave the Sultan, whose Subjects nor himself could

never be at Rest, till he put that Son to Death.

This Story, Sir, continu'd the Queen *Canzada*, plainly shews, that Heaven in its Wrath gave you the Prince *Nourgehan*. You will never be easy 'till you are rid of this wicked Son : To this she added so many other Arguments, that the Emperor promis'd her once more, that the Prince should be beheaded : But the next Morning the tenth Visier made him change his Resolution by telling him the following Story.

Story of a King, a Sophy and a Surgeon.

AN ancient King of *Tartary* went abroad one Day to take a Walk with his *Bey*s. He met on the Road an *Abdal*, who cry'd out aloud ; Whoever will give me a hundred *Dinaras* I will give him a good Advice : The King stopp'd to look on him, and said : *Abdal*, what is this good Advice thou offer'st for a hundred *Dinaras* ? Sir, answer'd the *Abdal*, order that Sum to be given me, and I will tell it you immediately. The King did so, and expected to have heard something extraordinary for his Money ; when the *Dervise* said to him. Sir, my Advice is this : Never begin any Thing, till you have reflected what will be the End of it.

At

At these Words all the *Beys* and other Persons that attended the King, burst out into Laughter. It must be confess'd, said one of them, that this *Abdal* knows some Maxims that are very new : He was not in the wrong, says another, to make himself be paid before-hand. The King, seeing that they all laugh'd at the *Dervise*, said : You have no Reason to laugh at the good Advice this *Abdal* has given me ; though no Man is ignorant, that when we form any Enterprize, we ought to meditate well upon it, and consider maturely what Event it may produce : Nevertheless, for want of observing this Rule, we engage every Day in Affairs of ill Consequence. For my Part, I value very much the *Dervise's* Advice : I will always bear it in Mind, and command it to be written in Letters of Gold on every Door of my Palace, on the Walls and on the Goods ; and that it be engrav'd on all my Plate ; which was done accordingly.

In a short Time after this, a great Lord of the Court, urg'd on by Ambition, rather than any Cause he had to complain of that Prince, resolv'd to deprive him both of his Crown and Life. To this End, he found Means to get a poison'd Lancet, and applying himself to the King's Surgeon, said to him If thou wilt let the King Blood with this Lancet, here are ten thousand Crowns in Gold, which I give thee at present. As soon as thou hast
done

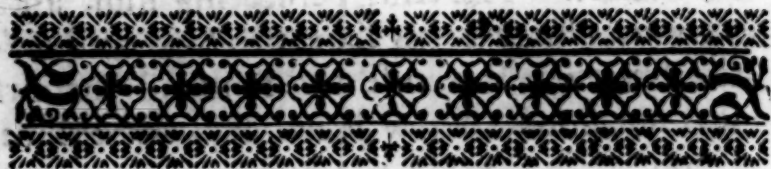
done the Business, the Throne is mine : I have already projected the Means to mount it ; and I promise thee, that when I am King, I will make thee my Grand Visier, and that thou shalt partake with me in the Sovereign Power. The Surgeon, blinded with the Advantage of the Proposal the great Man had made him, accepted of it without the least Hesitation. He receiv'd the ten thousand Crowns in Hand, and put the Lancet in his Turban, to use it when there should be an Opportunity.

It soon offer'd it self. The King wanted to be let Blood : The Surgeon was sent for : He came, and began to bind up the King's Arm, while they plac'd a Basin before him to receive the Blood : The Surgeon takes the fatal Lancet out of his Turban ; and was just going to open the Vein, when, accidentally casting his Eye on the Basin, he read these Words that were engrav'd upon it. Never begin any Thing till you have first reflected what will be the End of it. He instantly fell into a brown Study, and said within himself : If I bleed the King with this Lancet, he is a dead Man : If he dies, I shall certainly be seiz'd, and put to Death amidst dreadful Torments. When I am dead, what will the Crowns of Gold that I have receiv'd avail me ? Struck with those Reflections, he puts the poison'd Lancet into his Turban, and takes another out of his
his

his Pocket. The King perceiving him, ask'd why he chang'd his Lancer? Sir, answer'd the Surgeon, because the Point of the first was not good: Shew it me, said the Prince; I will see it: Then the Surgeon was almost struck dumb with Fear, and seem'd in great Confusion. The King cry'd out; What means this Concern thou art in? It conceals some Mystery; tell me the Reason of it, or thou dy'st this Moment. The Surgeon, intimidated by these Threats, threw himself at the King's Feet, and said: Sir, if your Majesty will grant me your Pardon, I will confess the Truth: The King reply'd: I do pardon thee, provided thou hid'st nothing from me. The Surgeon told him all that had pass'd between the great Lord and himself, and confess'd that the King ow'd his Life to the Words that were engrav'd on the Basin.

The King gave Orders instantly to his Guards, to go seize the great Lord; and then turning towards his *Beys*, said to them; Are you still of Opinion that you had Reason to laugh at the *Dervise*? Let him be found out, and brought to me. An Advice, that saves the Life of Kings, whatever it costs, cannot be bought too dear.

The End of the Turkish Tales.



A
LETTER

Written from

San Iago in Madagascar,

B Y A

French Abbot, to his Friend in Paris;

GIVING

A short Account of that Island.



Promis'd you, my dear Friend,
to let you hear from me as
often as I could find an Op-
portunity. I now acquit my
self of that Obligation by the
Means of a *Dutch Vessel,*
that has put in here in her Way from *Bata-*
via;

via; and the Master has undertaken that this Letter shall be deliver'd to you at *Paris*. I will not swell it with a thousand Things that you may have seen in a World of printed Relations; where, tho' they are represented quite different from what they indeed are; yet it not being my Design to remark the Falshoods of other Accounts, I will content my self to acquaint you with what I have found most worthy to be observ'd, and of which the Books that I have read make no mention.

We touch'd not in any Harbour, having only drop'd Anchor in some Roads to take in fresh Water, from our sailing out of *Brest*, till our Arrival in this Port, which was on the 25th. of last Month. The Governor is a *Portugueze*; but the Inhabitants are almost all of them *Mulattos*, that is to say, born of *Portugueze* Fathers and *Madagascar* Mothers. Those that live in the Woods and Mountains are not so savage as the *Iroquois* or the *Hurons* of *Canada*, but very near it; for they make no Scruple of eating one another: They are not so black as Negroes, but as tawny as can be imagin'd. Neither the Men nor Women wear any Cloaths, but have a little Piece of Cotton-Cloth, or a Twist of Rushes, with which they cover their Nudities. The Bread they eat is made of a Sort of Nut they call *Matacon*, which grows not on Trees, but
breeds.

breeds in the Earth, like the Truffles or Pig-nuts in *Europe*. This Bread is much better than that made of *Cassine*, which they likewise use. Their Drink is made of a Fruit four times as big as a Citrus: They call it *Baricot*, and it grows on a Tree near as big as the Battlements, and much higher than the Steeple, of *Notre-Dame* at *Puzis*: The Leaves are at least six Foot broad, and nine Foot long. This Liquor is almost like the Cyder in *Normandy*: It looks yellow, and has a sweetish Taste, but is pleasant enough when we are a little us'd to it.

They eat in this Country a great Quantity of wild and tame Poultry, whose Plumage is a Mixture of several gawdy Colours; as Flame-colour, Violet, Yellow and Gridelin. I remember I had one like them heretofore in the Abbey of *Montauliens* near *Roan*.

They have here no Beef at all; but great Plenty of Sheep, as big and as high as our Cows: The Flesh of them is well tasted, but a little tough.

The Woods swarm with Birds of several Sorts, that are not seen in *Europe*, except the Parrots. Among the rest there is one Kind whose Size astonishes all Strangers, who never saw any like them. They are much bigger than Ostriches: Their Plumage is azure and purple, not unlike that of the large Kind of Parrots, which we call in

France *Papoques*, and in *England* are call'd *Cockatoos*. They roost on the *Baricot-Trees*, where they likewise build their Nests, which are made of Pieces of Wood as well jointed and fasten'd together as the Timber-Work of a House. These Nests are at least twenty Foot in Diameter: 'Tis almost impossible to pull them down, because the least Branches of the *Baricot-Trees* are bigger than the biggest Piece of Timber you ever saw, and full of Prickles, as big as the little Finger, and eight Inches long: The Islanders use them for Points to their Pikes when they go to War. These Birds are so strong, that they take up the largest-siz'd Sheep, and spare not even a Man, if they find him alone, when Hunger pinches them: And this obliges the Inhabitants, who border on the Woods where they haunt, to go always with a tame Tiger by their Side, to defend them in case of need; for they are afraid of Tigers and Panthers, tho' they make the Lions run away from them, scaring them (as 'tis believ'd) by their Cries, which are not unlike the crowing of our Cocks, tho' a hundred times louder; for in a still Night I have heard them ten Leagues. But what is indeed astonishing is, that tho' these Birds are of so huge a Size, yet their Eggs are no bigger than Goose-Eggs; which makes the *Portuguese* say the same Thing of them, that,

that, by way of Admiration, is said of the Crocodile; *Sic crescit ab Ovo!*

The Governor has a tame one, that has been taught to fly with a Man upon his Back, who guides him with a little Cord that is drawn thro' his Beak. They say, this Bird with this Weight on his Back would fly full twenty Leagues an Hour, if a Man should take a Fancy to ride Post on so odd a Sort of Hackney. He carries a Man with as much Ease as a Falcon truffles a Pigeon. I have been an Eye-Witness of this Prodigy, which is in my Opinion the most wonderful Thing here.

And yet the *Iaribots* are scarce less surprising. They are little Savages that dwell on the Tops of the Mountains: Their Bodies are very often cover'd with thick Hair, as long as that of a Goat; but they have none on their Face nor Hands. Their Feet are like ours, except the Soles, which are arm'd with a callous or horny Substance, thick as a Horse's Hoof. The tallest of these Dwarfs are not eighteen Inches high: They live sociably together like other Men: Their chief Occupation is Hunting, by which they get their Food: They likewise eat the Kernels of Pine-Apples. Their Drink is Water, in which they bruise Strawberries and red Gooseberries, of which they have great Plenty in the Woods and Mountains. They are continually at War with the large blue-

blue-tail'd Baboons. The *Europeans*, who traffick to this Coast, bring them Pocket-Pistols, with which they fright the Baboons, and even kill some of them. These little Moppets are as fierce as Lions: They breed up Animals like our Foxes, and of the same Size, on which they ride a hunting over the most craggy Rocks, and along the Sides of the steepest Mountains. They keep Kennels of Animals of the Shape and Size of our Weasels: With these they hunt the Mountain-Rats, and take more of them, than our Sportsmen do of Hares with their Hounds and Greyhounds. These Rats are as good to eat as Rabbits; nay, I think they have a more exquisite Taste.

These Dwarfs talk and converse together like other Men: They have their Laws, a sort of Religion, and their Recreations, the chief of which is a kind of Farce. They hollow the Trunks of *Baricot*-Trees to make their Theatres, where they play their Comedies, which consist in merry Expressions and antick Postures. 'Tis remarkable, that all the Spectators bring with them a sort of Whistle made of a Reed, to hiss the Players when they perform not their Part well, or take a Liberty of talking lasciviously, or shewing unseemly Postures. But no Man is permitted to hiss without Cause: If any do, the Audience force him to get upon the Stage, and if he can play the Part better

better than the Actor be hiss'd, he is receiv'd to be an Actor himself; which is a great Honour among them; but if he play it worse, they drive him shamefully out of the Theatre, and forbid him ever more coming there.

They have a sort of Sacrificers, who alone are set apart and appointed to take the whole Care of their Religious Worship; for none but they who have taken that Office upon them ever pray to their Gods. They hold, that the Care of Religion and serving the Gods ought to be left to those, who, having entirely devoted themselves to it, discharge that Duty more worthily than the rest: And therefore when any Misfortune befalls them, they lay the Blame of all on their *Tonibrots*, for so they call their Sacrificers, who I (say they) have not faithfully perform'd their Dutys, and therefore this Mischief has happen'd to us. In these Occasions they cut them short of their Allowance of Provisions; for you must know they are maintain'd at the publick Expence, that they may be the better able to discharge the Duties of their Function. For this Reason, lest a Woman should be any Hindrance to them therein, they suffer them not to come into their Company; and when they catch a *Tonibrot* with a Woman, they punish him in a pleasant Manner: They take the Leaves of Trees, and make, as near as they can, the

Figure of a Woman; then they bind the *Tonibrot* to that, and both together to a Tree, where they leave the holy Lecher to mortify his Flesh till he be dead with Hunger.

There are in this Town above thirty *Iavibots*, as well Males as Females, that the Merchants keep for their Pleasure; and because they have learn'd to speak good *Portuguese*, 'tis concluded from thence that they are rational Creatures. They have no other Houses in the Mountains than the Trunks of great Fir-Trees, made hollow by Art. They marry like the other Savages, and are much less brutal in their Way of Life: They are brisk and merry, and have as much Wit as Apes.

There runs a River two Leagues from hence, that enriches the Inhabitants of the Country by the great Quantity of Gold-Dust that they find among the Sands: But it cannot be drawn out of the River without great Danger of Life, because of the Crocodiles, that devour those Fishers of Gold.

At the Foot of the Mountain where dwell the Dwarfs, there is a Lake two Leagues broad and six long: The Water of it is very clear after Noon; but from the Morning till then, the Surface of it is cover'd with an unctuous Liquor, nothing different in Colour or Taste from Oil of Olives. They gather

gather it up every Morning, and put it into Barrels to keep it all the Year; for this *Manna* is never found but in the Month of *May*. They eat it in their Sallads, and use it instead of Butter in their Sauce for Fish. 'Tis not known from whence this Miracle in Nature proceeds.

In this Lake, they take a sort of Fish a Foot and a half long, much like a Trout: And this Fish, nourishing it self with the oily Liquor that swims on the Water, carries its Sauce with it; for whether it be fry'd, boil'd or roasted, 'tis no sooner cut up, than it fills the Dish with so delicious a Juice or Gravy, that there needs nothing else to make it go down. This Fish is call'd *Loutari*.

I had forgot to tell you that white Elephants are very common in this Island: And I have been told for certain, that the Great Emperor of this Country has an Elephant of a Bloom Colour, whose Hide is more sleek and shining than the Sattin of *Genoua*.

I doubt not but you have read in some Relations of the *West-Indies*, that the *Spaniards*, to whom belong the Mines of *Peru*, make use of Sheep to carry their Gold and Silver to the Sea-Ports; for they have neither Horses, Mules, nor Asses there, nor in this Island, where they ride Post upon Sheep, that

that rid as much Ground in a Day as an *English* Horse, and will hold out as long.

These, my dear Friend, are all the most remarkable Things I have observ'd here, not thinking it worth while to trouble you with what you may read in other Accounts.

*From San Iago in the
Island Madagascar.*



LET-



LETTER

FROM

The same Hand :

BEING

A Relation of the *French* Embassador's
Reception by the King of *Siam*.



WE drop'd Anchor the 12th of *February* in the Road of *Denonzerin*, the most considerable Port of the Kingdom of *Siam*. I am going to give you a faithful Relation of the most remarkable Things I observ'd there; but, that I may not trouble you with a tiresome Repetition, will take no notice of what the other Travellers, chiefly *Tavernier*, have already related in the Accounts they have given us of their Voyages.

You

You know I came hither with the Embassador of a great Prince: At his Entrance into *Denonzerin*, the Cannon of the Place, and of all the Ships in the Harbour, was fir'd. We went ashore at the Governor's Palace, which stands upon the Peer: He treated us splendidly after the Fashion of the Country. When we had rested our selves four Days in that Town to recover a little from the Fatigues of the Sea, we set out for *Siam*; where we arriv'd at length, having had the good Fortune on the Road to escape from several Flocks of Lions, that devoured four of our Footmen, whom they found straggling at a little Distance from us in the Forests. When we were come within three Leagues of the City, we found several Tents that the King had order'd to be pitch'd for the Reception of the Embassador and his Retinue: That which was design'd for his Excellency's own Person, was thirty Foot in Length, and thirty five in Breadth. The Outside of this Tent was Crimson Velvet, imbroider'd with Gold and Silver: The Inside was Brocade of Gold, enrich'd with Pearls and all sorts of precious Stones. We were no sooner alighted from our Elephants, and got out of our Coaches, than we saw coming from the City a great Number of Persons, some in Coaches, the others on Elephants and Camels. At the Head of this Caravan, came the King's Son in a Cha-

riot made in the Shape of a Vessel of twenty Tun, and drawn by Six Elephants white as the driven Snow, at which I was much surpriz'd, remembering I had read in *Tavernier's Voyages*, that in his Time there was in all the *Indies* but one white Elephant, which belong'd to the King of *Siam*, who was so fond of the Beast, that he sometimes order'd himself to be styl'd the King of the white Elephant: But I was at the same Time inform'd by an *Englishman*, who had liv'd some Years in the Country, that the King had caus'd such a search to be made for a Female of the same Colour to breed by, that at length they found one for him in the Isle of *Ceylan*, from which two came that Set that drew the Princes Chariot; and that there were besides some young ones of the same Colour, which the King took great Care to bring up.

This huge Machine of a Chariot was built of *Bamboo Cane*, and cover'd within and without with a *Persian Tissue* of Silk and Gold. The Wheels were fourteen Foot in Diameter, and of a proportionable Bigness. The Elephants Harness was set out with Trappings of Silk and Gold: Their Houssings were of *China Tapestry*, embroider'd with Pearls and Rubies, and hung down within a Foot of the Ground. The Coachman and Postilion were about the Size of *St. Christopher* in *Notre-Dame* at Paris

Paris, or the Giants in *Guild-Hall* at *London*, so that nothing could be better match'd than this Equipage. I was told, that these Giants were brought from an Island situate to the North of *Japan*, towards the Borders of the frozen *Tartary*, where a *Dutch Vessel* having been driven by a Tempest, set some of her Crew ashore to get Intelligence of the Country, and discover where they were: That they, having found, in a Cottage near the Sea Side, two Children that seem'd not to be four Months old, tho' they were as tall as the tallest *Switzers* in the Pope's Guards, put them into their Boat, and were carrying them aboard: But that these Infants fell a crying in a dreadful manner, at which some of the Inhabitants of the Island taking Alarm, ran thundering down to the Sea-side, and, seeing their Babes were like to be lost, pursu'd the Boat almost to the very Ship, tho' several Broad-sides were fir'd upon them; and had not the Seamen cut the Cable to set sail with more Expedition, these Giants would certainly have taken or sunk the Vessel with Iron Leavers as big as Rapiers, that they brought in their Hands: For there was but little more than four Fathom Water where the Ship lay at Anchor, and that would not have been up to their Necks. The King has already sent several Ships to that Island, to endeavour to get a young Girl of the same Size, to marry her

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her to one of these jolly Fellows, that he may have some of the Breed: But that Attempt has hitherto been in vain, for ever since they lost their two Children in that Manner, they have always stood upon their Guard. The *Dutchmen* sold them to the King of *Siam* for fifty two Tuns of Gold. They eat every Day each of them four Bushels of Rice of our Measure, and two Sheep, or half a Cow: But they drink nothing but Water: For it happen'd one Day that one of them got drunk with Palm-Wine, and grew so furious, that, if by Misfortune his Comrade had been as drunk as himself, they would not have left a Soul alive in *Siam*: For none were able to resist the Fury of that formidable Drunkard, except his Companion, who had Strength enough to lay Hands on him, and hold him fast till he had slept himself sober.

After this short Digression, which perhaps will not displease you, I now resume my Relation. The Prince was in the Back-part of his Chariot, and sat in a Chair of State, with a black Eunuch on each Side of him, who carry'd Fans in their Hands to drive away the Flies. The Prince, his younger Brother, follow'd him in another Chariot, near as large and adorn'd in the same Manner, but drawn by six Rhinoceros's, as big as the Elephants, and guided by a Coachman and Postillion, that look'd indeed

comical and pleasant enough : For they were two Monkeys, each of them riding on a Rhinoceros. The *Carnatica*, that is to say, the Constable of the Kingdom, came next in a little gilt Calesh, drawn by four Lions and two Tigers, driven by himself. After him the *Marinoratz*, or chief Falconer, one of the most considerable *Rayas*, or chief Officers of the Crown, came riding in a little Car, not unlike that in which *Juno* is painted drawn by Peacocks: 'Twas varnish'd after the *China* Mode, with Flame-colour'd Silk, branch'd with Foliage of Gold, and drawn by Six Ostriches, with Nets hanging over them, as is us'd in *England*. The Mandarins and other great Lords follow'd these four Princes on Elephants, that were cover'd with the richest Silks of *Persia*. The Persons of less Quality rid on Camels, or in Chariots drawn by Goats. The rest of the Company were Inhabitants of the City, whose Curiosity had brought them thither, to see what Manner of Men we Europeans are.

The Princes came directly to the Embassador's Tent, accompany'd only by Mandarins. I will not trouble you with the Description of their Make, because I know you have seen of them : But this I cannot forbear telling you, they were all cover'd with Jewels from Head to Foot. The Compliments between the Princes and the

Ambassador being over, the eldest of the
 King's Sons took his Excellency up with
 him into his Chariot. The other three
 Princes took likewise into theirs the most
 considerable of his Retinue, of which Num-
 ber I had the Honour to be one. After a
 March of two Hours we arriv'd at *Siam*,
 where we found the King's Guards drawn
 up, and making a Lane for us from the
 Gate we came in at, to the very Palace;
 where the Ambassador alighted, and was
 conducted to his Audience by the Prince.
 The King was in a stately Hall, whose
 Roof was vaulted like a Dome, and the
 whole Building lin'd with the richest Marble
 of the East. All the Floor was spread with
 a Carpet of Cloth of Silver and Gold. His
 Majesty was seated on a great Throne, rais'd
 six Foot from the Ground; fourteen Foot
 broad, twenty Foot deep, all of massy Gold,
 and enrich'd from Top to Bottom with
 Diamonds, Carbuncles, and Rubies; the
 least of which were as big as Walnuts, the
 largest as Turkey Eggs. The Chair of
 State was of Rock-Crystal, all of one entire
 Piece. The Ambassador drawing near to
 salute the King, he made him come up on
 the Throne, where after he had receiv'd his
 Compliments, he very civilly desir'd him to
 sit down by him in an Elbow-Chair of
 Agate, adorn'd with Gold and precious
 Stones. He made a short but pertinent
 Answer

Answer to the Embassador's Compliments, and then took him by the Hand, and led him down from the Throne, walking on one Side of him, till he brought him where a Banquet was prepar'd in the Palace of Crystal, which may with great Reason be call'd an enchanted Palace; for 'tis without all Dispute the most wonderful, and charming Thing in the whole Earth.

This Diaphanous House is all made of Crystal, as well as the Tables, Chairs and Cabinets with which 'tis furnish'd. The Walls, the Beams, the Floor, and the Cieling, all nothing but Crystal. The Panes are an Inch thick, and six Foot square, and so well join'd and cemented with a Sort of Gum that is as transparent as the Glass it self, that not a drop of Water can get in: There is but one Door that shuts so close, that 'tis as impenetrable to the Water as the rest of the Edifice. This Machine was invented and built by an Engineer of *China*, a great Magician, as an infallible Remedy against the insupportable Heats of this Climate. This Hall is twenty eight Foot long, and seventeen broad: 'Tis plac'd in the midst of a very large Basin, pav'd and lin'd with Marble of several Colours. This Basin is fill'd with Water in a Quarter of an Hour, and empty'd in as little a Time. Hither it was that the King brought the Embassador to take Part of a Collation.

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There came into the Room only his three Sons, some few Mandarins and six of the Embassador's Retinue, of whom I had the Honour to be one. When we were all of us got in, the Door was shut, and for our greater Security, the Chinks were clos'd with the Gum I mention'd before, to hinder the Water from coming in. Then the Sluices were set open, and in a Moment the Basin was fill'd with Water even with the Ground, so that the Hall was all under Water, except the Top of the Dome, which was left open to let in the Air, and serve as a Breathing Place to us who were within. I confess I was not a whit the better pleas'd to see the Water above twenty Foot higher than my Head; Yet my Fear went off, when I reflected that if there were any Danger, so great a King would not have expos'd himself without the least Necessity. It must be allow'd, that nothing in the World is so charming as the pleasant Freshness is felt in this delicious Place, while the excessive Heat of the Sun makes the coolest Fountains boil on the Surface of the Water. I will not boast much of the Exquifiteness of the Banquet; for, without lying, I should like better four Messes drest by our Cooks at *Paris*, than all the Dishes of the Kingdom of *Siam* season'd after their Manner. However we were plentifully entertain'd, and had our Fill of good *French* and *Spanish* Wine,

Wine, of which the King himself drank largely.

The Banquet ended, the Water was let out of the Basin in a Moment; and the Heat of the Day being over, the King would regale the Embassador with the Diversion of a very extraordinary way of Fishing, there being no other Place in the World where they fish in that Manner. They were carry'd in two Sedans, but the rest of the Company, as well Princes as Mandarins, went a-Foot to the River Side; which is near this Palace. The King and the Embassador being arriv'd, they got out of their Chairs, and went aboard the Royal Galley, purposely design'd for Fishing and taking the Air. The Princes and the Mandarins went aboard likewise, but we were put into little Brigantines, that were prepar'd for us. The great Game-Keeper of the Kingdom, who takes care of the Fish, as well as of the wild Beasts and the Fowl, order'd some of his Servants to take out of a large Store-house, that was built of Free-stone in the Middle of the River, six little Crocodiles, that had been taught to come and take their Food out of the Hands of the Fishermen that presented it to 'em; and by this Means they suffer'd a Cord of Silk, as big as the little Finger, to be fasten'd to a Ring that was hung in their upper Jaw. Being thus fasten'd by the Muzzle, they are
thrown

thrown into the River where they hunt up and down, particularly in the deepest Holes, to find out the largest Fish : And as soon as they have caught a Pike, a Trout, or a Carp, they bring it to him that holds the Cord, who rewards them with a Piece of Flesh, which they eat immediately. Tho' this way of Fishing be very particular and extraordinary, we have one in *France* that is little less surprizing ; for I cannot see why it should be more difficult to train up Crocodiles to take Fish, and bring them to their Master, than to bring up the Fowls, we call Cormorants, to dive to the bottom of a River, to catch the Fish, and bring them in their Beak to those that have instructed them. When we had been Fishing for two Hours, and taken a great Quantity of Fish of a monstrous Size, the little Crocodiles were put again into the Store-house, from whence they took six others that were much larger. As fast as they took 'em, they put in their Mouths a great Stick of a certain Wood that is extreamly hard, and fasten'd it to their Head with a Head-stall of Leather, strengthen'd with a Chain of Iron. At the Ends of this Stick there are two great Rings, to which they tie two silken Cords, that is to say, one to each End of the Stick, that is in the Crocodile's Mouth. These monstrous Beasts being bridled in this Manner, they ty'd them two and

two

two, as our Horses are put to our Coaches, to the Prow of the King's Galley : And the Man that governs them having snapt his Whip, they began to draw the Vessel at such a Rate, that they forc'd it against the Stream of this rapid River, faster than fifty Rowers with the help of Sails and a fair Wind, could have made it have gone with the Stream. I confess never any Astonishment was greater than mine, and had I not seen the Experiment with my own Eyes, I could never have believ'd it.

After this I have scarce Courage to write any more ; for certainly what I have now to say will appear but trifling and dull in Comparison of this unparallel'd Recreation ; not but that the Fire-works that were play'd at Night were perfectly fine. There were Rockets as big as one of our Hogheads, and of a proportionable Length. They mounted above the middle Region of the Air, and cast so great a Blaze, that they lighted the Country six Leagues round, as if the Sun had been shining at Noon-day. The Inventor of this Fire-work, sitting himself down on the End of one of these Rockets, order'd it to be fir'd, and was whisk'd up into the Air higher than any four Steeples in the World could reach, were they set one upon another. The Rocket having spent its Strength, and being ready to fall down, all luminous with the infinite Number of Stars
that

that broke from it every Moment, the Engineer open'd a Sort of Umbrella he had carry'd with him, which, when it was extended, was little less than thirty Foot in Diameter. This Umbrella was made of Feathers, and so very light, that the Air supported it without any Trouble, no otherwise than we see in *France* those Machines of Paper, that are call'd Kites, which being fasten'd to a long String of Pack-thread, the Children make them fly in the Air. Insomuch that the Engineer, supported by this great Umbrella, came to the Ground, surrounded with Stars, as gently as if he had had Wings, and could have flown with them.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that in the Citadel of this City, there is a Cannon two and fifty Foot long, and of a hundred and eighty Pound Shot, that carries point-blank from hence to the Fortress of *Barica*, which is seven Leagues off.

I am, &c.

F I N I S.

